THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

AUG. 15, 1914 — 5cts. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
PENRHYN STANLAWS

IN THIS NUMBER: Captain N. P. Benson—Edna Ferber—Ring W. Lardner
Samuel G. Blythe—Fannie Hurst—Will Irwin—Frederick Irving Anderson

American and Foreign weaves in soft-finished Worsteds, Cheviots and Flannel effects in the New Tartan Checks and Glen Urquhart Plaids.

The Beaufort Sack Suit

(By the House of Kuppenheimer)

ADVANCE Fall and Winter Model for Young Men. A good example of an entirely new standard in men's clothing—a quality that is attracting the attention of the whole country to the productions of this house.

The BEAUFORT is a three-button sack, with full soft roll, form fitting, with the correct narrow shoulders and sleeves. It has style, every detail correct, authentic, the general effect graceful and pleasing.

The difference is right here—much of the tailoring you see today is a straining after the fashion rather than an achievement of it.

We venture to say you will not find anything approaching our BEAUFORT or BRITISH models for Young Men under any other than the House of Kuppenheimer label. You may in a way find similar detail, but the effect is not convincing.

Men everywhere should realize that this is a time of *better values* in clothing. Yesterday is not today. Old methods are passing. There are new *demands* and new *possibilities.*

If you have the opportunity to see these Kuppenheimer Suits, slip them on; stand on a rug in front of a mirror and say whether we are wrong or *right.*

We want you to know us better and we want to know you.

Kuppenheimer Clothes are sold by a representative store in nearly every Metropolitan center of the United States and Canada. If you care to give us your name on a post card we will be glad to send you our Book of Fashions.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

Makers of Clothes for Men and Young Men

Chicago

Copyright, 1914, The House of Kuppenheimer

Society Brand Clothes

For Young Men
And Men Who Stay Young

On this page we have something to say to young men and men "who stay young" who want to be well-dressed. And we believe every one of them wants to read it.

For we are telling here how to get master-tailoring in smart Fall suits and overcoats at less than usual cost.

We are explaining how we create our styles and why these styles are authentic.

And how we make every garment of Society Brand Clothes retain its original lines and shape.

See what we do to give you, in Society Brand, the style, fabrics and tailoring of the world's best clothes.

* * * *

A member of this firm is an artist—just as much an artist in clothes as other men are on canvas. He personally designs every garment we make.

He lives in Chicago, he visits New York, London and Paris, and other style centers where men wear good clothes. He sees the world's smartest dressers and sketches the clothes they wear.

Then he combines this lapel, this collar, that shoulder, that back, and makes them all conform to the average figure. He adds his own touch—his own art to the ensemble to produce individuality.

* * * *

Then he gives us these designs and we make sample garments and try the finished clothes on several different types.

We alter them until every detail is complete, until we get perfect lines and balance.

It often requires weeks of labor, but we maintain rigid standards and nothing passes final inspection that falls short even a trifle.

An eighth of an inch difference in the width of a lapel often sends a coat to the discard.

* * * *

Only when a garment is the very utmost in exclusiveness are we willing to reproduce it.

And then we tailor it so the style never leaves it, but stays till the garment itself wears out.

For the foundation of each coat we use French haircloth and the finest of pure linen canvas. Every collar is hand-made, padded and hand-felled.

We work by hand where we often might use a machine, because hand work holds its shape.

Every garment is handled individually by master-tailors, and every garment shows their skill.

Even in the matter of buttonholes we use double care.

* * * *

It is this way all through. We are ultra-fastidious. We search the world for exclusive fabrics.

We insist on rare quality. We compromise with no makeshifts, for we are making clothes for gentlemen who know and want the best.

There is a Society Brand dealer in or near your city or town. And that dealer therefore can give you a style and a fabric that no other clothes dealer can offer any other man.

Thus Society Brand insures exclusiveness.

* * * *

Now we have issued a book about our clothes and our methods that every young man or man "who stays young" who cares about his appearance should read.

It costs nothing to get it—just send a postcard and ask for it.

It will tell you things you should know about buying clothes if you are to get the utmost for your money.

We will send with it the name of the Society Brand dealer in your town who will show you these smarter clothes.

Ask him to show you this label on the inside coat pocket which identifies the genuine Society Brand. That will prove him to be the authorized Society Brand dealer.

Society Brand Clothes
Made in Chicago by
Alfred Decker & Cohn

Mr. _____

Date _____

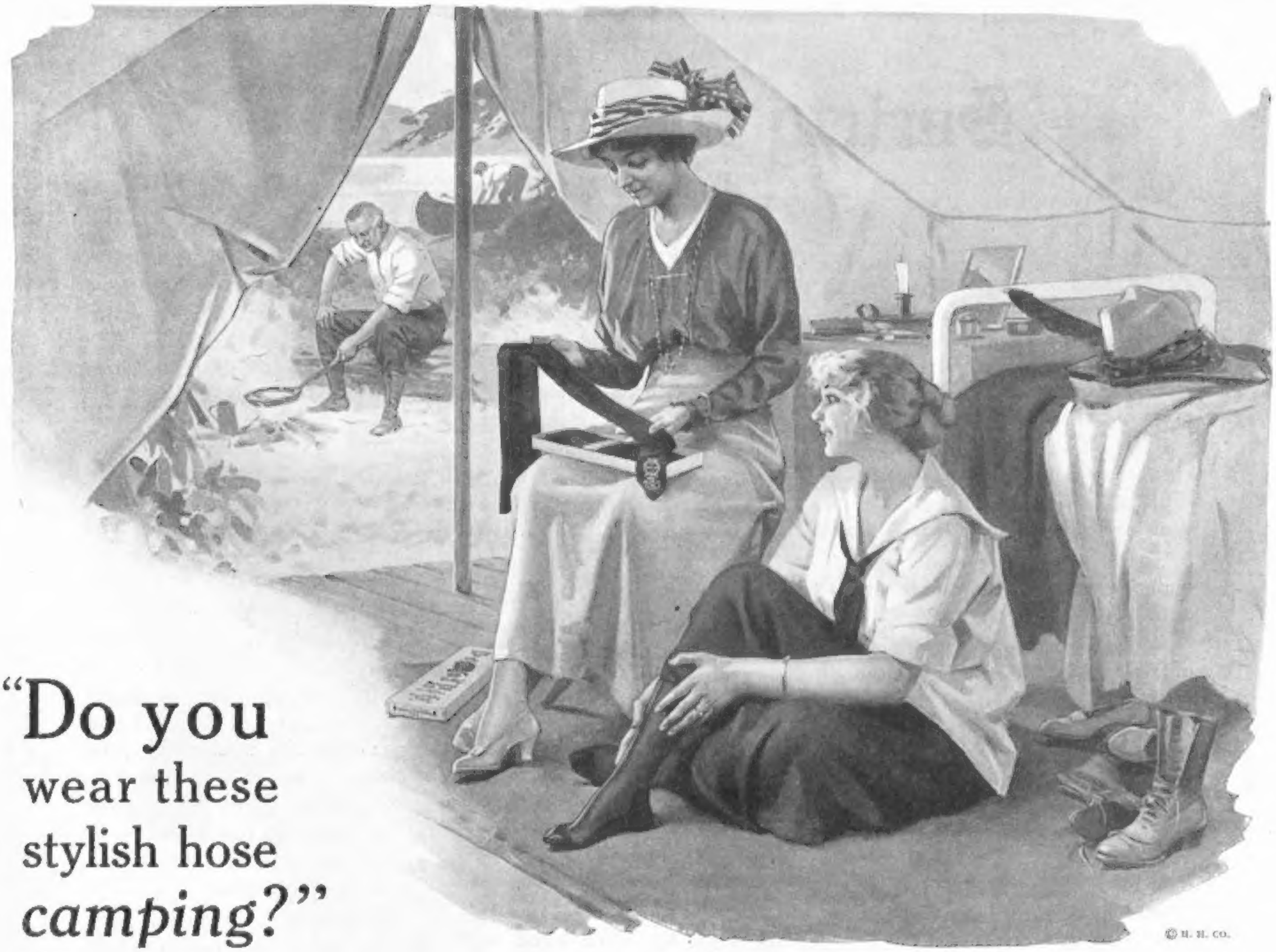
* * * *

Please write us now for his name and our book.

You'll be glad you learned more about our clothes.

MADE IN CHICAGO BY
ALFRED DECKER & COHN

Made for Canadian trade, in Montreal, by Samuel Hart & Co., under Alfred Decker & Cohn supervision



"Do you wear these stylish hose *camping?*"

"Why yes—why not? They're comfortable, light in weight, and six pairs are guaranteed to wear six months without need of darning. *All the members of our family wear Holeproof Hose, wherever they go, the year 'round.*"

The Reason

Holeproof cotton hose are made from the very finest of long-fibred Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarns.

These *long-fibred* yarns are of double strength, yet they are of downy softness and are extra light in weight. They cost us an average of 74c per pound—*42c per pound more* than we might pay for common kinds.

But that is why six pairs of Holeproof—some of the lightest weight and most comfortable hosiery made—will wear *half a year* without holes or tears. That is guaranteed. If any of the six pairs *fail* in that time we will replace them with *new* hose free.

Almost two million men, women and children—people who have tried Holeproofs—now wear them the year 'round.

Why do you buy other kinds when this advantage of *long wear* may be had in hose that have every *other* hosiery-advantage too?

By Invitation, member of Rice Leaders of the World Association

Cotton, Silk or Silk-Faced—All Guaranteed

The *Silk-Faced* Holeproofs are made of the finest Japanese Silk, ingeniously knit over a strong, sheer, invisible cotton body.

The cost is 50 cents a pair for men's and 75 cents a pair for women's. Boxes of three pairs are guaranteed three months.

Other Prices

$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's cotton Holeproofs; $2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's or children's in cotton; $1.00 per box for four pairs of infants' in cotton. Above boxes guaranteed six months. $1.00 per box for three pairs of children's cotton Holeproofs, guaranteed three months.

$2.00 per box for three pairs of men's *silk* Holeproof socks; $3.00 per box for three pairs of women's *silk* Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed *three months*.

Sold Everywhere

The genuine Holeproof are sold in your town. We'll send dealers' names on request. Or we'll ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book that tells all about Holeproof.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Can.
Holeproof Hosiery Co., 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, Eng.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Freschl

Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

(576)

Holeproof Silk Gloves
For Women

Every woman should also examine Holeproof Silk Gloves. They are now sold in many stores. Made of the best quality silk with *reinforced finger tips* that are guaranteed to outwear the gloves themselves. We would not give the name Holeproof to any but the most durable gloves on the market. Write for prices and free book that tells all about them.

We send them direct on receipt of price if we have no dealer near you.

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THE LOG OF THE EL DORADO

By CAPTAIN N. P. BENSON

Captain N. P. Benson Showing His Galley Range to Passengers on the S. S. Moana

Edmonds

The Lifeboat of the El Dorado on Board the S. S. Moana. The Improvised Galley Range Hanging at the Bow

I AM a lucky man. I have lost my ship and her cargo, but I have saved all hands and my ticket. My nerves are as steady as they ever were, but my hair is white; and when the tug snaked the schooner El Dorado, my late command, out across Columbia River Bar and cast off, I was the proprietor of just sufficient iron-gray hair round the temples to indicate the fact that I was beating up into the roaring forties. I have been a sailor since early boyhood and this white thatch is a relic of my Great Adventure; at least my friends ashore call it that, although from my point of view I merely took the hazard of the sea and won because I was lucky and a fairly good seaman. And this sudden rush of white to my head is not the result of fright. I have made the discovery that mental suffering does not accompany physical distress.

This isn't a fiction story. It's just a little travelogue rewritten from my log as master of the schooner El Dorado, and later of the El Dorado's lifeboat. A friend of mine, a writing man, said it had charm, and the romance and adventure of the sea, which makes me smile; but he insisted. So here is the yarn.

The El Dorado was a big five-legged lumber schooner running mostly in the offshore trade. On the afternoon of March 31, 1913, we finished loading at Astoria, Oregon, with a cargo of rough fir lumber for discharge at Antofagasta, Chile, and with my mates and the longshoremen I got the deckload lashed. After taking on water and supplies we lay at the dock until the following morning, when a crimp herded my crew down to the mill wharf. They had all been signed for the voyage before the deputy shipping commissioner and had their baggage with them.

I said baggage. That is what they had. If they had been sailors they would have had bags, and signing on for the dark blue they should have come aboard howling drunk—instead of which they came sober. I didn't like the looks of things and neither did my mate, Mr. Wilson.

"They're a bad lot," he said. "Not a sailor in the outfit."

Well, there aren't many more sailors left, anyhow. They're all North Pacific laborers now, and prefer to run coastwise in the steam schooners, where the pay is fifty dollars a month, with little to do between ports, two voyages and sometimes three a month, with pay-day at the end of every voyage and a few nights a month in port. We skippers in the big windjammers running offshore must be content with what we can get these days, and even the scrapings of the ports come high. The crimp herded eight green hands over the deckload to the fo'castle and charged me the price of eight A. B.'s. What could I do? I took them.

I was fortunate otherwise, for I had two bully mates and the El Dorado was a schooner. As everybody knows, all the plain sail on a schooner can be hoisted and furled from deck. Had the El Dorado been a square-rigger, thus necessitating the sending of men aloft, I should have the sin of murder on my soul this very minute.

"We'll teach 'em to steer, and manage to make out somehow," said Mr. Wilson hopefully as he counted off the watches. The second mate took the wheel, while Mr. Wilson went forward to receive the line from the tug and make it fast on the bitts, and half an hour later we went out with the ebb. The tug towed us half way down to the lightship and cast off, and Mr. Wilson came forward to report half the crew seasick after crossing the bar, from which you will see that there was a jinx on us from the very start of the voyage. I have never been a superstitious sailor, but I couldn't help reflecting that we had sailed on Friday!

We were scarcely clear of the lightship before we encountered bad weather. However, a sufficient number of the crew managed to keep their sea legs, and between the mates and myself we ramped along with nothing worth mentioning in the log. We taught our men to steer and by the time we were well down into the South Pacific they had acquired some slight knowledge of their duties.

Now, in order that the nonsailors who may read this story will understand why the El Dorado happened to be twenty-seven hundred miles off the coast of Chile on the morning of June eleventh, I will explain. In sailing from Astoria, Oregon, to Antofagasta, Chile, one describes a huge semicircle off shore until he has run out of the Southeast Trades, when he comes about and with the Southwest Trades at his tail makes his run in a course almost due northeast to his port of discharge.

The Lifeboat

On the morning of June eleventh the sky became overcast. It did not cloud up, but just became one solid wall of darkness. A strong breeze began blowing out of the southeast and the barometer fell rapidly. The sea was running unusually high. The wind increased steadily in violence until by noon I was forced to take in the tops'ls and spanker.

Toward evening the wind increased in squalls varying from southeast to east-southeast. It continued to increase slowly during the night and by daylight of the twelfth a terrific sea was running. The big schooner was laboring heavily and I sent the first mate below to sound the well. He reported the El Dorado making a little water and I put a couple of men at the pumps.

By noon of the twelfth the wind had hauled round into the northwest and was blowing a gale. The sea increased in violence and the schooner began to leak more and more. She was straining and opening her seams and the watch on deck stayed at the pumps continuously. During the afternoon the gale increased, and I ordered all hands on deck to shorten down.

We fell to on the mainsail, which blew away like a feather as we were about to take it in, so we were spared the trouble. We finally hove to with double-reefed foresail, mizzen and spanker.

At eight P. M. on the twelfth the seas were miniature mountains and the water was gaining steadily in the hold, although both steam and hand pumps were going steadily. By nine o'clock there was five feet of water in the hold and it was so dark one could not see a man standing alongside of him. Every little while an unusually big sea would grip the vessel, shake her as a terrier shakes a rat and heave her over on her beam ends. We were on the port tack now, and presently under this treatment the starboard side of the deckload commenced to shift. It was only a question of time until it tore loose from the lashings and went by the board. I examined it and found it had shifted about eight inches to starboard, while the starboard side of the poop deck was separating from the poop rail, thus letting in streams of water which were filling the vessel rapidly. When I went to my cabin I found everything ruined by water.

Keeping the Ship Afloat

I THOUGHT it over and decided to wear round, as the vessel had a very heavy starboard list. This relieved her, but the relief was merely temporary, for there was no escaping those big seas. They were soon up to their old sport of throwing the El Dorado on her beam ends again, until presently the deckload shifted over to port, doing the same damage on that side that had already been accomplished to starboard. It wasn't very pleasant, that knowledge that we were being systematically torn to pieces.

By midnight it was no longer blowing a gale. It was a hurricane, lashing the ocean into a smother of white foam that gleamed through the inky darkness. Mr. Wilson, the first mate, was with me on the poop deck when the second mate came up out of the well with the watch. They had been driven out. The water was up to their shoulders, so we knew then that we were doomed. Of course the steam pump was still at work, but while it retarded it, it could not prevent the schooner's becoming waterlogged.

Seeing that there was nothing to be gained by lying hove-to and that the schooner was certain to be mauled to pieces, I decided to run before it. All hands fell to on the spanker and mizzen and took them in; then with a wisp of the foresail set we scudded before the hurricane. This seemed to relieve the vessel considerably, although, as she was very low in the water, the seas broke over her continually. As I had taken the precaution to string lifelines not a man of the crew was lost.

We could only wait patiently for daylight; not, however, that we saw any hope for either vessel or crew unless the hurricane abated, but rather, I think, because it seemed easier to die in daylight. I didn't think much about death at the time, because I had so many other things to think of, but I was pretty well depressed because it was so dark and I couldn't see to make a fight.

About four in the morning of the thirteenth our Jap cook managed to serve coffee and sandwiches. How he managed this is a mystery wrapped in his Oriental soul, for I didn't think there was anything dry or warm on that ship. A skipper seldom gets demonstrative with his Japanese cook, but I shall think lovingly of this fellow for many a year to come. A Chinaman would have gone to pieces.

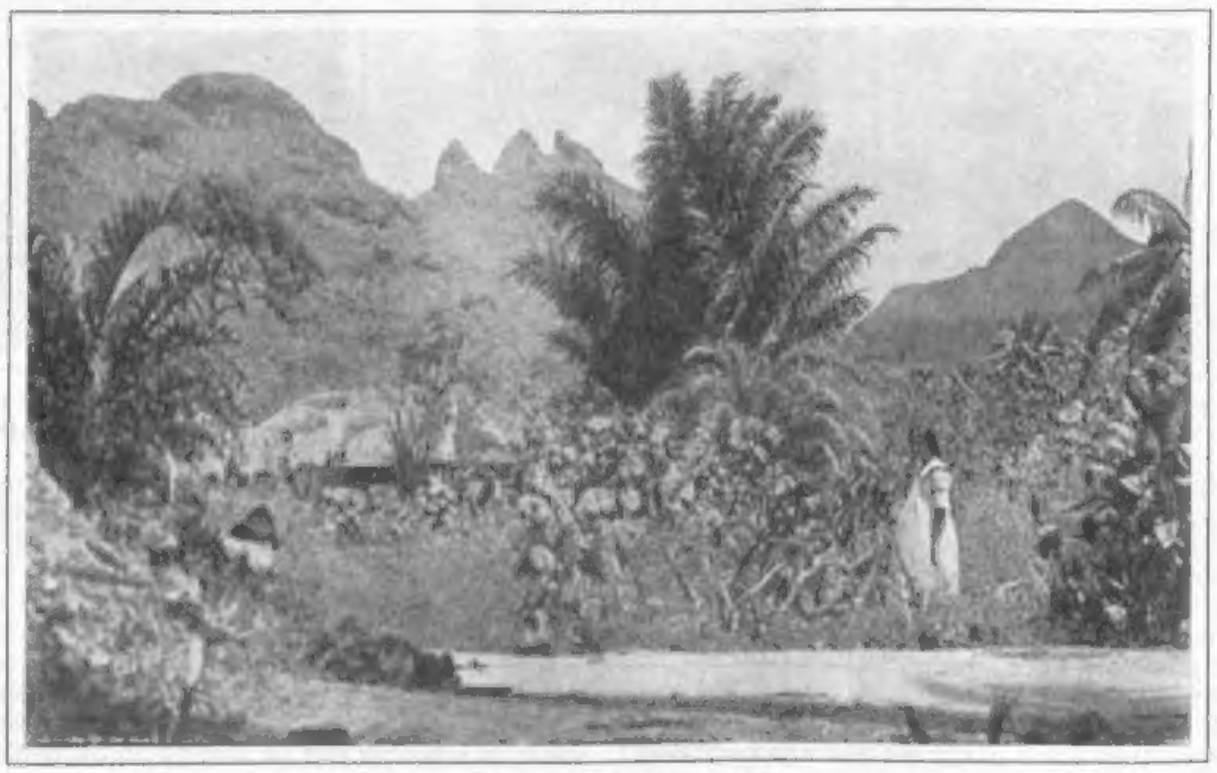
That meager breakfast was the last meal aboard the El Dorado. We were all very sleepy and fagged when daylight finally came, and with its coming hope departed. I do not recall that we cared very much.

That day was Friday, the thirteenth day of June, 1913. Of course I'm not superstitious, but I couldn't help thinking of it as I ordered the crew to jettison the deckload. I had to lighten her. We went at it and worked like fiends for a couple of hours, and then the water came into the galley and the donkey room and put out the fire under the donkey engine and stopped the steam pumps. We were absolutely helpless. I was disgusted. The hold was filling rapidly.

I have been a sailor for thirty years, but never before had I seen such a terrific sea. It was just one boiling smother of foam as far as we could see, and to attempt to launch a boat, much less expect it to survive an instant in that smother, would have been sheer idiocy. I remember when I was a cabin boy in the ship W. H. Lincoln we encountered a typhoon in Yokohama harbor. The old salts who went through that typhoon still speak of it, but it was just a capful of wind compared to that South Pacific hurricane that was smashing the poor old El Dorado.

About eleven o'clock, to our great relief the wind began to moderate and the sun came out. By noon the wind and sea had both abated considerably, and after a consultation with my mates I decided to abandon the ship.

Shipwrecked Crew of the El Dorado, Taken at Easter Island



Scene on Easter Island

The Lost Chronometer

I ORDERED the lifeboat made ready and slung in the spanker throat halyards. This was quickly done, for we had little time and the cabin was liable to be flooded at any moment. While the mates and crew were busy getting their things into the boat I ran below, grabbed the ship's medicine chest, emptied its contents out on the cabin floor and put into it my sextant, navigation books and charts and the ship's papers.

I rushed on deck, put this chest in the lifeboat and ran below again to the cabin, where I seized some clothing, blankets and oilskins. These I placed in the boat also. We now had in the boat all we required except provisions, and were trying desperately to get them out of the cabin and galley before the bulkheads should collapse and allow an inrush of water. When the vessel rose to a sea and the great body of water in her rushed aft the pressure was terrific, and while we were grubbing round the worst happened. The vessel rose on a particularly high sea, the water rushed aft and the bulkheads went with a smash.

I got out of that deathtrap with a case of corned beef and a box of soda crackers. I had intended to take the ship's chronometer also, but in the rush to get out before I should be drowned I had to abandon it. If that bulkhead had only held about fifteen seconds longer we should have been all right. As I climbed up the companionway with my priceless box of soda crackers under one arm and the case of corned beef under the other, I remember thinking to myself: "How the devil am I going to figure out my position in longitude without a chronometer?"

We were in an awful predicament. I'm a Scandinavian, and our kind of people have the reputation of being slow thinkers; but if anybody thinks I didn't realize instantly that not only had we been washed into a bad hole, but that we had dragged the hole in after us, then he's libeling the only source of supply for real sailors.

Mr. Wilson helped me out of the companionway. He is an American. He observed the loss of the chronometer and said something. He said it to himself, but it was derogatory to me, I know. I could see it in his eyes. Perhaps I felt guilty, for I should have brought out the chronometer in the medicine chest; but, confound it, a man can't think of everything when his ship's breaking up under him.

"We're twenty-seven hundred miles off the Chilean coast," said Mr. Wilson acidly.

If he wasn't a smashing good mate I'd have thrown the box of corned beef at him. I was going to exercise my

Some Typical Natives of Easter Island

privilege as skipper to tell him something for the good of his immortal soul, when I happened to glance at that green crew of mine.

Poor devils! Life on the ocean wave was a new wrinkle with them, and they were not happy, although I will say this for them: They kept their heads and obeyed orders implicitly, and were as game a lot of green hands as ever spliced the main brace. They were standing by now, ready to launch the lifeboat. Most of them had no coats, some of them had lost their sou'westers, others had no shoes.

There was practically no food in the boat, but plenty of water, and to enter the ship's cabin again was impossible. But still I had one last chance for provisions. I had, in the after companion leading down to the cabin, a little locker where I kept certain kinds of canned goods, and it occurred to me that by descending into the cabin as far as possible and standing on the companion I might reach this locker and open it.

This I was enabled to do. In the locker we found thirty-eight cans of soup, thirty-two cans of condensed milk, four cans of jam and three cans of lunch tongue. This, with one case of corned beef (twelve one-pound tins) and the box of soda crackers, constituted the provisions for eleven hungry men on a voyage of thousands of miles in a twenty-two-foot lifeboat.

By the time we had got this treasure into the boat the seas had commenced to do terrible damage on deck. The schooner's small boat had been washed away earlier in the day and the sea for a mile round us was strewn with lumber. Doors and skylights and part of the poop rail had been washed away and the vessel was breaking up very rapidly.

The great and most important task before us now was to get the lifeboat overside safely. Upon this depended everything. I know hundreds of sailors who, as disinterested onlookers, would have wagered the earnings of a voyage that we could not succeed. I did not believe we could succeed myself, but when your ship is going to pieces under you you'll try anything once. The sea was still running very high, but somehow I felt that if I managed right I'd have at least a fighting chance.

The boat was slung in the spanker throat halyards over on the port side ready for lowering away. I ordered Mr. Wilson and Mr. Johansen, the second mate, into the boat, and had the crew stand by to lower away the instant I should give the word. I then climbed up on the wheel box and watched the sea for a brief smooth spell.

Presently I saw a chance. It would probably be twenty seconds before another sea would sweep the vessel, and I yelled to the crew to lower away. They obeyed instantly and let go the tackle; Wilson and Johansen shoved the boat away from the vessel and got in two good powerful strokes of their oars before the sea reached them. At the same time two men gave a vigorous pull on the boat's painter from aft, and she shot toward the ship's stern. As she passed she was almost upset by the big overhanging stern of the schooner settling in the water and pressing her down, but Wilson shoved her clear with his oar and the only damage done was the loss of his other oar. They floated there, off the stern, holding her head up to the sea, and the rest of us proceeded to get aboard.

Doing this was far simpler than it appears to a landsman. Her huge spanker boom overhung the El Dorado's stern fully eighteen feet, so I crawled out to the end of the spanker boom and made the end of a long rope fast there. Then I crawled back and one by one the members of the crew crawled out and down the rope into the lifeboat waiting to receive them. It was a dangerous job, owing to the extreme difficulty in holding the boat in position to receive the passenger. When one let go the rope and dropped it was even money whether he would drop into the boat or the sea. Several did drop into the water, but luckily were hauled into the boat.

I believe I made the prettiest boarding of all, although far be it from me to brag. I watched my opportunity, since I was the last man to leave the ship, and as the lifeboat, rolling and pitching frightfully, hung directly under me for an instant, I shot down the line and landed fairly in the stern-sheets—my proper position, by the way. The mate shouted to the crew to give way, and thus we abandoned the El Dorado. As we pulled clear of the vessel we could see pieces of black timber, torn from her vitals, floating among the lumber from her deckload.

It was exactly four P. M. of Friday, June 13, 1913, when we pulled away from the El Dorado. It required some care to avoid having our frail lifeboat staved in by the floating timbers, but we managed to clear this menace successfully.

(Continued on Page 29)

THE GUIDING MISS GOWD

By EDNA FERBER

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

"You Mean to Marry Her?" Asked Mary Gowd

IT HAS long been the canny custom of writers on travel bent to defray the expense of their journeyings by dashing off tales filled with foreign flavor. Dickens did it, and Dante. It has been tried all the way from Tasso to Twain; from Ruskin to Roosevelt. A pleasing custom it is and thrifty withal, and one that has saved many a one but poorly prepared for the European robber in uniform the moist and unpleasant task of swimming home.

Your writer spends seven days, say, in Paris. Result? The Latin Quarter story. *Oh, mes enfants!* That Parisian student-life story! There is the beautiful young American girl—beautiful, but as earnest and good as she is beautiful, and as talented as she is earnest and good. And wedded, be it understood, to her art—preferably painting or singing. From New York! Her name must be something prim, yet winsome. Lois will do—Lois, *la belle Américaine*. Then the hero—American too. Madly in love with Lois. Tall he is and always clean-limbed—not handsome, but with one of those strong, rugged faces. His name, too, must be strong and plain, yet snappy. David is always good. The villain is French, fascinating, and wears a tiny black mustache to hide his mouth, which is cruel.

The rest is simple. A little French restaurant—Henri's. Know you not Henri's? *Tiens!* But Henri's is not for the tourist. A dim little shop and shabby, modestly tucked away in the shadows of the Rue Brie. But the food! Ah, the—whadd'you-call'ems—in the savory sauce, that is Henri's secret! The tender, broiled *poularde*, done to a turn! The bottle of red wine! *Mais oui;* there one can dine under the watchful glare of Rosa, the plump, black-eyed wife of the *concierge*. With a snowy apron about her buxom waist, and a pot of red geraniums somewhere, and a sleek, lazy cat contentedly purring in the sunny window!

Then Lois starving in a garret. Temptation! *Sacré bleu! Zut!* Also *nom d'un nom!* Enter David. *Bon!* Oh, David, take me away! Take me back to dear old Schenectady. Love is more than all else, especially when no one will buy your pictures.

The Italian story recipe is even simpler. A pearl necklace; a low, clear whistle. Was it the call of a bird or a signal? His-s-s-st! Again! A black cape; the flash of steel in the moonlight; the sound of a splash in the water; a sickening gurgle; a stifled cry! Silence! His-st! *Vendetta!*

There is the story made in Germany, filled with students and steins and scars; with beer and blond, blue-eyed *Mädchen* garbed—the *Mädchen*, that is—in black velvet bodice, white chemisette, scarlet skirt with two rows of black ribbon at the bottom, and one yellow braid over the shoulder. Especially is this easily accomplished if actually written in the *Vaterland*, German typewriting machines being equipped with umlauts.

And yet not one of these formulas would seem to fit the story of Mary Gowd. Mary Gowd, with her frumpy English hat and her dreadful English fringe, and her brick-red English cheeks, which not even the enervating Italian sun, the years of bad Italian food or the damp and dim little Roman room had been able to sallow. Mary Gowd, with her shabby blue suit and her mangy bit of fur, and the glint of humor in her pale-blue eyes. Many, many times that same glint of humor had saved English Mary Gowd from seeking peace in the muddy old Tiber.

Her card read imposingly thus: Mary M. Gowd, Cicerone. Certificated and Licensed Lecturer on Art and Archeology. Via del Babbuino, Roma.

In plain language Mary Gowd was a guide. Now, Rome is swarming with guides; but they are men guides. They besiege you in front of Cook's. They perch at the top of the Capitoline Hill, ready to pounce on you when you arrive panting from your climb up the shallow steps. They lie in wait in the doorway of St. Peter's. Bland, suave, smiling, quiet, but insistent, they dog you from the Vatican to the Catacombs.

Hundreds there are of these little men—undersized, even in this land of small men—dapper, agile, low-voiced, crafty. In his inner coat pocket each carries his credentials, greasy, thumb-worn documents, but precious. He glances at your shoes—this insinuating one—or at your hat, or at any of those myriad signs by which he marks you for his own. Then up he steps and speaks to you in the language of your country, be you French, German, English, Spanish or American.

And each one of this clan—each slim, feline little man in blue serge, white-toothed, gimlet-eyed, smooth-tongued, brisk—hated Mary Gowd. They hated her with the hate of an Italian for an outlander—with the hate of an Italian for a woman who works with her brain—with the hate of an Italian who sees another taking the bread out of his mouth. All this, coupled with the fact that your Italian is a natural-born hater, may indicate that the life of Mary Gowd had not the lyric lilt that life is commonly reputed to have in sunny Italy.

Oh, there is no formula for Mary Gowd's story. In the first place, the tale of how Mary Gowd came to be the one woman guide in Rome runs like melodrama. And Mary herself, from her white cotton gloves, darned at the fingers, to her figure, which mysteriously remained the same in spite of fifteen years of scant Italian fare, does not fit gracefully into the rôle of heroine.

Perhaps that story, scraped to bedrock, shorn of all floral features, may gain in force what it loses in artistry.

She was twenty-two when she came to Rome—twenty-two and art-mad. She had been pretty, with that pink-cheesecloth prettiness of the provincial English girl, who degenerates into blowsiness at thirty. Since seventeen she had saved and scrimped and contrived for this modest

Roman holiday. She had given painting lessons—even painted on loathsome china—that the little hoard might grow. And when at last there was enough she had come to this Rome against the protests of the fussy English father and the spinster English sister.

The man she met quite casually one morning in the Sistine Chapel—perhaps he bumped her elbow as they stood staring up at the glorious ceiling. A thousand pardons! Ah, an artist too? In five minutes they were chattering like mad—she in bad French and exquisite English; he in bad English and exquisite French. He knew Rome—its pictures, its glories, its history—as only an Italian can. And he taught her art, and he taught her Italian, and he taught her love.

And so they were married, or ostensibly married, though Mary did not know the truth until three months later when he left her quite as casually as he had met her, taking with him the little hoard, and Mary's English trinkets, and Mary's English roses, and Mary's broken pride.

So! There was no going back to the fussy father or the spinster sister. She came very near resting her head on Father Tiber's breast in those days. She would sit in the great galleries for hours, staring at the wonderworks. Then, one day, again in the Sistine Chapel, a fussy little American woman had approached her, her eyes snapping. Mary was sketching, or trying to.

"Do you speak English?"

"I am English," said Mary.

The feathers in the hat of the fussy little woman quivered.

"Then tell me, is this ceiling by Raphael?"

"Ceiling!" gasped Mary Gowd. "Raphael!"

Then, very gently, she gave the master's name.

"Of course!" snapped the excited little American. "I'm one of a party of eight. We're all school-teachers. And this guide"—she waved a hand in the direction of a rapt little group standing in the agonizing position the ceiling demands—"just informed us that the ceiling is by Raphael. And we're paying him ten lire!"

"Won't you sit here?" Mary Gowd made a place for her. "I'll tell you."

And she did tell her, finding a certain relief from her pain in unfolding to this commonplace little woman the glory of the masterpiece among masterpieces.

"Why—why," gasped her listener, who had long since beckoned the other seven with frantic finger, "how beautifully you explain it! How much you know! Oh, why can't they talk as you do?" she wailed, her eyes full of contempt for the despised guide.

"I am happy to have helped you," said Mary Gowd.

"Helped! Why, there are hundreds of Americans who would give anything to have some one like you to be with them in Rome."

Mary Gowd's whole body stiffened. She stared fixedly at the grateful little American school-teacher.

"Some one like me ——"

The little teacher blushed very red.

"I beg your pardon. I wasn't thinking. Of course you don't need to do any such work, but I just couldn't help saying ——"

"But I do need work," interrupted Mary Gowd. She stood up, her cheeks pink again for the moment, her eyes bright. "I thank you. Oh, I thank you!"

"You thank me!" faltered the American.

But Mary Gowd had folded her sketchbook and was off, through the vestibule, down the splendid corridor, past the giant Swiss guard, to the noisy, sunny Piazza di San Pietro.

That had been fifteen years ago. She had taken her guide's examinations and passed them. She knew her Rome from the crypt of St. Peter's to the top of the Janiculum Hill; from the Campagna to Tivoli. She read and studied and learned. She delved into the past and brought up strange and interesting truths. She could tell you weird stories of those white marble men who lay so peacefully beneath St. Peter's dome, their ringed hands crossed on their breasts. She learned to juggle dates with an ease that brought gasps from her American clients, with their history that went back little more than one hundred years.

She learned to designate as new anything that failed to have its origin stamped B. C.; and the Magnificent Augustus, he who boasted of finding Rome brick and leaving it marble, was a mere *nouveau riche* with his miserable A. D. 14.

She was as much at home in the Thermæ of Caracalla as you in your white-and-blue-tiled bath. She could juggle the history of emperors with one hand and the scandals of half a dozen kings with the other. No ruin was too unimportant for her attention—no picture too faded for her research. She had the centuries at her tongue's end. Michelangelo and Canova were her brothers in art, and Rome was to her as your back-garden patch is to you.

Mary Gowd hated this Rome as only an English woman can who has spent fifteen years in that nest of intrigue. She fought the whole race of Roman guides day after day. She no longer turned sick and faint when they hissed after her vile Italian epithets that her American or English clients quite failed to understand. Quite unconcernedly she would jam down the lever of the taximeter the wily Italian cabby had pulled only halfway so that the meter might register double. And when that foul-mouthed one crowned his heap of abuse by screaming *"Camorrista! Camor-r-rista!"* at her, she would merely shrug her shoulders and say *"Andate presto!"* to show him she was above quarreling with a cabman.

She ate eggs and bread, and drank the red wine, never having conquered her disgust for Italian meat since first she saw the filthy carcasses, fly-infested, dust-covered, loathsome, being carted through the swarming streets.

It was six o'clock of an evening early in March when Mary Gowd went home to the murky little room in the Via Babbuino. She was too tired to notice the sunset. She was too tired to smile at the red-eyed baby of the cobbler's wife, who lived in the rear. She was too tired to ask Tina for the letters that seldom came. It had been a particularly trying day, spent with a party of twenty Germans, who had said *"Herrlich!"* when she showed them the marvels of the Vatican and *"Kolossal!"* at the grandeur of the Colosseum and, for the rest, had kept their noses buried in their guidebooks.

She groped her way cautiously down the black hall. Tina had a habit of leaving sundry brushes, pans or babies lying about. After the warmth of the March sun outdoors the house was cold with that clammy, penetrating, tomblike chill of the Italian home.

"Tina!" she called.

From the rear of the house came a cackle of voices. Tina was gossiping. There was no smell of supper in the air. Mary Gowd shrugged patient shoulders. Then, before taking off the dowdy hat, before removing the white cotton gloves, she went to the window that overlooked the noisy Via Babbuino, closed the massive wooden shutters, fastened the heavy windows and closed the thick curtains. Then she stood a moment, eyes shut. In that little room the roar of Rome was tamed to a dull humming. Mary Gowd, born and bred amid the green of Northern England, had never become hardened to the maddening noises of the Via Babbuino: The rattle and clatter of cab wheels; the clack-clack of thousands of iron-shod hoofs; the shrill, high cry of the street venders; the blasts of motor horns that seemed to rend the narrow street; the roar and rumble of the electric trams; the wail of fretful babies; the chatter of gossiping women; and above and through and below it all the cracking of the cabman's whip—that scepter of the Roman cabby, that wand which is one part whip and nine parts crack. Sometimes it seemed to Mary Gowd that her brain was seared and welted by the pistol-shot reports of those eternal whips.

Her Name Was Eleanora, But Her Parents Called Her Tweetie

She came forward now and lighted a candle that stood on the table and another on the dresser. Their dim light seemed to make dimmer the dark little room. She looked about with a little shiver. Then she sank into the chintz-covered chair that was the one bit of England in the somber chamber. She took off the dusty black velvet hat, passed a hand over her hair with a gesture that was more tired than tidy, and sat back, her eyes shut, her body inert, her head sagging on her breast.

The voices in the back of the house had ceased. From the kitchen came the slipslop of Tina's slovenly feet. Mary Gowd opened her eyes and sat up very straight as Tina stood in the doorway. There was nothing picturesque about Tina. Tina was not one of those earringed, olive-tinted, melting-eyed daughters of Italy that one meets in fiction. Looking at her yellow skin and her wrinkles and her coarse hands, one wondered whether she was fifty, or sixty, or one hundred, as is the way with Italian women of Tina's class at thirty-five.

Ah, the signora was tired! She smiled pityingly. Tired! Not at all, Mary Gowd assured her briskly. She knew that Tina despised her because she worked like a man.

"Something fine for supper?" Mary Gowd asked mockingly. Her Italian was like that of the Romans themselves, so soft, so liquid, so perfect.

Tina nodded vigorously, her long earrings shaking.

"*Vitello*"—she began, her tongue clinging lovingly to the double *l* sound—"*Vee-tail-loh* ——"

"Ugh!" shuddered Mary Gowd. That eternal veal and mutton, pinkish, flabby, sickening!

"What then?" demanded the outraged Tina.

Mary Gowd stood up, making gestures, hat in hand.

"Clotted cream, with strawberries," she said in English, an unknown language, which always roused Tina to fury. "And a steak—a real steak of real beef, three inches thick and covered with onions fried in butter. And creamed chicken, and English hothouse tomatoes, and fresh peaches and little hot rolls, and coffee that isn't licorice and ink, and—and ——"

Tina's dangling earrings disappeared in her shoulders. Her outspread palms were eloquent.

"Crazy, these English!" said the shoulders and palms. "Mad!"

Mary Gowd threw her hat on the bed, pushed aside a screen and busied herself with a little alcohol stove.

"I shall prepare an omelet," she said over her shoulder in Italian. "Also, I have here bread and wine."

"Ugh!" grunted Tina.

"Ugh, veal!" grunted Mary Gowd. Then, as Tina's flapping feet turned away: "Oh, Tina! Letters?"

Tina fumbled at the bosom of her gown, thought deeply and drew out a crumpled envelope. It had been opened and clumsily closed again. Fifteen years ago Mary Gowd would have raged. Now she shrugged philosophic shoulders. Tina stole hairpins, opened letters that she could not hope to decipher, rummaged bureau drawers, rifled cupboards and fingered books; but then, so did most of the other Tinas in Rome. What use to complain?

Mary Gowd opened the thumb-marked letter, bringing it close to the candlelight. As she read, a smile appeared.

"Huh! Gregg," she said, "Americans!" She glanced again at the hotel letterhead on the stationery—the best hotel in Naples. "Americans—and rich!"

The pleased little smile lingered as she beat the omelet briskly for her supper.

The Henry D. Greggs arrived in Rome on the two o'clock train from Naples. And all the Roman knights of the waving palm espied them from afar and hailed them with whoops of joy. The season was still young and the Henry D. Greggs looked like money—not Italian money, which is reckoned in lire, but American money, which mounts grandly to dollars. The post-card men in the Piazza delle Terme sped after their motor taxi. The swarthy brigand, with his wooden box of tawdry souvenirs, marked them as they rode past. The cripple who

Rome Was to Her as Your Back-Garden Patch is to You

lurked behind a pillar in the colonnade threw aside his coat with a practiced hitch of his shoulder to reveal the sickeningly maimed arm that was his stock in trade.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Gregg had left their comfortable home in Batavia, Illinois, with its sleeping porch, veranda and lawn, and seven-passenger car; with its two glistening bathrooms, and its Oriental rugs, and its laundry in the basement, and its Sunday fried chicken and ice cream, because they felt that Miss Eleanora Gregg ought to have the benefit of foreign travel. Miss Eleanora Gregg thought so too; in fact, she had thought so first.

Her name was Eleanora, but her parents called her Tweetie, which really did not sound so bad as it might if Tweetie had been one whit less pretty. Tweetie was so amazingly, Americanly pretty that she could have triumphed over a pet name twice as absurd.

The Greggs came to Rome, as has been stated, at two P. M. Wednesday. By two P. M. Thursday Tweetie had bought a pair of long, dangling earrings, a costume with a Roman striped collar and sash, and had learned to loll back in her cab in imitation of the dashing, black-eyed, sallow women she had seen driving on the Pincio. By Thursday evening she was teasing Papa Gregg for a spray of white nigrets, such as those same languorous ladies wore in feathery mists atop their hats.

"But, Tweet," argued Papa Gregg, "what's the use? You can't take them back with you. Custom-house regulations forbid it."

The rather faded but smartly dressed Mrs. Gregg asserted herself:

"They're barbarous! We had moving-pictures at the club showing how they're torn from the mother birds. No daughter of mine ——"

"I don't care!" retorted Tweetie. "They're perfectly stunning; and I'm going to have them."

And she had them—not that the aigret incident is important; but it may serve to place the Greggs in their respective niches.

At eleven o'clock Friday morning Mary Gowd called at the Greggs' hotel, according to appointment. In far-away Batavia, Illinois, Mrs. Gregg had heard of Mary Gowd. And Mary Gowd, with her knowledge of everything Roman—from the Forum to the best place at which to buy pearls—was to be the staff on which the Greggs were to lean.

"My husband," said Mrs. Gregg; "my daughter Twee—er—Eleanora. We've heard such wonderful things of you from my dear friend Mrs. Melville Peters, of Batavia."

"Ah, yes!" exclaimed Mary Gowd. "A most charming person, Mrs. Peters."

"After she came home from Europe she read the most wonderful paper on Rome before the Women's West End Culture Club, of Batavia. We're affiliated with the National Federation of Women's Clubs, as you probably know; and ——"

"Now, mother," interrupted Henry Gregg, "the lady can't be interested in your club."

"Oh, but I am!" exclaimed Mary Gowd very vivaciously. "Enormously!"

Henry Gregg eyed her through his cigar smoke with suddenly narrowed lids.

"M-m-m! Well, let's get to the point anyway. I know Tweetie here is dying to see St. Peters, and all that."

Tweetie had settled back inscrutably after one comprehensive, disdainful look at Mary Gowd's suit, hat, gloves and shoes. Now she sat up, her bewitching face glowing with interest.

"Tell me," she said, "what do they call those officers with the long pale-blue capes and the silver helmets and the swords? And the ones in dark-blue uniform with the maroon stripe at the side of the trousers? And do they ever mingle with the—that is, there was one of the blue capes here at tea yesterday ——"

Papa Gregg laughed a great, comfortable laugh.

"Oh, so that's where you were staring yesterday, young lady! I thought you acted kind of absent-minded." He got up to walk over and pinch Tweetie's blushing cheek.

So it was that Mary Gowd began the process of pouring the bloody, religious, wanton, pious, thrilling, dreadful history of Rome into the pretty and unheeding ear of Tweetie Gregg.

On the fourth morning after that introductory meeting Mary Gowd arrived at the hotel at ten, as usual, to take charge of her party for the day. She encountered them in the hotel foyer, an animated little group centered about a very tall, very dashing, very black-mustachioed figure who wore a long pale-blue cape thrown gracefully over one shoulder as only an Italian officer can wear such a garment. He was looking down into the brilliantly glowing face of the pretty Eleanora, and the pretty Eleanora was looking up at him; and Pa and Ma Gregg were standing by, placidly pleased.

A grim little line appeared about Miss Gowd's mouth. Blue Cape's black eyes saw it, even as he bent low over Mary Gowd's hand at the words of introduction.

"Oh, Miss Gowd," pouted Tweetie, "it's too bad you haven't a telephone. You see, we shan't need you to-day."

"No?" said Miss Gowd, and glanced at Blue Cape.

"No; Signor Caldini says it's much too perfect a day to go poking about among old ruins and things."

Henry D. Gregg cleared his throat and took up the explanation. "Seems the—er—Signore thinks it would be just the thing to take a touring car and drive to Tivoli, and have a bite of lunch there."

"And come back in time to see the Colosseum by moonlight!" put in Tweetie ecstatically.

"Oh, yes!" said Mary Gowd.

Pa Gregg looked at his watch.

"Well, I'll be running along," he said. Then, in answer to something in Mary Gowd's eyes: "I'm not going to Tivoli, you see. I met a man from Chicago here at the hotel. He and I are going to chin a while this morning. And Mrs. Gregg and his wife are going on a shopping spree. Say, ma, if you need any more money speak up now, because I'm ——"

Mary Gowd caught his coat sleeve.

"One moment!"

Her voice was very low. "You mean—you mean Miss Eleanora will go to Tivoli and to the Colosseum alone—with—with Signor Caldini?"

Henry Gregg smiled indulgently.

"The young folks always run round alone at home. We've got our own car at home in Batavia, but Tweetie's beaus are always driving up for her in ——"

Mary Gowd turned her head so that only Henry Gregg could hear what she said.

"Step aside for just one moment. I must talk to you."

"Well, what?"

"Do as I say," whispered Mary Gowd.

Something of her earnestness seemed to convey a meaning to Henry Gregg.

"Just wait a minute, folks," he said to the group of three, and joined Mary Gowd, who had chosen a seat a dozen paces away. "What's the trouble?" he asked jocularly. "Hope you're not offended because Tweet said we didn't need you to-day. You know young folks ——"

"They must not go alone," said Mary Gowd.

"But ——"

"This is not America. This is Italy—this Caldini is an Italian."

"Why, look here; Signor Caldini was introduced to us last night. His folks really belong to the nobility."

"I know; I know," interrupted Mary Gowd. "I tell you they cannot go alone. Please believe me! I have been fifteen years in Rome. Noble or not, Caldini is an Italian. I ask you"—she had clasped her hands and was looking pleadingly up into his face—"I beg of you, let me go with them. You need not pay me to-day. You ——"

Henry Gregg looked at her very thoughtfully and a little puzzled. Then he glanced over at the group again, with Blue Cape looking down so eagerly into Tweetie's exquisite face and Tweetie looking up so raptly into Blue Cape's melting eyes and Ma Gregg standing so placidly by. He turned again to Mary Gowd's earnest face.

"Well, maybe you're right. They do seem to use chaperons in Europe—duennas, or whatever you call 'em. Seems a nice kind of chap, though."

He strolled back to the waiting group. From her seat Mary Gowd heard Mrs. Gregg's surprised exclamation, saw Tweetie's pout, understood Caldini's shrug and sneer. There followed a little burst of conversation. Then, with a little frown which melted into a smile for Blue Cape, Tweetie went to her room for motor coat and trifles that the long day's outing demanded. Mrs. Gregg, still voluble, followed.

Blue Cape, with a long look at Mary Gowd, went out to confer with the porter about the motor. Papa Gregg, hand in pockets, cigar tilted, eyes narrowed, stood irresolutely in the center of the great, gaudy foyer. Then, with a decisive little hunch of his shoulders, he came back to where Mary Gowd sat.

"Did you say you've been fifteen years in Rome?"

"Fifteen years," answered Mary Gowd.

Henry D. Gregg took his cigar from his mouth and regarded it thoughtfully.

"Well, that's quite a spell. Must like it here." Mary Gowd said nothing. "Can't say I'm crazy about it—that is, as a place to live. I said to mother last night: 'Little old Batavia's good enough for Henry D.' Of course it's a grand education, traveling, especially for Tweetie. Funny, I always thought the fruit in Italy was regular hothouse stuff—thought the streets would just be lined with trees all hung with big, luscious oranges. But, Lord! Here we are at the best hotel in Rome, and the fruit is worse than the stuff the pushcart men at home feed to their families—little wizened bananas and oranges. Still, it's grand here in Rome for Tweetie. I can't stay long—just ran away from business to bring 'em over; but I'd like Tweetie to stay in Italy until she learns the lingo. Sings, too—Tweetie does; and she and ma think they'll have her voice cultivated over here. They'll stay here quite a while, I guess."

"Then you will not be here with them?" asked Mary Gowd.

"Me? No."

They sat silent for a moment.

"I suppose you're crazy about Rome," said Henry Gregg again. "There's a lot of culture here, and history, and all that; and ——"

"I hate Rome!" said Mary Gowd.

Henry Gregg stared at her in bewilderment.

"Then why in Sam Hill don't you go back to England?"

"I'm thirty-seven years old. That's one reason why. And I look older. Oh, yes, I do. Thanks just the same. There are too many women in England already—too many half-starving shabby genteel. I earn enough to live on here—that is, I call it living. You couldn't. In the bad

(Concluded on Page 26)

"You Should Hear Him Pronounce My Name. It is Like Music When He Says It"

HORSESHOES

By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE series ended Tuesday, but I had stayed in Philadelphia an extra day on the chance of there being some follow-up stuff worth sending. Nothing had broken loose; so I filed some stuff about what the Athletics and Giants were going to do with their dough, and then caught the eight o'clock train for Chicago.

Having passed up supper in order to get my story away and grab the train, I went to the buffet car right after I'd planted my grips. I sat down at one of the tables and ordered a sandwich. Four salesmen were playing rhum at the other table and all the chairs in the car were occupied; so it didn't surprise me when somebody flopped down in the seat opposite me.

I looked up from my paper and with a little thrill recognized my companion. Now I've been experting round the country with ballplayers so much that it doesn't usually excite me to meet one face to face, even if he's a star. I can talk with Tyrus without getting all fussed up. But this particular player had jumped from obscurity to fame so suddenly and had played such an important though brief part in the recent argument between the Macks and McGraws that I couldn't help being a little awed by his proximity.

It was none other than Grimes, the utility outfielder Connie had been forced to use in the last game because of the injury to Joyce—Grimes, whose miraculous catch in the eleventh inning had robbed Parker of a home run and the Giants of victory, and whose own homer—a fluky one—had given the Athletics another World's Championship.

I had met Grimes one day during the spring he was with the Cubs, but I knew he wouldn't remember me. A ballplayer never recalls a reporter's face on less than six introductions or his name on less than twenty. However, I resolved to speak to him, and had just mustered sufficient courage to open a conversation when he saved me the trouble.

"Whose picture have they got there?" he asked, pointing to my paper.

"Speed Parker's," I replied.

"What do they say about him?" asked Grimes.

"I'll read it to you," I said:

"Speed Parker, McGraw's great third baseman, is ill in a local hospital with nervous prostration, the result of the strain of the World's Series, in which he played such a stellar rôle. Parker is in such a dangerous condition that no one is allowed to see him. Members of the New York team and fans from Gotham called at the hospital today, but were unable to gain admittance to his ward. Philadelphians hope he will recover speedily and will suffer no permanent ill effects from his sickness, for he won their admiration by his work in the series, though he was on a rival team. A lucky catch by Grimes, the Athletics' substitute outfielder, was all that prevented Parker from winning the title for New York. According to Manager Mack, of the champions, the series would have been over in four games but for Parker's wonderful exhibition of nerve and——"

"That'll be a plenty," Grimes interrupted. "And that's just what you might expect from one o' them doughheaded reporters. If all the baseball writers was where they belonged they'd have to build an annex to Matteawan."

I kept my temper with very little effort—it takes more than a peevish ballplayer's remarks to insult one of our fraternity; but I didn't exactly understand his peeve.

"Doesn't Parker deserve the bouquet?" I asked.

"Oh, they can boost him all they want to," said Grimes; "but when they call that catch lucky and don't mention the fact that Parker is the luckiest guy in the world, somethin' must be wrong with 'em. Did you see the serious?"

"No," I lied glibly, hoping to draw from him the cause of his grouch.

"Well," he said, "you sure missed somethin'. They never was a serious like it before and they won't never be one again. It went the full seven games and every game was a bear. They was one big innin' every day and Parker was the big cheese in it. Just as Connie says, the Ath-a-letics would of cleaned 'em in four games but for Parker; but it wasn't because he's a great ballplayer—it was because he was born with a knife, fork and spoon in his mouth, and a rabbit's foot hung round his neck.

"You may not know it, but I'm Grimes, the guy that made the lucky catch. I'm the guy that won the serious with a hit—a home-run hit; and I'm here to tell you that if I'd had one-tenth o' Parker's luck they'd of heard about me long before yesterday. They say my homer was lucky. Maybe it was; but, believe me, it was time things broke for me. They been breakin' for him all his life."

I Sent Her a Kind o' Sassy Letter Sayin' I Guessed it Was Up to Me to Name the Day

"Well," I said, "his luck must have gone back on him if he's in a hospital with nervous prostration."

"Nervous prostration nothin'," said Grimes. "He's in a hospital because his face is all out o' shape and he's ashamed to appear on the street. I don't usually do so much talkin' and I'm ravin' a little to-night because I've had a couple o' drinks; but——"

"Have another," said I, ringing for the waiter, "and talk some more."

"I made two hits yesterday," Grimes went on, "but the crowd only seen one. I busted up the game and the serious with the one they seen. The one they didn't see was the one I busted up a guy's map with—and Speed Parker was the guy. That's why he's in a hospital. He may be able to play ball next year; but I'll bet my share o' the dough that McGraw won't reco'nize him when he shows up at Marlin in the spring."

"When did this come off?" I asked. "And why?"

"It come off outside the clubhouse after yesterday's battle," he said; "and I hit him because he called me a name—a name I won't stand for from him."

"What did he call you?" I queried, expecting to hear one of the delicate epithets usually applied by conquered to conqueror on the diamond.

"'Horseshoes!'" was Grimes' amazing reply.

"But, good Lord!" I remonstrated, "I've heard of ballplayers calling each other that, and Lucky Stiff, and Four-leaf Clover, ever since I was a foot high, and I never knew them to start fights about it."

"Well," said Grimes, "I might as well give you all the dope; and then if you don't think I was justified I'll pay your fare from here to wherever you're goin'. I don't want you to think I'm kickin' about trifles—or that I'm kickin' at all, for that matter. I just want to prove to you that he didn't have no license to pull that Horseshoes stuff on me and that I only give him what was comin' to him."

"Go ahead and shoot," said I.

"Give us some more o' the same," said Grimes to the passing waiter. And then he told me about it.

Maybe you've heard that me and Speed Parker was raised in the same town—Ishpeming, Michigan. We was kids together, and though he done all the devilment I got all the lickin's. When we was about twelve years old Speed throwed a rotten egg at the teacher and I got expelled. That made me sick o' schools and I wouldn't never go to one again, though my ol' man beat me up and the truant officers threatened to have me hung.

Well, while Speed was learnin' what was the principal products o' New Hampshire and Texas I was workin' round the freighthouse and drivin' a dray.

We'd both been playin' ball all our lives; and when the town organized a semi-pro club we got jobs with it. We was to draw two bucks apiece for each game and they played every Sunday. We played four games before we got our first pay. They was a hole in my pants pocket as big as home plate, but I forgot about it and put the dough in there. It wasn't there when I got home. Speed didn't have no hole in his pocket—you can bet on that! Afterward the club hired a good outfielder and I was canned. They was huntin' for another third baseman too; but, o' course, they didn't find none and Speed held his job.

The next year they started the Northern Peninsula League. We landed with the home team. The league opened in May and blowed up the third week in June. They paid off all the outsiders first and then had just money enough left to settle with one of us two Ishpeming guys. The night they done the payin' I was out to my uncle's farm, so they settled with Speed and told me I'd have to wait for mine. I'm still waitin'!

Gene Higgins, who was manager o' the Battle Creek Club, lived in Houghton, and that winter we goes over and strikes him for a job. He give it to us and we busted in together two years ago last spring.

I had a good year down there. I hit over .300 and stole all the bases in sight. Speed got along good too, and they was several big-league scouts lookin' us over. The Chicago Cubs bought Speed outright and four clubs put in a draft for me. Three of 'em—Cleveland and the New York Giants and the Boston Nationals—needed outfielders bad, and it would of been a pipe for me to of made good with any of 'em. But who do you think got me? The same Chicago Cubs; and the only outfielders they had at that time was Schulte and Leach and Good and Williams and Stewart, and one or two others.

Well, I didn't figure I was any worse off than Speed. The Cubs had Zimmerman at third base and it didn't look like they was any danger of a busher beatin' him out; but Zimmerman goes and breaks his leg the second day o' the season—that's a year ago last April—and Speed jumps right in as a regular. Do you think anything like that could happen to Schulte or Leach, or any o' them outfielders? No, sir! I wore out my uniform slidin' up and down the bench and wonderin' whether they'd ship me to Fort Worth or Siberia.

Now I want to tell you about the miserable luck Speed had right off the reel. We was playin' at St. Louis. They had a one-run lead in the eighth, when their pitcher walked Speed with one out. Saier hits a high fly to center and Parker starts with the crack o' the bat. Both coachers was yellin' at him to go back, but he thought they was two out and he was clear round to third base when the ball come down. And Oakes muffs it! O' course he scored and the game was tied up.

Parker come in to the bench like he'd did something wonderful.

"Did you think they was two out?" ast Hank.

"No," says Speed, blushin'.

"Then what did you run for?" says Hank.

"I had a hunch he was goin' to drop the ball," says Speed; and Hank pretty near falls off the bench.

The next day he come up with one out and the sacks full, and the score tied in the sixth. He smashes one on the ground straight at Hauser and it looked like a cinch double play; but just as Hauser was goin' to grab it the ball hit a rough spot and hopped a mile over his head. It got between Oakes and Magee and went clear to the fence. Three guys scored and Speed pulled up at third. The papers come out and said the game was won by a three-bagger from the bat o' Parker, the Cubs' sensational kid third baseman. Gosh!

We go home to Chi and are havin' a hot battle with Pittsburgh. This time Speed's turn come when they was two on and two out, and Pittsburgh a run to the good—I think it was the eighth innin'. Cooper gives him a fast one and he hits it straight up in the air. O' course the runners started goin', but it looked hopeless because they wasn't no

wind or high sky to bother anybody. Mowrey and Gibson both goes after the ball and just as Mowrey was set for the catch Gibson bumps into him and they both fall down. Two runs scored and Speed got to second. Then what does he do but try to steal third—with two out too! And Gibson's peg pretty near hits the left field seats on the fly.

When Speed comes to the bench Hank says:

"If I was you I'd quit playin' ball and go to Monte Carlo."

"What for?" says Speed

"You're so dam' lucky!" says Hank.

"So is Ty Cobb," says Speed. That's how he hated himself!

First trip to Cincy we run into a couple of old Ishpeming boys. They took us out one night, and about twelve o'clock I said we'd have to go back to the hotel or we'd get fined. Speed said I had cold feet and he stuck with the boys. I went back alone and Hank caught me comin' in and put a fifty-dollar plaster on me. Speed stayed out all night long and Hank never knowed it. I says to myself: "Wait till he gets out there and tries to play ball without no sleep!" But the game that day was called off on account o' rain. Can you beat it?

I remember what he got away with the next afternoon the same as though it happened yesterday. In the second innin' they walked him with nobody down, and he took a big lead off first base like he always does. Benton throwed over there three or four times to scare him back, and the last time he throwed, Hobby hid the ball. The coacher seen it and told Speed to hold the bag; but he didn't pay no attention. He started leadin' right off again and Hobby tried to tag him, but the ball slipped out of his hand and rolled about a yard away. Parker had plenty o' time to get back; but, instead o' that, he starts for second. Hobby picked up the ball and shot it down to Groh—and Groh made a square muff.

Parker slides into the bag safe and then gets up and throws out his chest like he'd made the greatest play ever. When the ball's throwed back to Benton, Speed leads off about thirty foot and stands there in a trance. Clarke signs for a pitch-out and pegs down to second to nip him. He was caught flatfooted—that is, he would of been with a decent throw; but Clarke's peg went pretty near to Latonia. Speed scored and strutted over to receive our hearty congratulations. Some o' the boys was laughin' and he thought they was laughin' with him instead of at him.

It was in the ninth, though, that he got by with one o' the worst I ever seen. The Reds was a run behind and Marsans was on third base with two out. Hobby, I think it was, hit one on the ground right at Speed and he picked it up clean. The crowd all got up and started for the exits. Marsans run toward the plate in the faint hope that the peg to first would be wild. All of a sudden the boys on the Cincy bench begun yellin' at him to slide, and he done so. He was way past the plate when Speed's throw got to Archer. The bonehead had shot the ball home instead o' to first base, thinkin' they was only one down. We was all crazy, believin' his nut play had let 'em tie it up; but he comes tearin' in, tellin' Archer to tag Marsans. So Jim walks over and tags the Cuban, who was brushin' off his uniform.

"You're out!" says Klem. "You never touched the plate."

I guess Marsans knowed the umps was right because he didn't make much of a holler. But Speed sure got a pannin' in the clubhouse.

"I suppose you knowed he was goin' to miss the plate!" says Hank sarcastic as he could.

Everybody on the club roasted him, but it didn't do no good.

Well, you know what happened to me. I only got into one game with the Cubs—one afternoon when Leach was sick. We was playin' the Boston bunch and Tyler was workin' against us. I always had trouble with lefthanders and this was one of his good days. I couldn't see what he throwed up there. I got one foul durin' the afternoon's entertainment; and the wind was blowin' a hundred-mile gale, so that the best outfielder in the world couldn't judge a fly ball. That Boston bunch must of hit fifty of 'em and they all come to my field.

If I caught any I've forgot about it. Couple o' days after that I got notice o' my release to Indianapolis.

Parker kept right on all season doin' the blamedest things you ever heard of and gettin' by with 'em. One o' the boys told me about it later. If they was playin' a double-header in St. Louis, with the thermometer at 130 degrees, he'd get put out by the umps in the first innin' o' the first game. If he started to steal the catcher'd drop the pitch or somebody'd muff the throw. If he hit a pop fly the sun'd get in somebody's eyes. If he took a swell third strike with the bases full the umps would call it a ball. If he cut first base by twenty feet the umps would be readin' the mornin' paper.

Zimmerman's leg mended, so that he was all right by June; and then Saier got sick and they tried Speed at first base. He'd never saw the bag before; but things kept on breakin' for him and he played it like a house-afire. The Cubs copped the pennant and Speed got in on the big dough, besides playin' a whale of a game through the whole serious.

Speed and me both went back to Ishpeming to spend the winter—though the Lord knows it ain't no winter resort. Our homes was there; and besides, in my case, they was a certain girl livin' in the old burg.

Parker, o' course, was the hero and the swell guy when we got home. He'd been in the World's Serious and had plenty o' dough in his kick. I come home with nothin' but my suitcase and a hard-luck story, which I kept to myself. I hadn't even went good enough in Indianapolis to be sure of a job there again.

That fall—last fall—an uncle o' Speed's died over in the Soo and left him ten thousand bucks. I had an uncle down in the Lower Peninsula who was worth five times that much—but he had good health!

This girl I spoke about was the prettiest thing I ever see. I'd went with her in the old days, and when I blew back I found she was still strong for me. They wasn't a great deal o' variety in Ishpeming for a girl to pick from. Her and I went to the dance every Saturday night and to church Sunday nights. I called on her Wednesday evenin's, besides takin' her to all the shows that come along—rotten as the most o' them was.

I never knowed Speed was makin' a play for this doll till along last Feb'uary. The minute I seen what was up I got busy. I took her out sleigh-ridin' and kept her out in the cold till she'd promised to marry me. We set the date for this fall—I figured I'd know better where I was at by that time.

Well, we didn't make no secret o' bein' engaged; down in the poolroom one night Speed come up and congratulated me. He says:

"You got a swell girl, Dick! I wouldn't mind bein' in your place. You're mighty lucky to cop her out—you old Horseshoes, you!"

"Horseshoes!" I says. "You got a fine license to call anybody Horseshoes! I suppose you ain't never had no luck?"

"Not like you," he says.

I was feelin' too good about grabbin' the girl to get sore at the time; but when I got to thinkin' about it a few minutes afterward it made me mad clear through. What right did that bird have to talk about me bein' lucky?

Speed was playin' freeze-out at a table near the door, and when I started home some o' the boys with him says:

"Good night, Dick."

I said good night and then Speed looked up.

"Good night, Horseshoes!" he says.

That got my nanny this time.

"Shut up, you lucky stiff!" I says. "If you wasn't so dam' lucky you'd be sweepin' the streets." Then I walks on out.

I was too busy with the girl to see much o' Speed after that. He left home about the middle o' the month to go to Tampa with the Cubs. I got notice from Indianapolis that I was sold to Baltimore. I didn't care much about goin' there and I wasn't anxious to leave home under the circumstances, so I didn't report till late.

When I read in the papers along in April that Speed had been traded to Boston for a couple o' pitchers I thought: "Gee! He must of lost his rabbit's foot!" Because, even if the Cubs didn't cop again, they'd have a city serious with the White Sox and get a bunch o' dough that way. And they wasn't no chance in the world for the Boston Club to get nothin' but their salaries.

It wasn't another month, though, till Shafer, o' the Giants, quit baseball and McGraw was up against it for a third baseman. Next thing I knowed, Speed was traded to New York and was with another winner—for they never was out o' first place all season.

I was gettin' along all right at Baltimore and Dunnie liked me; so I felt like I had somethin' more than just a one-year job—somethin' I could get married on. It was all framed that the weddin' was comin' off as soon as this season was over; so you can believe I was pullin' for October to hurry up and come.

One day in August, two months ago, Dunnie come in the clubhouse and handed me the news.

"Rube Oldring's busted his leg," he says, "and he's out for the rest o' the season. Connie's got a youngster named Joyce that he can stick in there, but he's got to have an extra outfielder. He's made me a good proposition for you and I'm goin' to let you go. It'll be pretty soft for you, because they got the pennant cinched and they'll cut you in on the big money."

"Yes," I says; "and when they're through with me they'll ship me to Hellangone, and I'll be draggin' down about seventy-five bucks a month next year."

"Nothin' like that," says Dunnie. "If he don't want you next season he's got to ask for waivers; and if you get out o' the big league you come right back here. That's all framed."

So that's how I come to get with the Ath-a-letics. Connie give me a nice, comf'table seat in one corner o' the bench and I had the pleasure o' watchin' a real ball club perform once every afternoon and sometimes twice.

Connie told me that as soon as they had the flag cinched he was goin' to lay off some o' his regulars and I'd get a chance to play.

Well, they cinched it the fourth day o' September and our next engagement was with Washin'ton on Labor Day. We had two games and I was in both of 'em. And I broke in with my usual lovely luck, because the pitchers I was set to face was Boehling, a nasty lefthander, and this guy Johnson.

The mornin' game was Boehling's and he wasn't no worse than some o' the rest of his kind. I only whiffed once and would of had a triple if Milan hadn't run from here to New Orleans and stole one off me.

"Shut Up, You Stiff! If You Wasn't So Lucky You'd Be Sweepin' the Streets"

I'm not boastin' about my first experience with Johnson though. They can't never tell me he throws them balls with his arm. He's got a gun concealed about his person and he shoots 'em up there. I was leadin' off in Murphy's place and the game was a little delayed in startin', because I'd watched the big guy warm up and wasn't in no hurry to get to that plate. Before I left the bench Connie says:

"Don't try to take no healthy swing. Just meet 'em and you'll get along better."

So I tried to just meet the first one he throwed; but when I stuck out my bat Henry was throwin' the pill back to Johnson. Then I thought: Maybe if I start swingin' now at the second one I'll hit the third one. So I let the second one come over and the umps guessed it was another strike, though I'll bet a thousand bucks he couldn't see it no more'n I could.

While Johnson was still windin' up to pitch again I started to swing—and the big cuss crosses me with a slow one. I lunged at it twice and missed it both times, and the force o' my wallop throwed me clean back to the bench. The Ath-a-letics was all laughin' at me and I laughed too, because I was glad that much of it was over.

McInnes gets a base hit off him in the second innin' and I ast him how he done it.

"He's a friend o' mine," says Jack, "and he lets up when he pitches to me."

I made up my mind right there that if I was goin' to be in the league next year I'd go out and visit Johnson this winter and get acquainted.

I wished before the day was over that I was hittin' in the catcher's place, because the fellers down near the tail-end of the battin' order only had to face him three times. He fanned me on three pitched balls again in the third, and when I come up in the sixth he scared me to death by pretty near beanin' me with the first one.

"Be careful!" says Henry. "He's gettin' pretty wild and he's liable to knock you away from your uniform."

"Don't he never curve one?" I ast.

"Sure!" says Henry. "Do you want to see his curve?"

"Yes," I says, knowin' the hook couldn't be no worse'n the fast one.

So he give me three hooks in succession and I missed 'em all; but I felt more comf'table than when I was duckin' his fast ball. In the ninth he hit my bat with a curve and the ball went on the ground to McBride. He booted it, but throwed me out easy—because I was so surprised at not havin' whiffed that I forgot to run!

Well, I went along like that for the rest o' the season, runnin' up against the best pitchers in the league and not exactly murderin' 'em. Everything I tried went wrong, and I was smart enough to know that if anything had depended on the games I wouldn't of been in there for two minutes. Joyce and Strunk and Murphy wasn't jealous o' me a bit; but they was glad to take turns restin', and I didn't care much how I went so long as I was sure of a job next year.

I'd wrote to the girl a couple o' times askin' her to set the exact date for our weddin'; but she hadn't paid no attention. She said she was glad I was with the Ath-a-letics, but she thought the Giants was goin' to beat us. I might of suspected from that that somethin' was wrong, because not even a girl would pick the Giants to trim that bunch of ourn. Finally, the day before the serious started, I sent her a kind o' sassy letter sayin' I guessed it was up to me to name the day, and askin' whether October twentieth was all right. I told her to wire me yes or no.

I'd been readin' the dope about Speed all season, and I knowed he'd had a whale of a year and that his luck was right with him; but I never dreamed a man could have the Lord on his side as strong as Speed did in that World's Serious! I might as well tell you all the dope, so long as you wasn't there.

The first game was on our grounds and Connie give us a talkin' to in the clubhouse beforehand.

"The shorter this serious is," he says, "the better for us. If it's a long serious we're goin' to have trouble, because McGraw's got five pitchers he can work and we've got about three; so I want you boys to go at 'em from the jump and play 'em off their feet. Don't take things easy, because it ain't goin' to be no snap. Just because we've licked 'em before ain't no sign we'll do it this time."

Then he calls me to one side and ast me what I knowed about Parker.

"You was with the Cubs when he was, wasn't you?" he says.

"Yes," I says; "and he's the luckiest stiff you ever seen! If he got stewed and fell in the gutter he'd catch a fish."

"I don't like to hear a good ballplayer called lucky," says Connie. "He must have a lot of ability or McGraw wouldn't use him regular. And he's been hittin' about .340 and played a bang-up game at third base. That can't be all luck."

"Wait till you see him," I says; "and if you don't say he's the luckiest guy in the world you can sell me to the Boston Bloomer Girls. He's so lucky," I says, "that if they traded him to the St. Louis Browns they'd have the pennant cinched by the Fourth o' July."

And I'll bet Connie was willin' to agree with me before it was over.

Well, the Chief worked against the Big Rube in that game. We beat 'em, but they give us a battle and it was Parker that made it close. We'd gone along nothin' and nothin' till the seventh, and then Rube walks Collins and Baker lifts one over that little old wall. You'd think by this time them New York pitchers would know better than to give that guy anything he can hit.

In their part o' the ninth the Chief still had 'em shut out and two down, and the crowd was goin' home; but Doyle gets hit in the sleeve with a pitched ball and it's Speed's turn. He hits a foul pretty near straight up, but Schang misjudges it. Then he lifts another one and this time McInnes drops it. He'd ought to of been out twice. The Chief tries to make him hit at a bad one then, because he'd got him two strikes and nothin'. He hit at it all right—kissed it for three bases between Strunk and Joyce! And it was a wild pitch that he hit. Doyle scores, o' course, and the bugs suddenly decide not to go home just yet. I fully expected to see him steal home and get away with it, but Murray cut into the first ball and lined out to Barry.

Plank beat Matty two to one the next day in New York, and again Speed and his rabbit's foot give us an awful argument. Matty wasn't so good as usual and we really ought to of beat him bad. Two different times Strunk was on second waitin' for any kind o' wallop, and both times Barry cracked 'em down the third-base line like a shot. Speed stopped the first one with his stomach and extricated the pill just in time to nail Barry at first base and retire the side. The next time he throwed his glove in front of his face in self-defense and the ball stuck in it.

In the sixth innin' Schang was on third base and Plank on first, and two down, and Murphy combed an awful one to Speed's left. He didn't have time to stoop over and he just stuck out his foot. The ball hit it and caromed in two hops right into Doyle's hands on second base before Plank got there. Then in the seventh Speed bunts one and Baker trips and falls goin' after it or he'd of threw him out a mile. They was two gone; so Speed steals second, and, o' course, Schang has to make a bad peg right at that time and lets him go to third. Then Collins boots one on Murray and they've got a run. But it didn't do 'em no good, because Collins and Baker and McInnes come up in the ninth and walloped 'em where Parker couldn't reach 'em.

Comin' back to Philly on the train that night, I says to Connie:

"What do you think o' that Parker bird now?"

"He's lucky, all right," says Connie smilin'; "but we won't hold it against him if he don't beat us with it."

"It ain't too late," I says. "He ain't pulled his real stuff yet."

The whole bunch was talkin' about him and his luck, and sayin' it was about time for things to break against him. I warned 'em that they wasn't no chance—that it was permanent with him.

Bush and Tesreau hooked up next day and neither o' them had much stuff. Everybody was hittin' and it looked like anybody's game right up to the ninth. Speed had got on every time he come up—the wind blowin' his fly balls away from the outfielders and the infielders bootin' when he hit 'em on the ground.

When the ninth started the score was seven apiece. Connie and McGraw both had their whole pitchin' staffs warmin' up. The crowd was wild, because they'd been all kinds of action. They wasn't no danger of anybody's leavin' their seats before this game was over.

Well, Bescher is walked to start with and Connie's about ready to give Bush the hook; but Doyle pops out tryin' to bunt. Then Speed gets two strikes and two balls, and it looked to me like the next one was right over the heart; but Connolly calls it a ball and gives him another chance. He whales the groove ball to the fence in left center and gets round to third on it, while Bescher scores. Right then Bush comes out and the Chief goes in. He whiffs Murray and has two strikes on Merkle when Speed makes a break for home—and, o' course, that was the one ball Schang dropped in the whole serious!

They had a two-run lead on us then and it looked like a cinch for them to hold it, because the minute Tesreau showed a sign o' weakenin' McGraw was sure to holler for Matty or the Rube. But you know how quick that bunch of ourn can make a two-run lead look sick. Before McGraw could get Jeff out o' there we had two on the bases.

Then Rube comes in and fills 'em up by walkin' Joyce. It was Eddie's turn to wallop and if he didn't do nothin' we had Baker comin' up next. This time Collins saved Baker the trouble and whanged one clear to the woods. Everybody scored but him—and he could of, too, if it'd been necessary.

In the clubhouse the boys naturally felt pretty good. We'd copped three in a row and it looked like we'd make it four straight, because we had the Chief to send back at 'em the followin' day.

"Your friend Parker is lucky," the boys says to me, "but it don't look like he could stop us now."

I felt the same way and was consultin' the timetables to see whether I could get a train out o' New York for the West next evenin'. But do you think Speed's luck was ready to quit? Not yet! And it's a wonder we didn't all go nuts durin' the next few days. If words could kill, Speed would of died a thousand times. And I wish he had!

They wasn't no record-breakin' crowd out when we got to the Polo Grounds. I guess the New York bugs was pretty well discouraged and the bettin' was eight to five that we'd cop that battle and finish it. The Chief was the only guy that warmed up for us and McGraw didn't have no choice but to use Matty, with the whole thing dependin' on this game.

They went along like the two swell pitchers they was till Speed's innin', which in this

(Continued on Page 44)

"Nervous Prostration Nothin'. He's in a Hospital Because His Face Is All Out o' Shape"

CONNIPTIONS IN CALIFORNIA

The State Where the Political Pressure is Always High

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

HIDALGO EDMOND COBLENTZ—of course Cobbie is not a Hidalgo exactly, but I have for the moment forgotten the correct title for him—and Señor Fenner Webb, in their daily conduct of the Call newspaper in San Francisco, are wont to freckle the first page of that entertaining publication with bold, black queries such as this, in general effect:

DO YOU KNOW

That the prune crop in California this year is sixty-seven million pounds, worth twenty-seven million dollars?

The figures may not be correct as I have stated them, but the idea is expressed. They desire to inform the Californians as to just what sort of a Golden State they live in; and they do it not alone with prunes, but with oranges and lemons and apricots, and all sorts of other things—not, of course, that the Californian does not know or will not tell, on the slightest provocation, of the incomparable advantages of his imperial commonwealth, but that the Hidalgo and the Señor strive to give concrete instances for the purpose of eliminating loose statements and keeping the Californians down to facts when they begin exalting.

On the occasion of a recent visit to California I read these bold and black announcements of the material glories of that fertile region with much interest, and noted that they included almost everything from hay to kumquats. However, I was somewhat surprised that no striking presentation was made, or had been, of the principal crop of the state.

I refer to politics. It seems to the casual observer that this is a most remarkable omission. If there is any industry pursued more persistently in California, that industry has escaped my attention. And when the Hidalgo and the Señor are cooking up their next batch of Do you knows? I venture mildly to suggest that they fix one after this manner:

DO YOU KNOW

That the California crop of politics is 93,276,544 pecks, valued at $000,000,000.30?

Everything is political in California—except the politics. The politics is personal; but it is a great, an apropos, a self-sufficient and a wonderful state. They all work together out there—the climate, the soil, the people and the scenery. Why, after lying in comparative idleness for twenty or thirty centuries Mount Lassen began to erupt at the exact moment when Johnson, and Phelan, and Ralston, and Shortridge, and Heney, and Fredericks, and Rowell, and Knowland—and a few hundred others—began likewise to erupt; thus showing the harmonious coördination of the forces of Nature and the natural forces—support such as one native son should extend to all others.

Everything is Political in California—Except the Politics. The Politics is Personal

Where Politics is Taken Seriously

THERE is always one handicap in writing about anything Californian: If you suit any person outside of California you suit no person within California; and, no matter what you write, you never, by any chance, present the case to the satisfaction of the Californian, wherever located. Indeed, when a Californian writes about himself or his state he rarely meets his own expectations and always fails to gratify his neighbors, who do not comprehend why he should be writing about himself when he might employ his time and talent in writing about them.

Thus when one touches, however lightly, on the politics of that commonwealth, one knows before he begins that the subjects of his touching are touchy, and that no statement which does not give each individual candidate and each party the better of it can meet with the approbation of that individual or that party; nor can any statement that does speak encouragingly of any phase of any movement be greeted with other than merited displeasure by those opposed.

California politicians regard themselves highly, and each leader admits freely that if it were not for him and his genius for organization the whole outfit would collapse. This is especially true in the southern portion of the state, where the delightful climate induces intense and introspective leadership, and a fine intolerance that considers all persons who see things differently as villains and traitors to the state.

It is probably true that no person in this country takes himself and his politics so seriously as the California politician, and that nowhere—even in Ohio, where they teach the double-cross in the schools—are all the crosses, from crisscross to triple-cross, so highly exemplified. Emerging from a period when the railroad machine kindly and continuously attended to all their politics for them, the Californian has a new toy, and he is playing with it twenty-four hours a day. And, as it is not only a new toy but also a new California toy, it is necessarily the most important toy there is. Therefore the suggestion that mayhap it is not so new as it is Californian is greeted with the disapproval it merits, and the humble commentator begins his task with full knowledge that, whatever the result of his investigations may be, there is no chance on earth for any of the investigated to concur.

Every California politician has his specialty. Hiram Johnson is supposed to be the grand impresario of invective, and Gavin McNab is the mother lode of epigram. Sam Shortridge is the polished-period expert, and Francis Heney the eat-'em-alive exhorter. James Phelan is the civics-and-culture sharp, and Chester Rowell a talented cook of comestibles as well as a talented concocter of elocutionary combustibles. John W. Fredericks is the man unafraid of dynamiters, and Joe Knowland the prudent friend of the people. Ralston pleads for a sane return to the old principles; and practically all of them, including the scores and scores of other candidates who have petitions prepared, side-step the prohibition question.

Some years ago the Progressive Party, which was exceedingly strong locally before it had gone very far nationally, emitted a loud whoop and grabbed the state. Hiram Johnson became governor and the Progressives eliminated the old Southern Pacific machine. This gave them a running start on the crusade that began nationally when Colonel Roosevelt summoned them all to Armageddon, after the Old Guard had squeezed Taft across at Chicago in 1912. Hiram ran for Vice-President with Roosevelt and Frank Heney was one of the most militant.

This year California has a governor, a horde of state officers, and a United States Senator, in succession to Senator Perkins, to elect, as well as its representation in the lower house of Congress. Johnson wants to be governor again. Many persons oppose him in his desire. Heney desires a senatorship, and many persons think themselves better fitted for the place, including Chester Rowell; and that brings about a local situation which has a large national interest.

Hiram Johnson is the dominating political figure in California. He has been governor since January first, 1911, and achieved his office after a tremendous campaign in 1910 that embraced the entire state, thereby becoming so important that he was made the running mate of Roosevelt in 1912. Johnson, as governor, built himself an organization that this year is turned loose to secure his renomination; and he is engaged in a campaign similar to that of 1910—except, of course, that he has performance, both to help and hurt, instead of promise exclusively, as in his first fight.

The Johnson Machine

IT MIGHT not be ethical to say that Johnson's organization is a machine; and California politics is ethical in all cases except when it happens to be unethical. However, Johnson built himself a machine; and it is a big machine and a powerful machine, because it was built by a big and powerful man.

Though it is primarily a Johnson machine, it of necessity has other component parts; and also, to be in strict accord with the California political spirit, it must have opposition within as well as without.

Therefore, as it seems from the alignment outside of Johnson and his ambitions, the Progressives, on their next important office, the senatorship, seem to be divided sharply into two camps. As it looks from the outside, the Progressives, on the senatorship, can be classified as organization or Johnson Progressives and temperamental or crusader Progressives. Heney is the candidate of the crusader element, and Rowell the candidate of the organization element. It is saddening to observe this alignment in a party of great moral issues.

The story goes that, back yonder a time, there was a public understanding—or, rather, an understanding by the public—that when this campaign came on Johnson would run again for governor and Heney would run for the senatorship, and that all was harmonious between them. It was known that Heney desired to try for the senatorship, and it was thought that Johnson, having ambitions of his own, would reëlect himself as governor and continue to move toward the fulfillment of those ambitions as he had begun—the goal having to do with a certain 1916 nomination.

Though the situation seemed composed to the public mind, it appears to have been discomposed, if not decomposed, within the private precincts of the party; for there came whispers that Mr. Johnson's machine had determined that Johnson himself should run for senator, and that he had picked one Eschelman, of the state railroad commission, to run for governor. This gave Heney pause. Also, it appeared to give him the hook.

Heney, however, is a ubiquitous person. As soon as he became convinced that Johnson had it in mind to try for the senatorship, Heney made the announcement that, recognizing the great claim Mr. Johnson had on the Progressive Party, he—Heney—had no other desire than to

foster such Johnsonian ambitions as might be; and in furtherance of this admirable and self-sacrificing program it was the sincere desire of Heney to know which office Mr. Johnson desired. If Johnson decided to run for senator then Mr. Heney would run for governor; but if Johnson determined to run for governor then Heney would make the race for senator. All Heney yearned to know was the desire of Mr. Johnson.

Then it was Mr. Johnson's turn for pause. He did not think his candidate, Eschelman, could defeat Heney in the primaries for governor, and he had no intention of allowing Heney the chance of gaining control of the state organization. Hence he announced officially that there appeared to be a misapprehension; that he would run for governor, and that Eschelman would run for lieutenant-governor, leaving the senatorial fight open to Mr. Heney—provided, of course, no other Progressive candidate appeared.

Oddly enough, it was not long before another Progressive candidate for the senatorship did appear, and that candidate was none other than Mr. Chester H. Rowell, an able editor—and, to all intents and purposes, Mr. Rowell was the candidate favored by Johnson. There was nothing public about this favoring business, of course. It was held to be a fight between two good men—and may the better one win; but privately it was held, and is, that Rowell is the Johnson candidate, or, rather, the candidate favored by the Johnson organization. Such denials as there may be of this remark will come from the Johnsonites.

As it stands, it looks as though Rowell is the organization candidate—not machine, but organization; and Heney is the crusader candidate. This impression was strengthened not long ago by an editorial article in the San Francisco Bulletin, ardent in its championing of Heney. This editorial article was headed: The Crisis of Roosevelt's Career. It said, among other things:

"He"—meaning the Colonel—"will have to decide, and he will have the power to decide, whether the existing Progressive organization shall degenerate, like the older parties, into a machine for putting politicians into office, or whether it shall remain a movement to carry out certain principles, relinquishing immediate hope of victory if victory now has to be tainted with compromise."

This editorial article was three columns wide, in large type; and it said in another place:

"The gravest dangers of the Progressive Party are from within, not from without; and the gravest danger of all is typified by George W. Perkins. . . . Perkins is the apostle of the United States Steel Corporation and the International Harvester Company. He is furnishing money to the organization in return for a controlling voice in its politics and would like to remain on friendly terms with Colonel Roosevelt; but if he continues with the party it will cease to be a Progressive Party, and if Colonel Roosevelt runs on a platform satisfactory to Perkins he will cease to be a Progressive."

I am not informed as to the present status of Perkins with Governor Johnson, but Johnson ran on a platform satisfactory to Perkins two years ago; and when the Colonel returned from Spain he issued an indorsement of Perkins which appears to settle that opulent gentleman's position in the Progressive Party, so far as Roosevelt is concerned. As that statement read, the Colonel and Perkins remain in or go out together.

Inasmuch as the Bulletin is Heney's principal newspaper supporter, that would appear to separate the Johnson wing and the Heney wing—on the senatorship—rather widely; but perhaps not. The politicians in California say that Governor Johnson himself has a particularly ardent desire to have the Colonel mix in his affairs, for the reason that the Governor has an idea that in the course of events, inasmuch as he so gallantly carried the flag in 1912, in a secondary position, there might arise a situation in a future campaign—in 1916, say—when they would give him the first flag to carry. And he has a firm conviction that as a first-flag carrier he would make a great hit, especially if he is reelected governor this year.

The story goes that Governor Johnson, though wishing the Colonel no harm, was much interested in the details of the lameness of the Colonel's lame larynx, and the consequent loss of the Colonel's appearance on the nation-wide stump. However, that may be merely gossip.

The main and interesting fact is that the Progressives in California, where they have been teamworkers heretofore, now have two candidates for senator; and the designation of these two candidates as the machine candidate and the crusader candidate may not be so far amiss. So far, the contest is reasonably harmonious between these two in a public sense; but you never can tell—you never can tell!

Johnson will be renominated by the Progressives; he has no opposition. The primaries are to be held on August twenty-fifth; but Johnson is already campaigning, and he is one of the most effective campaigners in this country. His fight will come in the general election, when he will be opposed by a Democrat and a Republican

There are five or six Democrats making campaigns for the Democratic nomination, but none of them is of more than local importance. There is a rather acute political opinion that Johnson will get considerable Democratic support. He went after President Wilson in his well-known vitriolic style—Johnson is always vitriolic, you understand—in one speech; but some of his friends are alleged to have advised him to refrain.

The man he will be compelled to beat will be the regular Republican nominee, and there are two men importantly in that race—William C. Ralston, formerly a state senator, and United States Subtreasurer for San Francisco for some years; and John W. Fredericks, of Los Angeles, who prosecuted the dynamiters and convicted them. Ralston is an old-line Republican, of a family long identified with San Francisco and California affairs, and is not only a good politician but an able and engaging man.

One of the features of this campaign is a constitutional amendment providing for state-wide prohibition. This is a dangerous issue, for the wine and affiliated industries of California represent several hundred million dollars of investment and the women of California will vote. Most of the candidates have side-stepped this issue, but Ralston is against it. Fredericks is a popular man and a good lawyer, and it is expected that either he or Ralston will be nominated.

With Johnson running, the gubernatorial situation is the important one, not only because Johnson is running but because of its direct bearing on the senatorial fight. Heney is as widely known in a national sense as Johnson—probably more widely known, for Heney was active in

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THE GOOD PROVIDER

By Fannie Hurst

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

LIKE a suckling to the warmth of the mother, the township of Newton nestled pat against the flank of the city and drew from her through the arteries of electric trains and interurbans, elevated roads and motor cars.

Such clots coagulate round the city in the form of Ferndales and Glencoves, Yorkvilles and Newtons; and from them have sprung, full-grown, the joke paper and the electric lawn mower and the five-hundred-dollars-down bungalow.

The instinct to return to Nature lies deep in men like music that slumbers in harpstrings, but the return to Nature via the five-forty-six accommodation is fraught with chance.

Nature cannot abide the haunts of men—she faints on the asphaltic bosom of the city; but to abide the haunts of Nature men's hearts bleed. Behind that asphaltic bosom and behind faces too tired to smile, hearts bud and leaf when millinery and open street cars announce the spring. Behind that asphaltic bosom the murmur of the brook is like an insidious underground stream; and when for a moment it gushes to the surface men pay the five hundred dollars down and inclose return postage for a flower-seed catalogue.

The commuter lives with his head in the rarefied atmosphere of his thirty-fifth-story office, his heart in the five-hundred-dollars-down plot of improved soil, and one eye on the time-table.

"See, Children! Just as Soon as I Say a Word Mad Like a Wet Hen He Gets"

For longer than its most unprogressive inhabitant dared hope, the township of Newton lay comfortable enough without the pale, until one year the interurban reached out steel arms and scooped her unto the bosom of the city. Overnight, as it were, the inoculation was complete. Bungalows and one-story, vine-grown real-estate offices sprang up on large light-brown tracts of improved property; traffic sold by the book.

The New Banner Store, stirred by the heavy three-trolley interurban cars and the new proximity of the city, swung a three-color electric sign across the sidewalk and instituted a trading-stamp system; but, in spite of the three-color electric sign and double the advertising space in the Newton Weekly Gazette, Julius Binswanger felt the suction of the city drawing at his strength, and at the close of the second summer took an inventory and frowned at what he saw there.

The frown remained an indelible furrow between his eyes. Mrs. Binswanger observed it across the family table one Saturday and paused in the epic rite of ladling soup out of a tureen, a slight pucker on her large, soft-fleshed face.

"Honest, Julius, when you come home from the store nights, right away I get the blues!"

Mr. Binswanger glanced up from his soup and regarded his wife. Late sunshine percolated into the dining room through a vine that clambered up the screen door and flecked a design like coarse lace across his inquiring features.

"Right away you get what, Becky?"

"Right away I get the blues. A long face you've had for so long I can't remember."

"Ya, ya, Becky; something you got to have to talk about! A long face she puts on me yet, children."

"Ain't I right, Poil? Ain't I, Izzy? Ask your own children!"

Mr. Isadore Binswanger shrugged his custom-made shoulders until the padding bulged like the muscles of a heavyweight champion and tossed backward the mane of his black pompadour.

"Ma, I keep my mouth closed. Every time I open it I put my foot in it."

Mr. Binswanger waggled a rheumatic forefinger.

"A dude like you, with a red-and-white shirt like I wouldn't keep in stock, ain't ——"

"See, ma; you started something!"

"Sh-h-h, Julius! For your own children I'm ashamed! Once a week Izzy comes out to supper, and like a funeral it is! For your own children to be afraid to open their mouths ain't nothing to be proud of. Right now your own daughter is afraid to begin to tell you something—something what's happened. Ain't it, Poil?"

Miss Pearl Binswanger tugged a dainty bite out of a slice of bread and showed the white of her teeth against the clear gold-olive of her skin. The same scarf of sunshine fell across her shoulders and lay warm on her little bosom and across her head, which was small and dark as La Gioconda's.

"I ain't saying nothing, am I, mamma? The minute I try to talk to papa about—about moving to the city or anything, he gets excited like the store was on fire."

"Ya, ya; more as that I get excited over such nonsenses."

"No; to your papa you children say nothing. It's me that gets my head dinned full. Your children, Julius, think that for me you do everything what I ask you; but I don't see it. Pass your papa the dumplings, Poil. Can I help it that he carries on him a face like a funeral?"

"Na, na, Becky; for why should I have a long face? To-morrow I buy me a false face like on Valentine's Day and then you don't have to look at me no more."

"See, right away mad he gets with me! Izzy, them noodles I made only on your account. In the city you don't get 'em like that, huh? Some more *Kartoffelsalat*, Julius?"

"Ya; but not so much! My face don't suit my wife and children yet—that's the latest!"

"Three times a day, Izzy, I ask your papa if he don't feel right. 'Yes,' he says; always 'Yes.' Like I says to Poil, what's got him since he's in the new store I don't know."

"Ach, you—the whole three of you make me sick! What you want me to do—walk the tight rope to show what a good humor I got?"

"No; we want, Julius, that you should come home with a long face on you till for the neighbors I'm ashamed!"

"A little more *Kartoffelsalat*, Becky. Not so much!"

"Like they don't talk enough about us already! With a young lady in the house, we live out here where the dogs won't bark at us!"

"I only wish all girls had just so good a home as Pearlie."

"Aw, papa. I'd rather live in a coop in the city, where a girl can have some life, than in a palace out in this hole."

"Hole, she calls a room like this, when a dining-room set she sits on what her grandfather made with his own hands out of the finest cherry wood, a——"

"For a young girl, can you blame her? She feels like, if she lived in the city, she would meet people and Izzy's friends. Talk for yourself, Poil."

"I——"

"Boys like Ignatz Landauer and Max Teitlebaum, what he meets at the Young Men's Association. Talk for yourself, Poil."

"I——"

"Poil's got a tenant for the house, Julius. I ain't afraid to tell you."

"I don't listen to such nonsense."

"From the real-estate office they sent 'em, Julius, and Poil took 'em through. Furnished off our hands they take it for three months, Julius, till their bungalow is done for 'em. Forty dollars for a house like ours on the wrong side of town, away from the improvements, ain't so bad. A grand young couple; no children. Izzy thinks it's a grand idea, too, Julius. He says if we move to the city he don't have to live in such a dark little hall room no more. To the hotel he can come with us on family rates just so cheap. Ain't it, Izzy?"

Mr. Isadore Binswanger broke his conspiracy of silence gently, as a skeptic at breakfast taps his candle-blown egg with the tip of a silver spoon—once, twice, thrice; then opens it slowly and suspiciously.

"I said, pa, that with forty dollars a month rent from the house and——"

"In my own house where I belong and can afford, I stay! I'm an old man and——"

"Not so fast, pa; not so fast! I only said that with forty dollars from the house for three months, this winter you can live almost as cheap in the city as here. And for me to come out every Saturday night to take Pearlie to the theater ain't such a cinch, neither. Take a boy like Max Teitlebaum: he likes her well enough to take her to the theater hisself; but by the time he gets out here for her he ain't got no enjoyment left in him."

"When a young man likes well enough a young lady a forty-five minutes' street-car ride is like nothing."

"Aw, papa, in storybooks such talk is all right; but when a young man has got to change cars at Low Bridge and wait for the Owl going home, it don't work out so easy—does it, Izzy? Does it, mamma?"

"For three years, pa, even before I got my first job in the city, always mamma and Pearlie been wantin' a few months away."

"With my son in the city, losing every two months his job, I got enough city to last me so long as I live! When in my store I need so bad a good young man for the advertising and stock, to the city he has to go for a salesman's job. When a young man can't get along in business with his old father I don't go running after him in the city."

"Pa, for heaven's sakes, don't begin that! I'm sick of listening to it. Newton ain't no place for a fellow to waste his time in."

"What else you do in the city I like to know?"

"Julius, leave Izzy alone, when one night a week he comes home."

"For my part, you don't need to move to the city. I only said to Pearlie and ma when they asked me, that a few months in a family hotel like the Wellington can't bust you. For me to come out home every Saturday night to take Pearlie in to the theater ain't no cinch. In town there's plenty grand boys who live at the Wellington—Ignatz Landauer, Max Teitlebaum, and all that crowd. Yourself I've heard you say how much you like Max."

"For why, when everybody is moving out to Newton, we move away?"

"That's just it, papa; now with the interurban boom you got the chance to sublet. Ain't it, mamma and Izzy?"

"Sure it——"

"Ya, ya; I know just what's coming, but for me Newton is good enough."

"What about your children, Julius? You ain't the only one in the family."

"Twenty-five years I've lived in this one place, since the store was only so big as this room; and on this house we didn't have a second story. A home that I did everything but build with my own hands I don't move out of so easy. Such ideas you let your children pump you up with, Becky!"

"There's Too Many Fine Goils in the City for the Boys to Come Out Here on a Forty-Five-Minute Ride"

"See, children! You say he can't never refuse me nothing. Listen how he won't let me get in a word crossways before he snaps me off! If we sublet, Julius, we——"

"Sublet we don't, neither! I should ride forty-five minutes into the city after my hard day's work, when away from the city forty-five minutes every one else is riding! My house is my house; my yard is my yard. I don't got no ideas like my high-toned son and daughter for a hotel, where to stretch your feet you got to pay for the space."

"Listen to your papa, children! Even before I got my mouth open good how he talks back to a wife that nursed him through ten years of bronchitis! All he thinks I'm good enough for is to make poultices and rub on his chest goose grease."

"Here, Billy! Here, Kitty! Kitty! See, Becky; even the cat won't come, so fussy with me you are."

"Ain't I asked you often enough, Julius, not to feed on the carpet a piece of meat to the cat? Sh-h, Billy! Scat! All that I'm good enough for is to clean up. How he talks to his wife yet!"

Miss Binswanger caught her breath on the crest of a sob and pushed her untouched plate toward the center of the table; tears swam in a heavy film across her eyes and thickened her gaze and voice.

"This—ain't—no—hole for—for a girl to live in!"

"All I wish is you should never live in a worse."

"I ain't got nothin' here, papa, but to sit and sit and sit on the porch every night with you and mamma. When Izzy comes out once a week to take me to a show how he fusses and fusses you hear for yourselves. For a girl nearly—twenty—it ain't no joke."

"It ain't, papa; it ain't no joke for me to have to take her in and out every week, lemme tell you."

"Eat your supper, Poil; not eating don't get you nowheres with your papa."

"I—I don't want nothin'."

A tear wiggle-waggled down Miss Binswanger's smooth cheek and she fumbled at her waistline for her handkerchief.

"I—I—I just wish sometimes I—was dead!"

Mr. Binswanger shot his bald head outward suddenly, as a turtle darts forward from its case, and rapped the table noisily, his tight fist clutched round an upright fork and his voice climbing to a falsetto:

"I—I wish in my life I had never heard the name of the city!"

"Now, Julius, don't begin!"

"Ruination it has brought me! My boy won't stay by me in the store so he can galavant in the city; my girl won't talk to me no more, for madness because we ain't in the city; my wife eats out of me my heart because we ain't in the city! For supper every night when I come home tired from the store all I get served to me is the *city!* I can't swallow no more! Money you all think I got what grows on trees just because I give all what I got. You should know how tight—how tight I got to squeeze for it."

Mrs. Binswanger threw her arms apart in a wide gesture of helplessness.

"See, children; just so soon as I say a word mad like a wet hen he gets, and right away puts on a poor mouth."

"Mad yet I shouldn't get with such nonsense. Too good they both got it. Always I told you how we spoilt 'em!"

"Don't holler so, pa!"

"Don't tell me what to do! You with your pretty-man suit and your hair and finger nails polished like a shoeshine! You go to the city, and I stay home where I belong, in my own house."

"His house—always his house!"

"Ya; a eight-room house and running water she's got if she wants to have company. Your mamma didn't have no eight rooms and finished attic when she was your age. In back of a feed store she sat me. Too good you got it, I say! New hardwood floors downstairs didn't I have to put in and electric light on the porch, so your company don't break his neck? Always something new; and now no more I can't eat a meal in peace."

"Sh-h-h, Julius!"

"I should worry that the Teitlebaums and the Landauers live in a fine family hotel in Seventy-second Street. Such people with big stores in Sixth Avenue can buy and sell us! Not even if I could afford it would I want to give up my house and my porch, where I can smoke my pipe, and my comforts that I worked for all my life, and move to the city in rooms so little and so far up I can't afford to pay for 'em. I should give up my chickens and my comforts!"

"Your comforts—always your comforts! Do I think of *my* comforts?"

"Ma, don't you and pa begin now with your fussing. Like cats you are one minute and the next like doves."

"Don't boss me in my own house, Izzy! So afraid your papa is that he won't get all the comforts what's coming to him! I wish you was so good to me as you are to that cat, Julius! Twice I asked you not to feed him on the carpet. Scat, Billy!"

"Pass me some noodles, ma."

"Good ones, eh, Izzy?"

"Fine, maw!"

"I ask you, is it more comfortable, Julius, for me to be cooped up in the city in a room that all together ain't so big as my kitchen? No; but of my children I think, too, besides my own comforts."

"Ya, ya! Becky, don't get excited. Look at your mamma, Pearlie! Shame on her, eh? How mad she gets at me till blue like her wrapper her face gets."

"My house and my yard so smooth like your hand, and my big porch and my new laundry, with patent wringer, is more to me as a hotel in the city; but when I got a young-lady daughter with no attentions and no prospects I can't think always of my own comforts."

"Ya, ya, Becky; don't get excited."

"Don't ya-ya me, neither!"

"Ach, old lady, don't you know that only means how much I love you?"

"We got a young-lady daughter. Do you want that she should sit and sit and sit till forever we got a daughter—only she ain't young no more? I tell you out here ain't no place for a young goil. What has she got?"

"Yes, papa, what have I got? The trees for company!"

"Do you see, Julius, in the new bungalows any families moving in with young ladies? Would even your son Isadore,

what ain't a young lady, stay out here when he was old enough to get hisself a job in the city?"

"That a boy should leave his old father like that!"

"Wasn't you always kickin' to me, pa, that there wasn't a future in the business after the traction came—wasn't you?"

"No more arguments you get with me!"

"What chance, Julius, I ask you, has a goil like Poil got out here in Newton? To sit on the front porch nights with Meena Schlossman don't get her nowheres; to go to the moving pictures with Eddie Goldstone, what can't make salt for hisself, ain't nothing for a goil that hopes to do well for herself. If she only looks out of the corner of her eye at Mike Donnelly three fits right away you take!"

"Gott! That's what we need yet!"

"See! Even when I mention it, look at him, Poil, how red he gets! But should she sit and sit?"

"Ach, such talk makes me sick! Plenty girls outside the city gets better husbands as in it. Na, na,—mamma! Did you find me in the city?"

"Ach, Julius, stop foolin'. When I got you for a husband enough trouble I found for myself."

"In my business, like it goes down every day, Becky, I ain't got the right to make a move."

"See, the poor mouth again! Just so soon as we begin to talk about things! A man that can afford only last March to take out a new five-thousand-dollar life-insurance policy ——"

"Sh-h-h, Becky!"

"For why shouldn't your children know it. Yes; upstairs in my little green box, along with my cameo earrings and gold watch chain, I got it put away. A new life-insurance policy, children, on light blue paper, with a red seal, I put away only last week. When a man that never had any insurance before takes it out so easy, he can afford it."

"Not—not because I could afford it I took it, Becky; but, with business low, I squeeze myself a little to look ahead."

"Only since we got the new store you got so tight. Now you got more, you don't let it go so easy. A two-story brick, with plate-glass fronts now, and always a long face!"

"A long face! You should be worried like I with big expenses and big stock and little business! Why do you think I take out a policy so late at such a terrible premium? Why? So when I'm gone you got something besides debts!"

"Just such a poor mouth you had, Julius, when we wanted on the second story."

"I ask you, Becky, one thing that you and the children ever wanted ain't I found a way to get it for you? I ask you."

"Ya; but a woman that was always economical like me you didn't need to refuse. Never for myself I asked for things."

"Ach, ma and pa, don't begin that on the one night a week I'm home."

"So economical all my life I been, till Izzy was ashamed to go to school in 'em I made him pants out of yours. You been a good husband, but I been just so good a wife—and don't you forget it!"

"Na, na, old lady; don't get excited again. But right here at my own table, even though I hate you should have to know it, Becky, in front of your children I say it: I—I'm all mortgaged up! Even on this house I'm ——"

"On the old store you was mortgaged too. In a business a man has got to raise money on his assets. Didn't you always say that yourself? Business is business."

"But I ain't got the business no more, Becky. I—I ain't said nothing, but—but next week I close out the trimmed hats, Becky."

"Papa!"

"Trimmed hats! Julius, your finest department!"

"For why should I keep a department that don't pay its salt? I ain't like you three; looks ain't everything."

"I know! I know! Ten years ago, the biggest year what we ever had, you closed out the rubber coats, too, right in the middle of the season. A poor mouth you'd have, Julius, if right now you was eating gold dumplings instead of chicken dumplings!"

"Na, na, Becky; don't pick on your old man!"

"Since we been married I ——"

"Aw, ma and pa, go hire a hall!"

Suddenly Miss Binswanger clattered down her fork and pushed backward from the table. Tears streamed toward the corners of her mouth.

"That's always the way! What's the use of getting off the track? All we want to say, papa, is, we got a chance like we never had before to sublet. Forty dollars a month and no children! For three months we could live in the city on family rates, and maybe for three months I'd know I was alive. A—a girl's got feeling, papa! And, honest, it—it ain't no trip, papa. What's forty-five minutes on the car with your newspaper? Honest, papa, it ain't!"

Mr. Isadore Binswanger drained a glass of water.

"Give 'er a chance, pa! The boys'll show her a swell time in the city—Max Teitlebaum and all that crowd. It ain't no fun for me traipsin' out after her, lemme tell you!"

"Wolfs! Wolfs, All of You! To-Night You Got Me Where I Am at an End!"

Mr. Binswanger pushed back his chair and rose from the table. His eyes, the wet-looking, red-rimmed eyes of age and asthma, retreated behind a network of wrinkles as intricate as overhead wiring.

"I wish," he cried, "I was so far as the bottom of the ocean away from such nonsense as I find in my own family. Up to my neck I'm full. Like wolfs you are! On my neck I can feel your breath hot like a furnace. Like wolfs you drive me till I—I can't stand it no more. All what I ask is my peace—my little house; my little pipe; my little porch—and not even my peace can I have! You—you're a pack of wolfs, I tell you! Even your fangs I can see; and—and I—I wish I was so far away as the bottom of the ocean."

He shambled toward the door on legs bent to the cruel curve of rheumatism. The sun had dropped into a bursting west that was as red as a mist of blood. Its reflection lay on the smooth lawn and hung in the dark shadows of quiet trees, and through the fulvous haze of evening's first moment came the chirruping of crickets.

"I wish I was so far away as the bottom of the ocean!"

The tight-springed screen door sprang shut on his words and his footsteps shambled across the wide ledge of porch. A silence fell across the little dining table and Miss Binswanger wiped at fresh tears; but her mother threw her a confident gesture of reassurance.

"Don't say no more now for a while, children."

Mr. Isadore Binswanger inserted a toothpick between his lips and stretched his limbs out at a hypotenuse from the chair.

"I'm done! I knew the old man would jump on me."

"Izzy, you and Poil go on now; for the theater you won't catch the seven-ten car if you don't hurry. Leave it to me, Poil. I can tell by your papa's voice we got him won. How he fusses like just now don't make no difference. You know how your papa is. Here, Poil; lemme help you with your coat."

"I—I don't want to go, mamma."

"Ach, now, Poil, you ——"

"If you're coming with me you'd better get a hustle on. I ain't going to hang round this graveyard all evening."

Her brother rose to his slightly corpulent five-feet-five and shook his trousers into their careful creases. His face was a soft-fleshed, rather careless replica of his mother's, with a dimple-cleft chin and a delicate down of beard that made his shaving a manly accomplishment rather than a necessity.

"Here on the sideboard is your hat, Poil. Powder a little round your eyes. Just leave papa to me, Poil. Ach, how sweet that hat, with them roses out of stock, looks on you. Come out here—the side way. Ach, how nice it is out here on the porch! How short the days get; dark nearly already at seven. Good-by, children. Izzy, take your sister by the arm; the whole world don't need to know you're her brother."

"Leave the door on the latch, mamma."

"Have a good time, children. Ain't you going to say good-by to your papa, Poil? Your worst enemy he ain't. Julius, leave Bully alone—honest, he likes that cat better as his family! Tell your papa good-by, Poil."

"I said good-by."

"She should say good-by to me only if she wants to. Izzy, when you go out the gate drive back that rooster out of that mulberry tree. I'll wring his little galavantin' neck!"

"Good night, children. Take good care on the cars."

"Good night, mamma—papa!"

The gate clicked shut and the two figures moved into the mist of growing gloom. Over their heads the trees met and formed across the brick sidewalk a roof as softly dark as the ceiling of a church. Birds chirped.

Mrs. Binswanger leaned her wide uncorseted figure against a pillar and watched them until a curve in the avenue cut off her view; then she dragged a wicker chair across the veranda.

"We can sit out on the porch a while yet, Julius. Hot like midsummer it is for your rheumatism."

"Ya, ya. My slippers, Becky."

"Here."

"Ya, ya."

"Look across the yard, will you, Julius? The Schlossmans still at the supper table! Fruit gelatin they got; I seen it cooling on the fence. We got new apples on the side-yard tree—you wouldn't believe, Julius! To-morrow I make pies."

The light of early evening hung like a veil, and through it the sad fragrance of burning leaves, which is autumn's incense, drifted from an adjoining lawn.

"Sh-h-h, chicky! Sh-h-h! Back in the yard I can't keep that rooster roost, Julius. And to-day for thirty cents I had that paling in the garden fence fixed too. Honest, to keep a yard like ours going is expense all the time. People in the city without yards is lucky."

"In all Newton there ain't one like ours! Look, Becky, at that white rosebush flowering so late, just like she was a bride."

"When Izzy was home at least we didn't have the expense of weeding."

"Now when he comes home all he does is to change neckties and make trouble."

"Ach, my moon vines! Look how those white flowers open right in your face—one by one, like big stars coming out."

"Um-m-m-m! And smell, Becky, how good!"

"Here, lemme pull them heavy shoes off for you, papa. Listen! There goes that oriole up in the cherry tree again. Listen to the trills he's got in him. Pull, Julius; I ain't no derrick!"

"Ah-h, how good it feels to get 'em off! Now light my pipe, Becky. Always when you light it better it tastes. Hold! There—make out of your hand a cup—there! [Pu-pu-pu] There! Now sit down by me, Becky!"

"Move over."

"Ach, Becky, when we got our little home like this, with a yard so smooth as my hand, where we don't need shoes or collars, and with our own fruit right under our noses—for why ain't you satisfied?"

"For myself, Julius, believe me, it's too good; but Poil, we ——"

"Look at all what you can see right here from our porch! Look there, through the trees at the river; right in front of our eyes it bends for us. Look, what a street we live on! We should worry it ain't in the booming part! Quiet like a temple, with trees on it older as you and me together."

"The caterpillars is bad this year, Julius. Trees ain't so cheap, neither. In the city such worries they ain't got."

"For what, with a place like this, Becky? With running water and ——"

"It's Poil, Julius; not a thing a beau-ti-fool girl like Poil has out here."

"Nonsense! It's a sin she should want a better place as this. Ain't she got a plush parlor and a piano, and ——"

"It's like Izzy says, Julius—there's too many fine goils in the city for the boys to come out here on a forty-five-minute ride. What boys has she got out here? Mike Donnelly and ——"

"Ach!"

"That's what we need—just something like that should happen to us. But, believe me, it's happened before when a girl ain't got no better to pick from. How I worry about it, you should know."

"Becky, with even such talk you make me sick."

"Mark my word, it's happened before, Julius! That's why I say, Julius, a few months in the city this winter and she could meet the right young men. Take a boy like Max Teitlebaum. Yourself you said how grand and steady he is. Twice, with Izzy, he's been out here; and not once his eyes off Poil did he take."

"Teitlebaums, with a store twice so big as ours, on Sixth Avenue, don't need to look for us—twice they can buy and sell us."

"Is that so! To me that makes not one difference. Put Poil in the city, where it don't take an hour to get to her, and—ach!—almost anything could happen. Not once did he take his eyes off her; such a grand, quiet boy too."

"When a young man's got thoughts a forty-five-minutes street-car ride don't keep him away."

"Nonsense! I always say I never feel hungry till I see in front of me a good meal. If I have to get dressed and go

out and market for it I don't want it. It's the same with marriage. You got to work up in the young man the appetite. What they don't see they don't get hungry for. They got to get eyes bigger as their stomachs first."

"Such talk makes me sick! Suppose she don't get married, ain't she got a good home and ——"

"An old maid you want yet! A beau-ti-fool goil like our Poil he wants to make out of her an old maid! Or she should break her parents' hearts with a match like Mike Donnelly ——"

"Becky!"

"Aw, Julius, now we got the chance to rent for three months! Say we live there three months at the Wellington Hotel! Say it costs us a little more everybody always says what a grand provider you are, Julius. Let them say a little more, Julius."

"I—I ain't got the money, Becky I tell you. For me to refuse what you want is like I stick a knife in my heart; but I got poor business, Becky."

"Maybe in the end, Julius it's the cheapest thing we ever done."

"I can't afford it, Becky."

"For only three months we can go, Julius. What's three months?"

"I got notes, Becky—notes already twice extended. If I don't meet 'em in March, God knows where — "

"Ya, ya, Julius; all that talk I know by heart."

"I ain't getting no younger, neither, Becky. Hardly through the insurance examination I could get. I ain't so strong no more. When I get big worries I don't sleep so good. I ain't so well nights, Becky."

"Always the imagination sickness, Julius!"

"I ain't so well, I tell you, Becky."

"Last time, when all you had was the neuralgia and you came home from the store like you was dying, Doctor Ellenburg told me hisself right here on this porch that never did he know a man so nervous of dying like you."

"I can't help it, Becky."

"If I was so afraid like you of dying, Julius, not one meal could I enjoy. A healthy man like you, with nothing but the rheumatism and a little asthma! Only last week you came home pale like a ghost, with a pain in your side, when it wasn't nothing but where your pipe burnt a hole in your pants pocket to give me some more mending to do."

"Just for five minutes you should have felt that pain!"

"Honest, Julius, to be a coward like you for dying, it ain't nice—honest, it ain't."

"Always, Becky, when I think I ain't always going to be with you and the children, such a feeling comes over me!"

"Ach, Julius, be quiet! Without you I might just as well be dead too."

"I'm getting old, Becky sixty-six ain't no spring chicken no more."

"That's right, Julius—stick knives in me!"

"Life is short, Becky we must be happy while we got each other."

"Life is short, Julius; and for our children we should do all what we can. We can't always be with them, Julius. We—we must do the right thing by 'em, you and me, Julius. Like you say, we—we're getting old—together, Julius. We don't want nothing to reproach ourselves with."

"Ya, ya, Becky."

Darkness fell thickly, like blue velvet portières swinging together, and stars sprang out in a clear sky. They sat in silence. The gray cat, with eyes like opals, sprang into the hollow of Mr. Binswanger's arm.

"Billy, you come to sit by mamma and me? N-i-c-e Bil-ly!"

"We go in now, papa; in the damp you get rheumatism."

"Ya, ya, Becky. Hear how he purrs, like an engine."

"Come on, papa; damper every minute it gets."

He rose, with his rheumatic jerkiness, placed the cat gently on all fours on the floor and closed his fingers round his wife's outstretched arm.

"When—when we go—go to the city, Becky, we don't sublet Billy; we we take him with us—not, Becky?"

"Yes, papa."

"Ya, ya, Becky."

The chief sponsors for the family hotel are neurasthenia and bridge whist—the inability of the homemaker and the debility of the housekeeper. Under these invasions Hester turns out the gas logs, pastes a To Let sign on the windows, locks the front door behind her and gives the key to the auctioneer.

The family holds out the dining-room clock and a pair of silver candlesticks that came over in the stupendously huge cargo that time and curio dealers have piled on the good ship Mayflower, engages a three-room suite on the ninth floor of a family hotel, and inaugurates the sly American paradox of housekeeping in non-housekeeping apartments.

The Wellington Hotel was a rococo haven for such refugees; its doors flew open and offered them family rates and an excellent cuisine. Excellent cuisine, however, is a clever but spiceless parody on home cookery.

Mr. Binswanger read his evening menu with the furrow deepening between his eyes.

"Such a soup they got! Mulli-ga-what?"

"Sh-h, papa—mulligatawny! Barley soup."

"Mulligatawnee! Fine mess!"

"Sh-h, Julius! Don't talk so loud. Does the whole dining room got to know you don't know nothing?"

Mrs. Binswanger took a nervous résumé of the red-and-gold, bright-lighted dining room.

"For a plate of noodles soup, Becky, they can have all their mulligatawny! Fifteen cents for a plate of soup, Becky, and at home for that you could make a whole potful twice so good."

"Sh-h, papa!"

"Don't sh-h-h me no more, neither, Pearlie! Five months, from October to February, I been shooed like I was one of our roosters at home got over in Schlossman's yard. There! You read for me, Izzy; such language I don't know."

Isadore took up a card and crinkled one eye in a sly wink toward his mother and sister.

"*Rinderbrust und Kartoffelsalat*, pa, *mit Apfelkuchen und Kalteraufschnitt*."

"Ya, ya! Make fun yet! A square meal should happen to me yet in a highway-robbery place like this!"

Mrs. Binswanger straightened her large-bosomed, stiff-corseted figure in its black basque, and pulled gently at her daughter's flesh-colored chiffon sleeve, which fell from her shoulder like an angel's wing.

"Look across the room, Poil. There's Max just coming in the dining room with his mother. Always the first thing he looks over at our table. Bow, Julius! Don't you see across the room the Teitlebaums coming in? I guess old man Teitlebaum is out on the road again."

Miss Binswanger flushed the same delicate pink as her chiffon and showed her teeth in a vivid smile.

"Ain't he silly, though, to-night, mamma? Look! When he holds up two fingers at me it means first he takes his mother up to her pinochle club and then by nine o'clock he comes back to me."

"How good that woman has got it! Look, Poil another waist she's wearing again."

"Look how he pulls out the chair for his mother, Izzy. It would hurt you to do that for mamma, wouldn't it?"

"Say, missy, I learnt manners two years before you ever done anything but hold down the front porch out on Newton Avenue! I'd been meetin' Max Teitlebaum and Ignatz Landauer, and that crowd, over at the Young Men's Club before you'd ever been to a movie with anybody except Meena Schlossman."

"I don't see that all your good start got you anywheres."

"Don't let swell society go to your head, missy. You ain't got Max yet, neither. You ought to be ashamed to be so crazy about a boy! Wait till I tell you something when we get upstairs that'll take some of your kink out, missy."

"Children, children! Hush your fussing. Julius, don't read all the names off the bill of fare."

Miss Binswanger regarded her brother under level brows and threw him a retort that sizzed across the table like drops of water on a hot stove top.

"Anyways, if I was a fellow that couldn't keep a job more than two months at a time I'd lay quiet! I wouldn't be out of a job all the time and beggin' my father to set me up in business when I was always getting fired from every place I worked!"

"Children!"

"Well, he always starts with me, mamma."

"Izzy, ain't you got no respect for your sister? For heaven's sakes, take that bill of fare away from your papa, Izzy! He'll burn a hole in it. Always the prices he reads out loud, till so embarrassed I get. No ears and eyes he has for anything else. He reads and reads, but enough he don't eat to keep alive a bird."

Mr. Binswanger drew his spectacles off his nose, snapped them into a worn leather case and into his vest pocket; a wan smile lay on his lips.

"I got only eyes for you, Becky, eh? All dressed up, ain't you?—black lace yet! What you think of your mamma, children? Young she gets not?"

"Ach, Julius!"

The little bout of tenderness sent a smile round the table, and behind the veil of her lashes Miss Binswanger sent the arrow of a glance across the room. "Honest, mamma, I wonder if Max sees anything green on me."

"He sees something sweet on you, maybe, Poil. Izzy, pass your pa some radishes. Not a thing does that man eat, and such an appetite he used to have!"

"Radishes better as these we get in our yard at home. Ten cents for six radishes! Against my appetite it goes to eat 'em when in my yard at home ——"

"Home—always home!"

"Papa, please don't put your napkin in your collar like a bib. Mamma, make him take it out. Honest, even for the waiter I'm ashamed. How he watches us, too, and laffs behind the tray!"

"Leave me alone, Pearlie. My shirt front I don't use for no bib! Laundry rates in this hold-up place ain't so cheap."

"Mamma, please make him take it out."

"Julius!"

"Look, papa, at the Teitlebaums and Schoenfeldts laughing at us. Look now at him, mamma! Just to spite me he bends over and drinks his soup out loud out of the tip of his spoon—please, papa!"

Mr. Binswanger jerked his napkin from its moorings beneath each ear and peered across at his daughter, with his face as deeply creased as a raisin.

"I wish," he said low in his throat and with angry emphasis, quivering his lips behind the gray and black bristles of his mustache, "ten times a day I wish I was back in my little house in Newton, where I got my comfort and my peace. You children I got to thank for this—you children!"

Mr. Isadore Binswanger replaced his spoon in his soup plate and leaned back against his chair.

"Aw now, papa, don't begin!"

"You good-for-nothing, you! With your hair combed up straight on your head like a girl's, and a plaited shirt like I'd be ashamed to carry in stock—you got no put-in! If I give you five thousand dollars for a

"You Should Know How My Father and My Married Brothers Tease Me!"

business for yourself you don't care so much what kind of manners I got. Five thousand dollars he asks me for to go in business when he ain't got it in him to keep a job for six months."

"The last job wasn't ——"

"Right now, in this highway-robbery hotel you got me into, I got to pay your board for you. If you want five thousand dollars from me you got to get rid of me some way for my insurance policy, is all I can say. And sometimes I wish you would—easier for me it would be."

"Julius!"

His son crumpled his napkin and tossed it toward the center of the table. His soft, moist lips were twisted in anger, and his voice, under cover of a whisper, trembled with that same anger.

"For what little board you've paid for me I can't hear about it no more. I'll go out and ——"

"Sh-h, Izzy! Sh-h, papa! All over the dining room they can hear you. Sh-h!"

"Home I ain't never denied my children—open doors they got always in my house; but in a highway-robbery hotel, where I can't afford ——"

"We got the cheapest family rates here in this hotel. Such rates we get here, children, and highway robbery your father calls it!"

"Five months we been in the city and two months already a empty house standing out there waiting, and nothing from it coming in—a house I love like my life; a house what me and your mamma wish we was back in every minute of the day!"

"I only said, Julius, for myself I like my little home best; but ——"

"I ain't got the strength for the street-car ride no more. I ain't got appetite for this sloppy American food no more. I can't breathe no more in that coop upstairs. Right now you should know how my feet hurt for slippers; a collar I got to wear to supper when like a knife it cuts me! I can't afford this. I got such troubles with business I only wish for one day you should have 'em. I want my little house, my porch, my vines and my chickens. I want my comforts. My son ain't my boss!"

Isadore pushed back from the table, his jaw low and sullen.

"I ain't going to sit through a meal and be abused like—like I was a ——"

"You ain't got to sit. Stand up then!"

"Izzy! Hush, Izzy! The people! Julius, so help me if I come down to a meal with you again! Look, Julius! The Teitlebaums are watching us. Smile at me, Poil, like we was joking. Izzy, if you leave this table now I—I can't stand it! Laugh, Poil, like we was having our little fun among us."

The women exchanged the ghastly simulacrum of a smile and the meal was resumed in silence. Only small beads sprang out on the shiny surface of Mr. Binswanger's head, like dewdrops on the glossy surface of leaves; and twice his fork slipped and clattered from his hand.

"So excited you get right away, Julius! Nervous like a cat you are."

"I—I ain't got the strength no more, Becky. Pink sleeping tablets I got to take yet to make me sleep. I ain't got the strength."

"Sh-h, Julius; don't get excited! In the spring we go home. You don't want, Julius, to spoil everything right this minute. Ain't it enough the way our Poil has come out in these five months? Such a grand time that goil has had this winter! Do you want that the Teitlebaums should know all our business, and spoil things?"

"I—I wish sometimes that name I had never heard in my life. In my days a young girl ——"

"Sh-h, Julius; we won't talk about it now—we change the subject."

"I ——"

"Look over there, will you, Poil? Always extras the Teitlebaums have on their table. Paprika and—what is that red stuff? Chili sauce! Such service we don't get. Pink carnations on their table too! To-morrow at the desk I complain. Our money is just so good as theirs."

Miss Binswanger raised her harried eyes from her plate and smiled at her mother; she was like a dark red rose, trembling, titillating, and with dewy eyes.

"Don't stare so, mamma."

"Izzy, are you going to be home to-night? One night it won't hurt you to stay. Like you run round nights to dance halls ain't nothing to be proud of."

"Now start something, mamma, so papa can jump on me again! If Pearlie and Max are going to use the front room this evening, what shall I do—sit in a corner till he's gone and I can go to bed?"

"I should care if he goes to dance halls or not! What I say, Becky, don't make no difference to my son. Look how I begged him to hold on to his job!"

"If you've done your dessert wait till we get upstairs, papa. The dining room knows already enough of our business."

Miss Binswanger pushed back from the table and got to her feet. Tears rose in a sheer film across her eyes; but she smiled with her lips and led the procession of her family from the gabbling dining room, her small dark head held upward by the check-rein of scorched pride and the corner of her tear-dimmed glance for the remote table with the centerpiece of pink carnations.

By what seemed demoniac aforethought the Binswanger three-room suite was rigidly impervious to sunlight, air and daylight. Its infinitesimal sitting room, which the jerking backward of a couch cover transformed into Mr. Isadore Binswanger's bedchamber, afforded a one-window view of a long, narrow air shaft, which rose ten stories from a square of asphalt courtyard, up which the heterogeneous fumes of cookery were wafted like smoke through a flue.

Mr. Binswanger dropped into a veteran armchair that had long since finished duty in the *suite de luxe*. He was suddenly old and as withered as an aspen leaf trembling on its rotten stem. Vermiculate cords of veins ran through his flesh like the chirography of pain, written in the blue of an indelible pencil; yellow crow's-feet rayed outward from his eyes as deep as clawprints in damp clay.

"Becky, help me off with my shoes; heavy like lead they feel."

"Poil, unlace your papa's shoes. Since I got to dress for dinner I can't stoop no more."

Miss Binswanger tugged daintily at her father's boots, staggering backward at each pull.

"Ach! Go 'way, Pearlie. Better than that I can do myself."

"See, mamma! Nothing suits him."

Mrs. Binswanger regarded her husband's sallowness with anxious eyes; her large bosom heaved under its showy lace yoke and her short, dimpled hands twirled at their rings.

"To-night, Julius, if you don't do like the doctor says, I telephone him to come. That a man should be such a coward! It don't do you no good to take only one sleeping tablet; two he said is what you need."

"Too much sleeping powder is what killed old man Kra[illegible]"

"Ach, Julius, you heard yourself what Doctor Ellenburg said. Six of the little pink tablets he said it would take to kill a man. How can two of 'em hurt you? Already by the bed I got the box of 'em waiting, Julius, with an orange, so they don't even taste."

"It ain't doctors and their *gedinks*, Becky, can do me good. Pink tablets can't make me sleep. I —— Ach, Becky, I'm tired—tired!"

Isadore rose from the couch bed and punched his head-print out of the cushion.

"Lay here, pa."

"Na, na; I go me to bed. Such a thing full of lumps don't rest me like a sofa at home. Nu; I go me to bed, Becky."

Isadore relaxed to the couch once more, pillowed his head on interlaced hands, yawned to the ceiling, blew two columns of cigarette smoke through his nostrils and watched them curl upward.

"This ain't so worse, pa."

"I go me to bed."

"For a little while, Julius, can't you stay up? At nine o'clock comes Max to see Poil. I always say a young man thinks more of a young goil when her parents stay in the room a minute."

Isadore fitted his thumbs in his waistcoat armholes and flung one reclining limb over the other.

"What Max Teitlebaum thinks of Pearlie I already know. To-day he invited me to lunch with him."

"Izzy!"

"Izzy! Why you been so close-mouthed?" Mrs. Binswanger threw her short heavy arm at full length across the table top and leaned toward her son, so that the table lamp lighted her face with its generous scallop of chin and exacerbated the concern in her eyes. "You had lunch to-day with Max Teitlebaum and about Poil you talked?"

"That's what I said."

Miss Binswanger leaned forward in her low rocker, suddenly pink, as though each word had been a fillip to her blood; and a faint terra cotta run under the olive of her [illegible] lighting it.

"Like fun you did!"

"All right then, missy; I'm lyin' and I won't say no more."

"I didn't mean it, Izzy!"

"Izzy, tell your sister what he said!"

"Well, right to my face she contradicts me."

"Please, Izzy."

"Well, he—he likes you all righty ——"

"Did he say that about me—honest, Izz?"

Her breath came sweet as thyme between her open lips, and her eyes could not meet her mother's gaze, which burned against her lids.

"See, Poil? See, papa? Wake up a minute and listen. When I mentioned Max Teitlebaum you always said a grand boy like one of the Teitlebaum boys, with such prospects, ain't got no time for a goil like our Poil. Always I told you that you got to work up the appetite. See, papa, how things work out? See, Poil? What else did he have to say, Izzy? He likes her, eh?"

Isadore turned on his side and flicked a run of ash off his cigarette with a finger tried to [illegible]

"Don't get excited too soon, ma. He didn't come out plain and say anything; but I guess a boy like Max Teitlebaum thinks we don't need a brick house to fall on us."

"What you mean, Izzy?"

"What I mean? Say, ain't it as plain as your nose? You don't need two brick houses to fall on you, do you?"

Mrs. Binswanger admitted to a mental phthisis and threw out her hands in a gesture of helplessness.

"Believe me, Izzy, maybe I am dumb, so bad my head works when your papa worries me; but what you mean I don't know."

"Me neither, Izzy!"

"Say, there ain't much to tell. He likes Pearlie—that much he wasn't bashful to me about. He likes Pearlie and he wants to go in the general store and ladies' furnishing goods business. Just clothing like his father's store he hates. Why should he stay in a business, he says, like his father's, that is already built up? His two married brothers and his father, he says, is enough in the one business."

"Such an ambitious boy—always anxious to do for himself! I wish, Izzy, you had some of his ambition. You hear, Poil? In the same business as papa he wants to go."

Mrs. Binswanger rocked complacently, a smile crawled across her lips, and she nodded rhythmically to the tilting of her rocking-chair. Her eyes closed softly in the pleasant phantasmagoria of a dream. Mr. Binswanger slumped lower in his chair.

"A good head for business that Max Teitlebaum has on him. Like your mamma says, Izzy, you should have one just half so good."

"There you go again, pa—pickin', pickin'! If you'd give a fellow a start and lend him a little capital—I'd have some ambition, too, and start for myself."

Mr. Binswanger leaped forward at full stretch, as a jet of flame shoots through a stream of oil.

"For yourself! On what? From where would I get it? Cut it out from my heart? Two months already I begged you to come out by me in the store and see if you can help start something to get back the trade. Now we need young blood in the store to get ——"

"Aw, I ——"

"Five thousand dollars I give you for to lose in the ladies' ready-to-wear! Another white elephant we need in the family yet. Not five thousand dollars outside my insurance I got to my name; and even if I did have it I wouldn't ——"

"Julius!"

"I mean it, so help me! Even if I did have it, not a cent to a boy what don't listen to his old father!"

"For heaven's sakes, pa, quit your hollering! If you ain't got it to your name I'm sorry for Pearlie."

"For me?"

"You think, pa, a boy like Max Teitlebaum—a boy that Banker Finburg's daughter is crazy after—is getting married only because you got a nice daughter?"

"What do you mean, Izzy?"

"The woods are full of 'em just as fine. I didn't need no brick house to fall on me to-day at lunch. He didn't come right out and say nothing, but when he said he wanted to get in a business he could build up, I seen what he meant."

"What?"

"Sure, I seen it. I guess his father gives him six or seven thousand dollars to get his start, and just so much he wants from the girl's side. He can get it easy too. If—if you'd fork over, pa, I—him and I could start maybe together; and ——"

"You—you ——"

"Your papa, Izzy, can do for his girl just like the best can do for theirs. Julius, can't you!"

"*Gott in Himmel!* I—I—you—you pack of wolfs, you!"

"Such names you can't call your wife, Julius. Just let me tell you that! Such names you can't call me!"

Anger trembled in Mrs. Binswanger's vocal cords, like the electric current running over a wire; but Mr. Binswanger sprang suddenly to his feet and crashed the white knuckles of his clenched fists down on the table with a force that broke the flesh. The red lights of anger lay mirrored in the pools of his eyes, as danger lanterns on a dark bridge are reflected in black water.

"Wolfs! Wolfs, all of you! You—you—to-night you got me where I am at an end! To-night you got to know, I—I can't keep it in no more! You got to know to-night—to-night!" His voice caught in a tight knot of strangulation; he was quivering and pulsed. "To-night you—you got to know!"

A sudden trembling took Mrs. Binswanger.

"For heaven's sakes, know what, Julius? Know what?"

"I'm done for! I'm gone under! Till it happened you wouldn't believe me. Two years I seen it coming; two years I been fightin' and fightin'—fightin' it by myself! And now for yourselves you look in the papers two weeks from to-morrow, the first of March, and see! I'm done for! I'm gone under—I ——"

"Julius! You—you ain't, Julius! You ain't!"

His voice rose like a gale:

"I'm gone under—I ain't got twenty cents on the dollar! I'm gone, Becky! Beat up! To-morrow two weeks the

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TRIAL BY JURY

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

As Many as Three Thousand Men are Sometimes Examined Before a Jury is Secured

THE basic thing from which the jury system suffers is a lack of dignity. So long as an institution is independent and sovereign, the highest type of men in the electorate will gladly act in it. When it becomes dependent and servile they will neglect and avoid it. There is something about independence and sovereignty that appeals strongly to the Anglo-Saxon. If he has no master he is great and noble.

When John Jay wished to resign from the Supreme Court of the United States, because he thought that tribunal lacked power, independence and dignity, he illustrated the feeling of the average citizen toward jury service.

So long as the jury was considered to be a distinct and supreme branch of the administration of justice it stood up with force and independence. As it gradually became subservient to the authority of the judges its force and independence departed, and it became more and more difficult to induce the best men in the electorate to undertake its service.

As the judges came to dominate the jury the independent citizen withdrew further from it, until we are sometimes at this day accused of putting the administration of justice into the hands of the most ignorant and least discriminating of our people. A foreign critic, looking at the jury in a celebrated criminal case, is said to have wittily inquired:

"Is it, by any chance, a theory of your people that a conception of justice is an ignorant secretion and abhors intelligence?"

It is true that the average citizen endeavors to evade jury service and even tries to disqualify himself. When he comes into court he is usually fortified with the stock excuses. He engages in what seems to be a cunning struggle with the presiding magistrate in order to show that he is not a fit person to sit in the trial of a cause. So anxious is he to escape that cheerfully, and without shame, he will undertake to demonstrate that he is by nature so great a weakling that he ought not to be trusted to pass on a controversy between his fellows.

Consequently the whole machinery of the court, in notorious cases, is often engaged for a long time in the selection of a jury. As many as three thousand men are sometimes examined before a jury is secured. As much as a month may be taken up in endeavoring to procure a jury for a single criminal case, and a small fortune is often expended by the commonwealth before the actual trial of the prisoner begins. This constitutes a formidable indictment in the minds of many against the jury system, and on account of it we are told that trial by jury must be abandoned and some more practical device substituted for it.

Why Men Evade Jury Service

IT SEEMS not to have occurred to these critics that this condition is not caused by the jury system but, in fact, by the degradation of the jury system. The reason the better class of the electorate avoid jury service is because of its lack of dignity and the actual physical hardship it entails.

If the citizen drawn out of the electorate were asked to sit on the bench in the judge's chair and decide a case, he would consider that an enviable honor. According to the intent of our scheme of justice it ought to be as great an honor to sit in the jury chair. The jury and the judge are coördinate branches of our administrative justice, each independent of the other and each of equal dignity and honor.

The judge sits for the longer term, but the sovereign powers which he exercises are less than those of the juror. The theory is that the man on the bench is a judge for a term of years or for life, while the man in the jury box is a judge for a single case or a limited number of cases. The juror is judge of both the law and the facts in every case, and he is bound to obey no rule or authority over him in his decision; while the judge is limited in his power and governed by established rules.

Thus, for the time that he sits, the juror under our theory of justice is a more regal and ultimate authority. If this theory of our judicial system were understood by the people the best men in the commonwealth would not only submit to their civic duties as jurors but would seek the distinction of it.

So long as the jury seems to the people to be merely a servile dependency of the judge, and so long as the juror is treated by the court as though he were a weakling, with no established integrity, jury service by an independent electorate will be evaded at almost any cost.

Why should the independent American citizen, drawn out of the body of the electorate and clothed with the sovereign power of doing justice between his fellows, be treated by the judge on the bench as so inferior a person that every precaution must be taken in order to prevent him from being forced or persuaded into acts of injustice? He is locked up as the Turk locks up his women. He is subjected to the closest espionage and to hardships more severe than those imposed on the felon in a penal sentence.

Who locks up the judge when he has a criminal case on motion or appeal to decide? Who follows and watches him to see that he be not influenced? And if he does not require this isolation and this espionage when he decides a criminal case on motion or appeal, why does the citizen require it when he decides a criminal case at the trial?

Are honesty and integrity the peculiar attributes of any particular class? Do they belong more to the lawyer than to the artisan—to the attorney in the courtroom more than to the farmer in his field?

When a lawyer is elected or appointed to the bench, by that act does any particular virtue enter him by which his moral nature becomes superior to that of other men? The quality of honor, like that of mercy, is not strained. Men do not take it in a superior degree, with a certificate under seal of the commonwealth. In honor, in integrity, men do not sit in rows one above another, the attorneys above the people and the judges above the attorneys.

In these qualities one man is better than another only when he better maintains what we call principles; and in the maintenance of these so-called principles the dusty artisan in his blouse may be as good a man as the judicial monk in his ermine.

We seem to proceed on a theory that greater book-learning makes one person of superior integrity to another; but is this, in fact, true? Do we, in fact, believe it? Of all witnesses whose words are to be taken for the truth, is not the testimony of expert witnesses held in the least esteem? And yet the expert witness is speaking from a particular knowledge, a larger and more minute knowledge than that of the average man.

It was Baron Bramwell, of an English circuit, who divided all those persons taking liberties with the truth into three grand divisions: Liars; liars with a condemnatory adjective; "and my brother Frederick." He meant Sir Frederick Bramwell, a celebrated engineer in England, who was frequently in court as an expert witness.

Greater morality does not always attend larger learning. The heads of the great moral movement that issued out of Asia were not selected from the scholars at Jerusalem—the fishermen of the provinces are the fathers of Christianity.

Nor are we encouraged to believe that academicians are better able to get at the truth of a matter of fact than a certain number of intelligent persons taken from the whole body of the electorate. Plain common sense does not seem to be more in error than refined philosophy.

A deaf old monk at Brün, by a few simple experiments, demonstrated that Darwin's elaborate doctrine of the origin of species in one of its essentials was impossible and false.

Philosophers held for a long time that there was no life on the deep-sea bottom for three reasons, deemed by them excellent and conclusive: First, because there was no light there, sensitive plates lowered a certain number of fathoms showing not even a blur; second, because of the arctic cold at great depths; and third, because the pressure of the water was enough to crush a creature of bronze. Nevertheless, when practical men finally succeeded in lowering a deep-sea dredge, it came up crowded with life. Nature had constructed creatures through which the pressure of water passed and which were able to produce their own light.

A celebrated geologist was about to declare that the glacial ice had extended over a Southern mountain because he found long scratches on a flat rock at the summit. He was only saved from the error by the farmer who owned the field pointing out that the marks were the scratches of his harrow teeth!

In the case of the State against Baker, in West Virginia, the men learned in the law were going on the theory that the murder had been committed in the night. The prisoner was able to prove a complete alibi for the night, and might have gone at liberty had not a woman called the attention of the professional gentlemen to the fact that the nightcap on the head of the victim had been put on back part before and was tied so tightly under the chin that creases in the throat resulted. It was hardly the manner in which an undisturbed old woman would go peacefully to bed!

The Hardships of Jury Work

AND one has heard a learned judge reason, with the clearness and excellence of the King in the celebrated trial that Alice attended in Wonderland. It was pointed out that the verses in question had not been written by the prisoner because they were not in his handwriting.

"He must have imitated somebody else's hand," said the King.

"Please, Your Majesty," said the Knave, "I didn't write it and they can't prove I did; there's no name signed at the end."

"If you didn't sign it," said the King, "that only makes the matter worse. You must have meant some mischief or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man."

Against such legal acumen not even the evil ingenuity of a pasteboard prisoner could prevail.

All the difficulty in obtaining jurors would depart if the jury system were restored to its ancient dignity. Then, with the addition of one or two simple rules governing the selection of the veniremen, a jury could be had in any case without expense or delay.

The first of these rules ought to be that jury service should be freed from every possible restraint consistent with a fair administration of the law—that is to say, the juror ought not to be subjected to any hardship that is not imposed on the judge on the bench. He ought to be as free a judge of cases at law as the presiding magistrate is of cases in equity.

All restrictions that are not binding on the judge on the bench ought to be removed from the veniremen in the jury box. He should be made to feel that as high a standard of honor is required of him as of the judge, and that he is a person of equal dignity and of equal responsibility to the commonwealth.

It is a profound error to assume that the citizen who seeks to evade jury service is for that reason dishonest. It is not in any sense that the people are dishonest. They have fallen into the habit of endeavoring to evade this civic duty because unconscionable hardships are involved in it, because of its loss of dignity, and because the courts treat the jurors as though they were irresponsible weaklings, of so frail a moral fiber that only the most elaborate precaution can insure justice at their hands.

If the people can be made to understand that the jury is an independent and sovereign department of the court, if they insist that it be freed from all restrictions that are not imposed on the presiding judge, and that its dignity and independence be recognized—then our judicial system in practice will equal its splendid theory. Everybody feels that he ought to hear and decide a cause for his neighbor, in order that his neighbor may be willing to decide a cause for him, to the end that this duty may not be exercised by the ignorant, inefficient and vicious.

The second rule ought to be that no citizen should be excused from jury service unless he is related to a party, has some interest in the case, or is possessed of some direct knowledge of the matter.

That he has read of the case in the newspaper or has hearsay knowledge of it or has formed a vague opinion with respect to it—or any of the like refinements—ought not to excuse him from jury service. The opinion a venireman has formed of a case, to disqualify him, ought, as some courts have said, to imply malice or ill will; and it ought to appear that it is so strong as to give rise to the inference of hostility or prejudice; in fact, it is doubtful whether, on the whole, any great injustice would result if every man who is not related to a party, and who has no direct knowledge of the matter, were summarily forced to take his place in the jury box.

If it appears that the venireman is merely making excuses he ought to be punished for contempt. There is no lack of law to support such a course. The courts have the power to punish any one for contempt who endeavors to evade jury service by voluntarily forming an opinion of the case after he has become aware that he is going to be called as a juror.

Even with the present difficulties and the present loss of dignity it would be quite easy for any presiding judge to secure a jury quickly in any case by the adoption of these simple rules of procedure. Of course the presiding judge would have to be supported by the judges of the superior courts. He ought to feel that the superior courts would not review his discretion in selecting a jury, except where a case showed an abuse of that discretion.

Chief Justice Turned Detective

THERE is no longer any reason for locking up a jury. The idea that the jury may be subjected to corrupting influences to a greater degree than the judge has no support in our experience. Nobody has ever taken up Mr. Joseph Choate's offer to match any instance of the corruption of a juror with an equal instance of the corruption of a judge who has been exposed and punished. No lawyer has a higher standing and very few have a larger experience than Mr. Choate.

There is no longer any reason for continuing to treat the judge as a man of honor and the juror as a suspect. Have we found in our jury trials anything to equal the culm-dump scandal? Of course there is always cited the old story of Sir Matthew Hale who, suspecting corruption on a certain circuit, is said to have gone there in disguise, got himself put on the jury, and then to have risen in the jury box and objected to the case's going forward because the plaintiff had slipped ten guineas into the hand of every other man on the panel—and given him but five!

Those who relate the anecdote forget, however, that the judge was responsible for the corruption of his court, and that Hale forced him to come down from the bench which he had dishonored, and as Chief Justice of England ascended it himself and conducted the trial.

We are apt to be misled by the appearance of men. The gown and wig may inspire us with a greater confidence in the integrity of the individual than do the humble garments of the artisan; but Jefferson and Lincoln, and the great moral teachers, were of the opinion that fine and noble qualities were to be found in the plain, common people, and that they possessed as nice a sense of honor and as broad a conception of justice as any.

It is said that Rufus Choate once began his argument before a New England judge, conspicuous for his homely appearance, with this charming comment:

"I always come before Your Honor with the sensations of the Hindu appearing before his idol. I realize that you are ugly, but I feel that you are great!"

All the proposed changes or innovations in the jury system are of doubtful efficiency. Every now and then somebody suggests that a majority of the jury ought to decide a case, or that a verdict should be returned if a certain number agree; and some jurisdictions have tried such so-called reforms; but they have not justified the hopes of the originators. The unanimity of the jury is the safeguard in trials. In the olden time this unanimity saved the people from the aggressions of the king and nobles; it was the safeguard of the person of the citizen.

To-day it is the safeguard of the property of the citizen. So long as the people were assailed by the agents of tyranny it preserved their persons; now that they are assailed by the propaganda of the direct-actionist and the irresponsible teachers of license and economic chaos, the unanimity of the jury is the safeguard of the rights of property.

The fact is, only in a very small percentage of cases does the jury fail to agree; and in such cases the matter is usually so doubtful that it ought to disagree.

The criminal law is so rough and dangerous that it would not be safe to convict anybody unless the twelve jurymen were agreed on their verdict; and in the present state of economic opinion it would not be safe to affect the property rights of anybody unless all the members of the jury were of one opinion about it.

There is a further reason why trial by jury has always been adhered to by the English-speaking people, and that is because only with the jury can the severity or injustice of the law be modified in a proper case. The judge must follow the law; he must enforce the law; he has no proper discretion except that which the law gives him—but the jury is a supreme tribunal, which can enforce or evade the rigors of the law as it sees fit.

Everybody knows that there are cases arising every day in which to enforce the letter of the law would be to do the greatest injustice. If the judge were to decide a case he would have to follow the law and inflict this injustice—but a jury may relieve from it. Thus it happens, and rightly, that juries acquit men who are technically guilty of crimes where a strict construction of the law would find them guilty.

Short-sighted persons accuse juries in such cases of doing violence to our scheme of justice. There was never a greater error. This is one of the very reasons for trial by jury. It is that the letter of the law may not be permitted to destroy the spirit of justice. It is that cases may be decided on the basis of a broad humanity and on a larger conception of justice than any mere statute could embody. And it is the glory of jury trial that it is able to do this.

Every man who sits in the jury box ought to remember that he is one of the people's judges—that he is selected to do what he believes to be justice—that he is to obey and follow the law so far as seems to him right; but if his conception of justice in the case goes beyond the law, then it is not the law that he is there to follow, but his conscience.

The jury is a court of conscience! Every man who undertakes to decide a case in the jury room must remember that in doing justice he ought to follow the law; but he must follow his conscience. And if one or the other ought to give way it is not his conscience that is to be overridden.

It is not the jury system that is responsible for the delays in legal procedure of which the people complain. Trial by jury is the swiftest thing in a law court. The delays are those which precede and follow the jury trial.

For example, there are several thousand sections to the code of legal procedure in New York. From the time a suit is instituted until it comes up for trial two or three years may elapse; and every week, it is said, during all of that period, some sort of motion can be made. Thus the pleadings before the case actually comes on for trial may be interminable and complicated; and after a case is tried it may be carried about for years on appeal.

The unconscionable delays in our procedure usually arise in equity trials—that is to say, cases which the judge decides. These cases are frequently referred to masters, and it is before these masters that the long delays take place and the great expenses are piled up.

A celebrated New York lawyer called attention to one of these cases, which had been instituted in 1864 and was still in the courts, having outlived, as he said, all the parties, witnesses and many of the masters—and doubtless it would be buried with the last attorney.

Picking the Jury the Point

THE judge may delay his decision of a case practically as long as he likes; but a jury must decide a case quickly. No case can be delayed in its decision before a jury when it is once begun. Trial by jury remains to-day the one department of justice that acts swiftly and with expedition.

There is one thing, however, the people must take hold of if they would elevate the jury system. They must see that the machinery for the purpose of selecting the juror is clean and efficient.

One of the charges in a recent impeachment was that the judge had appointed a railroad attorney as jury commissioner. The argument of the masters who conducted the impeachment, on this point, ought to be repeated:

> The offense does not consist in the fact that Woodward represented railroads, but that he was a lawyer who represented one particular class of clients and appeared in court on one side of litigation. If Woodward had to-day represented the railroad company and to-morrow had represented the railroad employees, the next day had represented the injured passengers, the next day the shipper, and the next day the farmer who had had his stock killed by reason of a bad fence along the right-of-way, it would not be so bad; for then Woodward could not have packed a jury on his side of all those cases, because when he was packing it for himself on one case he would be packing it against himself on the case he would try to-morrow. There is the offense and the indiscretion.

Rings, cliques and special interests have sometimes gotten hold of the jury commissioners and thereby have been able to do violence to trial by jury. The selection of the juror is at the source of justice. Too great attention to it cannot be had. The best men in the community ought to be on the juries and a wise uncertainty as to what citizen may be drawn on the panel should be maintained.

The coming generations ought to be educated to the honor and obligations of jury service. The flag over the schoolhouse ought not to mean merely that one is willing to undertake the perilous hardship of defending the state it ought to mean that he is willing to support its institutions and to maintain its system of justice.

It ought to be explained to the new generation how important this jury service is, how much depends on it. The youth ought to understand that his property, his liberty or his life may at any time be drawn into question; and if he wishes a fair trial for himself he must be willing to give a fair trial to others. And he must be willing to suffer some discomfort and some hardship in order to do this.

All civic duties impose some burden on the people; to maintain a judicial system like trial by jury does not entail as much hardship as the financial support of the state in time of peace or the physical support of it in time of war.

"Trial by jury," said Sir William Blackstone, "ever has been and I trust ever will be looked upon as the glory of the English law. . . . A competent number of sensible and upright jurymen, chosen by lot from among those of the middle rank, will be found the best investigators of truth and the surest guardians of public justice. For the most powerful individual in the state will be cautious of committing any flagrant invasion of another's right when he knows that the fact of his oppression must be examined and decided by twelve indifferent men, not appointed until the hour of trial; and that, when once the fact is ascertained, the law must, of course, redress it.

"This, therefore, preserves in the hands of the people that share which they ought to have in the administration of public justice, and prevents the encroachments of the more powerful and wealthy citizens. Every new tribunal erected for the decision of facts without the intervention of a jury, whether composed of justices of the peace, commissioners of the revenue, judges of a court of conscience, or any other standing magistrates, is a step toward establishing an aristocracy—the most oppressive of absolute governments."

These are words of immortal warning!

The Storm-Detector

A THUNDERSTORM detector that will begin to sound its warning several hours before the storm breaks—often three or four hours before any cloud appears—is in successful use in New York. It is entirely automatic in operation and so reliable that hundreds of dollars are regularly spent solely on the basis of its warning. The purpose of the New York instrument is to give ample time for increasing the supply of electricity all over the city, because when thunderclouds darken the sky electric lamps are turned on in offices throughout the city, with a consequent sudden and very great demand for electricity.

Electricity for such an emergency cannot well be stored economically, but must be made on the instant of the demand. Additional generators must be started, and these, in turn, call on the boilers for more steam. Unless the steam is ready when the thunderclouds appear and every one wants artificial light, there will not be power enough to give more than a dull glow in all the lamps.

For this reason it has been the practice of electric-lighting companies to keep a man on the roof of the generating station all day during the months when thundershowers are likely to appear, and black clouds detected by the watchman mean the immediate starting of more boilers. The automatic thunderstorm detector has displaced the watchman on the roof, because its warnings are much earlier and much more accurate.

The principal part of the detector is a wireless receiving station, with the familiar string of wires on a mast on the roof. The wireless instrument catches faint impulses from the electrical disturbance accompanying any distant thunderstorm, frequently detecting the first signs of trouble six hours before rain comes. These faint impulses are taken by simple instruments familiar in wireless telegraphy and used to ring a single-stroke electric gong.

Hours before a storm the gong begins to sound single rings, perhaps once in ten minutes. This warning is noted by the station men, but little attention is paid to it, as the distant storm may be following a course that will not bring it near the station.

With the storm only two hours away the bell will sound every minute or half minute. This warning is given attention. Extra boilers are started up and preparations made to start more generators on short notice. From an hour to half an hour before the storm breaks the bell rings almost continuously, though perhaps the sky is still clear.

Final steps are then taken to put the extra current on the wires; and when the offices begin to light up during the storm, perhaps doubling the amount of electricity ordinarily in use, the current is ready for all demands.

AN HOUR OF LEISURE

VII

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

IT WAS well on toward four o'clock in the morning when young Mr. Grimsy, the hero of the latest newspaper sensation—the unhorsing of Major Beeston in first-page interest, in favor of a gang of rascally actors who found profit in counterfeiting people instead of coin and passing them current in unexpected places—announced himself as gorged with his first meal on fame. He rolled up the early editions of the morning papers, which he had waited up all night to get, wet off the press; he took leave of the young dandy Godahl in the all-night restaurant where they had forgathered. This adventure had brought him Godahl as a friend. On the whole as he stood there making his adieus he could not decide which pleased him the more, the sight of his own face staring out at him from the first page of every morning paper or the privilege of grasping these lean strong fingers in fellowship.

Fame had reached out and touched him on the shoulder, had ordered him to step out of the ranks of the unknown. It was opportunity for him, notwithstanding the fact that the genial rogue, now smiling indulgently on him, had been young Grimsy's stage manager in this affair while adroitly keeping his own picturesque personality out of the limelight. Grimsy had acquitted himself creditably. Opportunity, like battle, murder and sudden death, comes on one unawares—one never hears the step on the stairs before the knock, one never dramatizes himself in his part before the curtain rises; he goes blindly to meet his fate. Grimsy had come through swimmingly, and beyond everything else he had won a friend. It was the first friend he had found in this big city, if one might except Miss Vincent, the young person with one dimple for whom, weeks before, he had rashly cleared a path to her destination by the simple expedient of calling out the fire engines. But she had come into his life only for a fleeting moment, reappeared again in a burlesque moving-picture film as one of the Fifty Daughters of the tiresome Beeston, and then was gone, never to be found again. She had even neglected to let him know the result of his impetuous act in her behalf. In the excitement of this new sensation the young bank clerk had quite forgotten that now remote incident, or at least stowed it away on a back shelf in his brain. Such is the inconstancy of youth!

Grimsy passed out into Broadway, now tenanted only by vagrant nighthawk cabbies and street-sweeping machinery. Even the gaudy electric signs that render the sky picturesque during the earlier evening had now closed their eyes in sleep. He looked at his watch and felt guilty. Still an idea which at that moment bobbed into his head tempted him. In three hours the first of the army of metropolitan commuters would be hanging to straps in the subway on their way to work. It would be a distinctly rare sensation to occupy a strap in their very midst and eavesdrop as they read their morning papers. But his heart failed him. The young man, who had been so persistently snubbed during his six months' residence in the big city because of his Mid-Western manners, felt that the earth would open and swallow him if a strap hanger among the thousands should recognize him and, regardless of grammar, give the alarm with a "That's him!"

Grimsy had once seen a popular matinée idol mobbed for less, and in the middle of an afternoon at that. No; he would renounce the privilege of studying the nature of his newly acquired fame at first hand. So, with his roll of biographical material under his arm, he let himself in at his boarding house and crept upstairs to his hall room and to bed.

It was about this moment that Godahl, the infallible Godahl, called for his check, had himself put into his coat and started forth. He stopped the first newsboy in the street and bought a set of morning papers. He was very much like a healthy animal as regards sleep; both eyes opened at once when he awoke, both closed together when he slept. And so great was his reserve that brain weariness and heavy eyelids never troubled him when there was something afoot to claim his attention. There was something afoot this morning in the morning papers. Not on the first page nor the second; not in the fat type in which the news is displayed, but in the fine characters among the personal advertisements. His attention was first attracted by a line in the News. It ran something like this:

"Pk dahh sepd Iwiea. Iaap ——"

At first glance it looked like passable Volapük. There was nothing in that. Pick up any morning paper and you

"You Have Lost Your Pocketbook, Miss Vincent?"

are apt to discover some one talking to some one else in the personal columns in a language of their own making. There are many enterprises going on under the surface at all times in a city of five million souls, for which the public columns of the press are much safer as a means of communication than the inviolable privacy of the mails. Godahl, lazily alert to every whisper about him, especially whispers carried on in a made-to-order language, found amusement in these puzzles; and more than once he had detected some momentous event, usually of evil, going forward way down deep under the surface of things, so deep indeed that the surface was scarcely rippled. On several occasions he had even found in these discoveries an adventure for his own uneasy spirit.

This conversation in Volapük had been going on for several days now, which differentiated it from the usual thing of its kind, for the average message important enough to be intrusted to a personal column cipher is of the hair-trigger sort—a question, an answer, then silence on the surface. He settled himself comfortably, and with pencil and paper began advancing in the alphabet each letter of the strange missive until the first two divisions—words, if they could be called words—progressed thus:

Pk dahh
Ql e i n
Rm fcjj
Sn gckk
To hell

The fifth line developed satisfactory, if forceful, English.

"'To hell,'" mused Godahl, as he smiled over the gibberish that had so readily given up its secret. "They are using five as the key in this one."

It was one of the simplest systems of ciphers in existence, a system requiring no key, merely advancing or backing up the letters in the alphabet until they read intelligibly. He subjected the two lines of the personal to the process which had uncovered the first two words. It was not very subtle after all.

To hell with Mamie. Meet me at Martin's. Don't bring the baby.

Godahl laughed aloud. Vulgar domestic details! He next opened another newspaper, the Courier. The peculiar thing about these ciphers was that they had been appearing in not one, but several papers each morning. The first two words of the Courier cipher were "Zcb Pmai." The fifth stage did not unravel this ball of yarn. He began systematically at one, two. The second said plainly: "Bed rock." In good English it read entire.

Bed rock at sixty feet. Bannon reports no water. Anticipate sand.

The third message of the morning yielded up its English at the tenth stage. This smelled of gasoline:

Car without self-starter. There are several. Instructions at nominal fee.

"Good night!" laughed Godahl; and he drew from a drawer a handful of cipher agonies which he had accumulated against a moment of leisure and inclination. He picked out those which seemed to belong to the same family as the three of this morning, and in another half-hour he had a collection of threats, promises and admonitions, sacred and profane. They were all in this simple variable cipher. He began to suspect a joke. Years before he had been hoaxed by the most masterly cipher of his experience. It was a fixed cipher, which is essentially different from the variable cipher; but the keen wit of the rogue had at last found the missing link and translated out of the succession of mysteries a group of texts from the Scriptures. Some one with a divine call, worrying over lost souls, had adopted this means of getting his message of evangelism to that numberless legion of readers who can no more pass a cryptogram than they could cease breathing.

At seven o'clock Godahl yawned; then he drew his bath. When he stepped out of his bath he did not step into bed. He was whistling soft trills as he helped himself into fresh clothing. His merry tune awakened a little yellow bird in a big golden cage in the next room. Instantly the yellow person took the solo part, Godahl accompanying with a flute that gamboled in circles round the lonely three notes that the yellow fellow possessed in his music box. The bird ruffled its feathers, hopped out of its cage and took up a position on the towel rack. It cocked its head roguishly on one side and looked at Godahl. Godahl's head followed suit.

"Exactly!" said he. "Mamie is at the bottom of it as usual! *Cherchez la femme!*"

This was farther than Godahl usually went in the matter of confidences; and, having committed himself to this extent, he started out, trilling as joyously as if, like the morning sun that was then peeping over the housetops, he had just opened his eyes.

It was eight o'clock when he stepped down from his car in front of the magistrate's court where the actor counterfeiters, whom Moberly Grimsy had inadvertently brought to the bar of justice, were to have their hearing. The attempted robbery of Mrs. Jeremiah Trigg, the philanthropist, in which they had been caught red-handed obviously was not their only criminal activity, and Godahl shrewdly studied the hangers-on for a possible clew to other undertakings. There was the usual crowd of loafers waiting for the doors to open, augmented by a sprinkling of another class, more difficult to catalogue, attracted by the special sensation of the morning. The Beeston affair had begun to play to empty seats in the theater of gossip which every day must have its choice bits spiced to taste with judicious dashes of *sauce piquante* for the jaded and weary. The advertisement of woe has been the business of the idle since the world began. In the old days it was accelerated by the gatherings about the town pump; but quadruplex presses and processes of stringing gossip together by machinery have changed all this. We absorb the tribulations of our fellow mortals with our breakfast. That morn which does not bring forth some new victim for the jeers or scorn of the populace is a day lost. Yesterday it was a man answering to the name of Beeston, playing the clown—a great mind suddenly gone senile, a spectacle painted with cruel, impersonal frankness in glaring type for the public entertainment.

To-day it was David Hartmann, a man who might have achieved the greatest heights of tragedy on the stage had he not been doomed to travel through life in a grotesque shape which excited only derision. To-day it was the saturnine Hartmann and his evil band; to-morrow it would be some one else! Godahl smiled grimly as he watched the crowd surging about the dirty portal of the police court, jostling one another, quarreling among themselves for first place to gaze on the victims in the prison pen.

It requires crime to make a Roman holiday. Extras would flood the streets, and the gauge of this newest sensation could be compared with others, past and to come, in terms of newspaper sales.

Godahl sent his car round the corner to await him and took up his stand in a sheltered spot to watch the panorama. The photographers of the press were there to snap the crowd and selected individuals; the reporters of the press were even now filing in through a private door to their seats within the railing. He was again conscious of the bad taste in his mouth as he reviewed his part in Grimsy's adventure. His spirits had been raised for the moment by his brief duet with his canary; but now as he stood there his thoughts took on a more somber tinge. He lived by his wits, lived on the top shelf. He made no bones of that. But the man had yet to be born shrewd enough to suspect him of it, rash enough to accuse him. When adventure called him he preyed on the rich, not because they had the misfortune to be rich but because it chanced that they possessed in large quantities—and usually in one package—things which he desired. The fact that his methods were often such as to set a whole town by the ears and to leave his victims more stunned by his legerdemain than grieved by their loss, did not remove him from the category of these poor creatures inside who were now awaiting a hearing. The infallible rogue admitted to himself that he was still the thief even though there was no common meeting-ground for him and jailbirds. And yet in a moment of impulsiveness, to which his controlled emotions so seldom surrendered, he had stepped in here to thwart a plot so cleverly conceived and admirably executed, to the very point of its fortuitous failure, that he himself would have been proud of it.

Through Grimsy he had blocked Hartmann, not because of any compunctions but because of his pity for the victim selected, a gentle old woman whose life and wealth were given to good works. It was not the fate of the gang that aroused his irritation now so much as that of their leader. Hartmann was a thief. Godahl was a thief. So far the parallel was perfect. But Godahl had been born to all the graces—good looks, strength and the keenest of intellects; while Hartmann, with the mind of a diamond, the soul of an esthete, the voice of a god, was now brought to a prison dock because his attributes to greatness were defeated by the mere accident of bodily deformity. His fellow creatures had laughed at him and he had turned, snarling, to prey on them.

Presently young Grimsy appeared spick and span for the momentous day ahead, his auburn tinting apparently having suffered no whit by his unholy hours. As usual the young Westerner was trying to help somebody. He had not yet learned, in his short experience in city life, that vehicle and foot passengers invariably put their hands on their pocketbooks when strangers graciously attempt to assist them over a rough spot. An elderly gentleman, stout and of truculent mien, was in the act of getting off the car Grimsy was just quitting. A companion, who from his looks and clothing might have been a coachman out of employment, was handing him down. His efforts were so clumsy that the effervescent Mr. Grimsy at once tendered him aid in lightering the stout old party from the car step to the street by taking the stout party's disengaged arm without being bidden.

The old man looked suspiciously at the red-haired youth, and when the deed was done thanked him with a smile so ungracious that the ingenuous Mr. Grimsy hastened away. At the pavement edge Grimsy encountered Godahl with pleased surprise.

"Well, my Boy Scout," said Godahl genially, "I see you are still engaged in the task of aiding the aged and infirm." His eyes were following the efforts of the stout old party and his shabby companion to climb over the piles of snow that lay heaped in the avenue. Grimsy laughed.

"Sour old party, wasn't he?" he said. "He's got the gout. Looked at me as if he thought I was going to steal it, didn't he? I thought you were not coming here this morning," and Grimsy squared himself as he caught sight of a press photographer in the act of pot-shotting him. "I'll tell you what!" he went on impulsively. "It isn't fair for me to take all the credit for this thing. You know as well as I do that I couldn't have lifted a little finger if it hadn't been for you. I think you ought to release me from the promise to keep you out of it."

Godahl shook his head and laughed.

"No, Grimsy," he replied; "you are welcome to it. Did the famous man get any sleep? Does your hat feel tight? Tell me, how do you stand the altitude of the hall of fame? They say one has trouble boiling eggs in rare air. Have you noticed it?"

The auburn Grimsy flushed a little under the good-humored banter of his new friend. He listened attentively while Godahl coached him for the part of chief witness which he was about to play in the drama waiting for the curtain in the courtroom; then shaking hands with his preceptor he slid through the crowd and was gone. Godahl watched Grimsy away; then, using a shoulder here and an elbow there, he worked his way to the side of the doorman in uniform who was doing his best to fight back the clamorous rabble. He thrust out his hand with so spontaneous a gesture that the doorman grasped it, and having done so looked questioningly into the face of the stranger. The stranger's palm contained, miraculously, a five-dollar goldpiece, a coin rare enough not to be mistaken by the doorman's highly developed sense of touch.

"You remember me, don't you?" said Godahl easily.

"Oh, very well indeed," said the doorman, who was a man of quick perception. "Just work in here behind me, and when I open the door slip through quickly and slam it after you."

Godahl shook his head and laughed.

"No," he said, "I have too much respect for my breathing apparatus to trust it inside with this mob. Do you see that stout old man over there, with the chap without a chin hanging onto his arm?"

The Room Was Empty. The Bed Had Not Been Slept In

"Do you mean the guy with the three-star nose?" asked this wonderful doorman as he scanned the crowd and picked out Godahl's man. The rogue's eyes sparkled.

"That nosepiece cost him a lot of money," he laughed. He took a second yellow boy from his pocket and studied it absently. "The old codger," he said, "is a friend of mine. Slip the pair of them into good seats before the crowd starts; and then take charge of this for me, will you, like a good boy?" and the magician flipped the coin into the air and smiled approval of the doorman's deft absorption of it.

The old man and his companion, startled at the unexpected favor that fell to their lot a moment later, hesitated; but the doorman pushed them bodily through a small crack and slammed the door.

"I am something of a boy scout myself!" mused Godahl as he withdrew to the outskirts of the crowd and continued to search for faces. He might find others deserving and helpless. Shortly the doors opened, and the mob swept in through the portals like the waters of a millpond swallowed by a broken dam. Godahl did not care about offending his nostrils by joining in the rush; in young Grimsy he had a faithful disciple who would render him a detailed account of what transpired. His concern about Hartmann returned to trouble him. If there were but some way to avoid the limelight for himself and to help the little dwarf to freedom! But he gave it up, a good intention gone wrong.

Shortly his alert eye was attracted by a commotion in the courtroom. His friend the doorman caught sight of the dandy lounging on the opposite side of the street and wig-wagged vigorously in his direction, a signal Godahl obeyed with alacrity.

"Your fat friend, the gent with the lantern for a nose, he's hit the carpet!" exclaimed the doorman excitedly. "Just gave one grunt and faded away. Shall we ship him to the 'ospital in the bus?"

Four policemen appeared, carrying the old man whom Moberly Grimsy had helped off the car; behind followed the man without a chin, carrying his friend's hat with the saddest of sad-dog looks.

"Oh, not the hospital! No! No!" cried Godahl quickly; and when the policemen reached the curb with their burden he had his big limousine waiting. The chill air had partially revived the fainting man.

"In here," said Godahl with a queer smile. He watched the sufferer stowed comfortably amid the luxurious cushions of his limousine. "You too," he said sharply to the man's companion, who was staring stupidly at Godahl. "Come! Move!"

He accompanied the final injunction by seizing the stupid fellow by the shoulders and thrusting him into the car.

"Oh, Grimsy!" he cried; for the star witness of the proceedings, his short part played, was just coming out. As the youth joined him: "What was Hartmann's bail fixed at?" he asked.

"Ten thousand," said Grimsy. Godahl whistled.

"Wow! Anybody there to go on his bond?"

"Apparently not," said Grimsy. "They are taking him to the Tombs."

"Jump in. I have a friend of yours here." As he waved the young man to a seat inside he noted that the old man had opened his eyes and was staring at them with a look of singular intentness.

"Well! The old dodo, eh?" exclaimed Grimsy. "What's happened to him?"

"He seems in a bad way," returned Godahl, drawing the door to and ordering the start. "He keeled over in the courtroom. I thought he would be better off in here than stretched out on the sidewalk waiting for an ambulance. You there!" he cried, and he snapped his fingers under the nose of the old man's companion who was rocking back and forth and wringing his hands. "Sit up," he commanded. "This is no time for you to throw a fit too." He reached over and took the old man's pulse, a move which caused the invalid to shift his head slightly and fix him again with that curiously intent look. "Not so bad at that," said the lay physician. "It isn't the heart then, eh? Your—your friend here," he said turning to the scared man in the corner—"is this a regular thing with him? Does it often occur?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Oh, yes, sir, what?" said Godahl, looking blandly at Grimsy.

"Quite often, sir. Yes, sir."

"Very well. Our aged friend here needs a doctor. We might drop him at some hospital—or better, we might put him up comfortably and get him a private physician. Looks to me as if he would be all right after a little rest. Where do you live, Grimsy? What kind of a house is it?"

Grimsy gave the address of his boarding house in West Twenty-second Street, thinking wryly of

"A Forgery! But You Have Just Told Me You Saw Him Write It"

his shabby quarters compared with the magnificent home of his friend which he had been permitted to inspect for a little while the previous day.

"Clean but respectable, eh?" smiled the master of ceremonies. "I know the neighborhood. I used to live there myself years ago."

"You! I thought you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth!"

The easy rogue laughed.

"No, indeed," he said. "I put the spoon there myself. In fact," he added as he studied the twitching face of his patient, to whom some color was gradually returning, "I have to renew the silver-plating occasionally."

A few minutes brought them to Mrs. Kellogg's establishment which Grimsy called home.

"Are they respectable parties?" demanded Mrs. Kellogg, sniffing. "A lady cannot be too particular about her house."

"We will vouch for them," laughed Grimsy. Godahl would have nothing but the front parlor, which smelled cold and musty but could quickly be made habitable. Mrs. Kellogg eyed the young man and named a soaring price. His consent was immediate, and he dispatched Moberly for a doctor and settled the patient himself.

"My dear madam!" said Godahl with mock severity as he sniffed the bills the landlady brought him in exchange for the one he had tendered. "You invite destruction! Moth balls and dollar bills in the same nest! Where won't you ladies hide things!"

VIII

THE basement dining-room door of Mrs. Kellogg's boarding establishment had a habit of closing irrevocably on the last stroke of eight in the evening, the infallible mantel clock which overlooked the scene being the court of last resort in all disputes arising under the custom. Thereafter the panels presented a front as cold and unrelenting as organized charity to such unfortunates as were on the wrong side of the portal. The first stroke of the gong was being intoned in the basement when the hallroom lodger on the top floor was in the act of besprinkling liberally his mop of red hair, as part of the laborious process of training it to lie back on his head parallel to the median line of the two hemispheres of thought after the manner of eccentric musicians of long ago and of the gay youth of the city and universities of the present day. The last stroke of the fateful hour was intoning as he surveyed the finished product as flat as a board and as shiny as a piano leg; and he sighed happily to consider that once more he had escaped the scrutiny of his fellow boarders at mealtime on this day of days which had brought him fame.

It was inevitable, of course, that he would have to face their exuberance sooner or later, but, he reflected, if he managed his exits and entrances with skill he might escape that fateful hour until his fame for the immediate sensation began to tarnish. In fact already the late editions of the afternoon papers were beginning to recount in the sacred confines of the first page other sensations than the one for which he was responsible. Young Grimsy in another few hours would learn the fleeting nature of newspaper fame. He was not yet experienced enough to compete with that arch-advertiser, Beeston.

Grimsy thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and they came away simultaneously, each clutching a piece of money—in the right hand a nickel, in the left hand one dime. It was the extent of his worldly possessions in terms of coin at this hour, and he was hungry; but the discovery did not daunt him. He knew spots in the city where one could dine very well, in a strictly quantitative sense, on fifteen cents; and as the act of forgetting the waiter, in such resorts, rendered one less conspicuous than the act of remembering him, the matter of tips need not bother Grimsy. So with the happy inconsequence of youth Grimsy adjusted his pancake derby squarely atop his moist thatch; he tucked himself up to his ears in his topcoat, and thrust his hands in his pockets so that the cane he carried upside down showed itself as a mere spike over one shoulder. He assumed the débutante slouch, which our young men affected long before our young ladies did, and guardedly negotiated the stairs. As he reached the first floor he thought it the better part of kindness—and so much he had promised his idol, Godahl—to look in on the new tenant. The object of Godahl's solicitous attention that day had been duly thumped by a neighboring doctor who, on learning that his patient answered to the name of Peters and was without funds, prescribed vigorous exercise in the open air, such for instance as shoveling snow, an occupation for which the supply of labor at this time was woefully deficient.

Grimsy, with an air of proprietorship and not at all shy—for this old man at least did not know how famous the auburn-tinted youth was—knocked softly and entered without awaiting an invitation. He was pleased to see the old man was himself again, for the lodger was taking his ease in an arm chair

"Can I do anything for you, Mr. Peters? Mr. Godahl asked me to look in on you to see if there was anything."

The stout party and his flat-footed confederate in vagrancy stared stupidly at the intruder and then in unison shook their heads, venturing nothing by word of mouth. Grimsy's impulse was to offer them money, as he knew them to be practically penniless. He recollected the low state of his own exchequer, and with this reflection as a background he decided it was better that, while the old boy was ailing, he be left without the necessary wherewithal to dust and run. In spite of his inexperience he had some knowledge of the propensity of the professionally lazy element to float from one isle of charity to another, like lost atoms.

Grimsy was in the act of backing out when, with a chill along his spine, he became conscious of voices in the rear hall.

Two women were conversing through the cruel barrier that led to the basement dining room.

"But I have already explained," one voice was saying, "that I did not discover that my bag was open till this very minute." This voice was talking at the bare door with the even, precise enunciation one assumes on such occasions. "My pocketbook is gone. I cannot go elsewhere—and why should I?" queried the voice without altering its tone a hair, "when I have already paid you, less than two hours ago, in advance for a week's lodging and board—and board, Mrs. Kellogg!"

There was a silence, and then a muffled voice from the further side of the door began talking in disjointed sentences, like a rusty phonograph that trips and pauses at each revolution of the cylinder.

"But I have already explained," said the remote voice, "that rules in my house are made to be observed . . . not broken, miss. I am not running an all-night restaurant, miss. No, I am not. . . . But I must say that, though I am a woman myself, it is only the women who seek to take advantage of me. . . . I have said a hundred times, if I have said it once, that I shall never, never accept women guests in the future! They are always ironing shirtwaists—stealing my gas—borrowing irons, pasting wet handkerchiefs on the front window to make my house look like a laundry, demoralizing the servants, using all the hot water and turning the bathroom into a ——"

The use to which the genus female boarder turned the bathroom was destined to remain a mystery to young Grimsy because the well-known acid tones of Mrs. Kellogg, which had been growing fainter and fainter as she retreated down the stairs to the basement, now were lost altogether, and silence reigned.

Grimsy, hearing the patter of highheeled boots approaching, crouched in the doorway and thanked his stars for once that the economical Mrs. Kellogg at all times maintained merely a suggestion of gaslight in the hall chandelier.

But the hungry female boarder must have seen his shadow, because she started back with a little startled cry. But the next instant she came forward and accosted him.

"Oh, it's Mr. Grimsy!" she cried. "I want to congratulate you. And Mr. Grimsy, I must thank you for the service you did me the other day."

"Did—did you get in, Miss Vincent?" stammered Moberly Grimsy, trying in vain to control the riotous color that rushed to his cheeks.

"Yes!" she cried, and her eyes snapped with excitement. "It was splendid, glorious ——"

She stopped, and brushed back a lock of hair that had broken away from the wavy cluster under her bonnet.

The lone dimple was staring at him full sail.

The bright eyes were flashing with excitement. The recollection of that glorious occasion seemed fairly to transport Miss Vincent.

"Ah—they—they didn't catch you, did they, Mr Grimsy? No, I know they didn't," she exclaimed. "I knew it because the big, fat policeman who chased you into that hallway came out after a while, blowing so hard he had to sit down and rest. Oh, it was magnificent! The fire engines swept the streets clean like the wind, and the crowd ran after them. There was a long truck drawn by three snow-white horses! Oh, I think I never saw anything so beautiful!"

Then Grimsy caught the infection.

"Did the middle horse have a pink nose like a circus horse? Was there a greyhound running under the truck? I know them. I'll introduce you to that greyhound some time." Then, sobering down: "You have lost your pocketbook, Miss Vincent?"

"Everything!" she cried disconsolately but with a smile that suggested that her everything included some exceptions. She opened the bag that hung at her waist and showed it empty.

"I saw you again, you know!" said Grimsy.

"You saw me?" she said incredulously.

"Yes; three or four days later—one night."

"Oh, impossible!" she cried, and she knitted her eyebrows as she puzzled over it. "You must be mistaken. I was away until this very day—until just a few hours ago."

"Nevertheless I saw you, Miss Beeston!" said Moberly, feeling that at last he was getting on. "You were on the stage, but you didn't see me. I called to you, Miss Vincent, but you didn't hear me either."

It was he who was laughing now; and she was staring at him in utter amazement.

"Miss Beeston!" she exclaimed. "Why—I don't—and you say you called to me!"

"In a moving picture," he said. "And a most remarkable likeness too. You were looking right at me; and I got so excited that I actually jumped to my feet and called to you."

(Continued on Page 41)

The Last Glimpse He Had Showed Him the Two Men Staring Stupidly at the Young Woman

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Whom to Blame

A GREAT part of the timberland in the United States belongs to sixteen hundred and ninety-four owners, whose combined holdings amount to one hundred and five million acres—an area three-fourths as large as France and more than two and a half times the size of the New England States.

That is concentration of wealth; but sixteen of these sixteen hundred and ninety-four owners hold over forty-seven million acres of timberland—an area about ten times the size of New Jersey. Three railroads own enough standing timber to give fifteen acres to every male of voting age in the nine Western states where most of their holdings lie.

"Lavish land grants and loose, ill-enforced land laws are the historic background of this concentration of land and timber ownership," says the Bureau of Corporations report from which the above figures are taken. "A study of the present ownership of over seven million acres of railroad, wagonroad and canal land grants shows that of these particular lands, granted long ago to single corporations, apparently with the idea that they would be quickly sold to settlers, only fifteen per cent are now distributed in small holdings. Eighty-five per cent are owned by the grantees or their successors, or by large timber holders. Of eighty-two million acres granted to three Western roads in the sixties, the roads still retained two-fifths in 1910."

In the sixties and seventies and eighties we—meaning the nation—had little more use for standing timber than an inebriate sailor has for the coins in his purse. In both cases there was a delusion that the supply was practically inexhaustible. We were quite ready to give timber to almost anybody who asked for it. Some persons, with longer heads and cooler pulses, supposed the day was coming when timber would be very valuable—and quietly gathered it up as we spilled it. Politically speaking, we make a specialty of locking the stable door after the horse is gone.

Painless Taxation

IN THE last full fiscal year of the Taft Administration ordinary expenses of the Government—excluding Panama Canal expenditures—were six hundred and fifty-four million dollars. In that year the Democrats penned their famous denunciation of the profligate waste by Republicans of public money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation.

In the first full fiscal year of the Wilson Administration ordinary Government expenses amounted to seven hundred and one million dollars—almost exactly double the figure for Cleveland's last fiscal year, and greater by a hundred million dollars than the year of the Spanish-American War.

The money came easily. Tariff duties yielded only twenty-six million dollars less than in the preceding year, and this was more than made up by the tax on individual incomes in excess of four thousand dollars. Thus, even after spending thirty-five millions on the Panama Canal, income practically balanced outgo.

It is a tempting field. From no other nation could seven hundred and thirty-five million dollars for governmental expenses be extracted by methods so nearly painless. Under the new law, tariff taxes could hardly be described as oppressive; yet they yielded nearly three hundred million dollars. Corporations and individuals possessing incomes in excess of four thousand dollars yielded up over seventy millions, with very little squirming.

Yet this seven hundred and thirty-five million dollars is no mere figure of speech—no figment of a psychological imagination. It is all hard, veritable cash, which the inhabitants of the United States earned during the year.

National Guilds

THERE are fifty-six thousand bankers in this country and they get a hearing whenever they wish, because they are well organized. Every state has an active association in touch with the national body. Let any question come up that broadly affects banking, and the bankers will promptly get their views of it before the country and before Congress. In many states the bankers' associations have done good work in promoting agriculture. They are highly useful bodies.

To take another example, there are twelve hundred thousand retail merchants. In trade journals we read now and then of the convention of an association of retailers that expressed such and such opinions; but the expression rarely gets beyond trade lines. From more than a million retailers, as a whole, the country hears almost nothing. As a still further illustration, four million male farm laborers might as well be so many oysters, so far as national expression of opinion goes.

Certain things affect alike nearly all men who gain a livelihood in the same way, whether that way be running a bank, conducting a retail store, or hoeing corn at a monthly wage. When common interest is affected there ought to be common means of expressing opinion about it—such means as the bankers and union laborers have through their trade organizations.

It is our notion that there ought to be a better organization for the expression of public opinion, because our elections express it only in a vague, inferential sort of way. The last congressional elections, for instance, gave the Democrats two hundred and ninety members of the House, being one of the most overwhelming expressions of opinion ever recorded in this country; but the opinion so overwhelmingly expressed was simply that the Republicans had betrayed the country in the matter of tariff revision. The election disclosed nothing whatever as to the state of opinion on banking or trust legislation or on other important questions. At least, active national trade organizations on broad lines would be highly valuable as a means of getting the sense of the country on various questions of national importance.

New Haven Again

SIMPLY telling all the truth would have saved the New Haven directors from their painful situation. When they made reports to stockholders year after year that failed to disclose vast operations in which stockholders' money and credit were involved they essentially deceived those whose trustees they were.

That plain fact forbids sympathy for them. Any corporation management to-day that puts out a report to stockholders which fails to disclose transactions involving stockholders' money and credit, in an important way, ought to be thrown out of office.

The Wall and the Hedge

IN THE first eight months of the new tariff act, imports of completed manufactures increased by twenty-four million dollars, or less than nine per cent. This is at the rate of three million dollars a month and certainly amounts to a small fraction of one per cent of our total consumption of manufactures.

This is confessedly a competitive tariff. The purpose of its framers was to reduce duties so that, wherever American prices were unreasonably high, foreign manufacturers would have a fair chance to come in and compete for the American market. There is no longer a Chinese wall in their way—at most there is only a well-trimmed hedge, which any agile foreigner could hop over if our prices were far out of line with those abroad.

The party which framed this competitive tariff professes to believe that we are pillaged by extortionate trusts. Either the tariff is wrong or the theory of universal and outrageous trust exploitation is wrong. The small increase in imports of manufactured articles tends powerfully to contradict the notion that predatory combinations were making unreasonable prices the rule in America.

Combination

THE big combinations of manufacturers, with which politics is so excitedly engaged, are largely a product of the last fifteen years. There existed an Oil Trust, a Sugar Trust and a Whisky Trust long before that; but the grand rush for New Jersey holding-company charters began about 1898, and proceeded apace in the face of antitrust legislation substantially the same as that on the statute books to-day.

Latterly combination has made notable headway in the retail field, and that movement still gains ground. Some thousands of individual tobacco shops have been absorbed in a single nation-wide organization. Two concerns own five-and-ten-cent stores all over the country. Two other concerns have eighteen million dollars invested in popular-price restaurants in many of the larger cities.

Chain stores are becoming a very important factor in the grocery trade. In and round Philadelphia, for example, there are over a thousand of them, operated by six companies, which—according to a leading food manufacturer—act coöperatively, under a sort of gentlemen's agreement, in the matter of demanding that manufacturers sell to them at the same price as to jobbers. One mail-order house is selling a hundred million dollars' worth of goods at retail this year. There is no monopoly, because much independent competition remains; but if several hundred stores consolidated under a single management can obtain jobbers' prices, the tendency will be to force the independents into coöperative buying. The retail movement shows the drift toward combination and coöperation.

The Age of Brevity

IT IS a tolerably common complaint among artists that we Americans seem unable to concentrate our minds—except by brief fits. The novel must be short and ever shorter, the play full of surprises. In a picture we demand something sensational. Signor Caruso observes that we want him to sing high and loud—to hand over the greatest possible quantity of music in a given time. The popular preacher limits himself to forty minutes.

It is true that we like our impressions by assault and battery. A leisurely method of imparting them sets us yawning. It is true, also, that our forefathers spent a solid fortnight reading Clarissa Harlowe and sat three hours at a sermon; but our forefathers were content to spend a week traveling a distance that we cover in a night.

We do rather shout to art: "Be brief! Speed up!" But our own notion is that, with the lightning-express service we demand, we reach just the same destination our forefathers reached in their leisurely way.

Economic Conjurers

RAILROADING may be one big field in which wages have increased relatively to the gross outturn. On the face of the returns, out of every dollar the roads received ten years ago forty cents went directly to labor, excluding salaries of general and other officials; while in the last year for which a complete report is available forty-three cents out of every dollar went directly to labor.

This would be exceptional, for the portion of the gross outturn that goes to labor tends to fall; and the fact that the Interstate Commerce Commission has somewhat changed the form of its statements in the last ten years may account for the apparent increase in this case. It is true, however, that because of their social and political position the railroads have been peculiarly liable to effective demands for wage increases.

Twenty-six cents out of every dollar goes for other operating expenses, and somewhat less than twenty-six cents goes to capital in interest and dividends—amounting altogether to about four and a half per cent on the investment as stated in the Interstate Commerce Commission reports, the figures being taken from the railroads' books and not necessarily showing the actual investment.

It is from this last twenty-six cents that the more enthusiastic advocates of government ownership produce their statistical miracles with the easy grace of a conjurer drawing rabbits from a silk hat.

Where the Money Is

WE WONDER whether a slice of Manhattan Island, in which Wall Street is situated, contains more than one-fourth of all individual incomes in the United States in excess of four thousand dollars. That is the inference raised by the income tax returns. The total yield to June thirtieth was twenty-eight million dollars, of which almost eight millions came from the Second New York District, while the second and third districts together yielded over ten millions—or much more than one-third of the total.

These two New York City districts, the Pennsylvania district that includes Philadelphia, the Illinois district that includes Chicago, and the Massachusetts district that includes Boston, produced over sixteen million dollars—or much more than half the total yield.

Philadelphia alone paid nearly two-thirds as much as the twenty-two states lying west of the Mississippi River—the latter containing such rich and populous cities as St. Louis, Minneapolis, St. Paul, New Orleans, Denver, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

These figures are surprising. One prefers to await fuller returns before accepting them at their face value.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Official Fool-Killer of the House

IT IS held in some quarters that after a fool-killer is about through he must commit suicide in order to complete his job in a workmanlike manner.

That proposition, of course, is entirely too cynical for a morning like the one on which this is penned, for various reasons. Some of the reasons are that the magnolia trees are in bloom, the sun is shining, and even the Honorable Champ Clark has been observed to smile three several times of late. Moreover, it contemplates a finality that the situation does not admit. It is based on a wrong premise.

It is clearly apparent to any person who has given the subject study that no fool-killer ever could be about through. Even if a fool-killer should live to be as old as one of those one-hundred-and-fourteen-year boys who smoked and drank to excess from the age of seven, or one of those one-hundred-and-fourteen-year boys who never indulged in the vile weed or tasted a drop of the stuff, he would be just about starting when his end came—just about getting under way, provided he had been conscientious and reasonably fatal.

No truth has been more strikingly enunciated than the one embodied in the deathless poesy of a long-dead poet who said: You may break, you may shatter the fool if you will, but the bulk of his folly will cling to him still. It is even so. There is not a man living who has not some sort of foolishness concealed about him; and the man who admits that, and on occasion takes out his foolishness and puts it on parade, is in much better case than the one who, refusing to admit it, tries to conceal that portion of him and thereby is constantly put on parade by it.

Consequently any person who allots to himself the thankless job of fool-killer must, in the very nature of things, be strong of arm and heart, as well as optimistic of temperament; for, so far as my observations go, the usual fool is a glutton for punishment and comes vacantly back for further slaughter in the morning, when one thinks he has been disposed of forever on the evening previous. The usual fool is the numerous one; the unusual fool is rarely interrupted, for, as it falls out, he is wiser than those who may seek to interrupt him, which is why he is unusual.

These philosophical considerations of this age-old subject are here introduced for the purpose of setting the stage for the Honorable Swagar Sherley, of Kentucky, who is not only the fool-killer for the House of Representatives but also the oracle for the same. The combination is as logical as it is effective. We have eminent authority and repeated authority for the statement that one of the efficacious methods of slaying is with a word; and if that word is the last word, the ultimate utterance, the *dernier cri*, the foolicide is thereby more expeditiously accomplished, and the fool, whether person or proposition, gets to his or its unwept grave the quicker and stays there longer.

No person should asperse the House of Representatives. That were a supererogatory diversion. The House looks out for that end of it itself. Still, it may be remarked that when four hundred and thirty-five men are gathered together for the purpose of getting as much individually as they can, thus hoping to continue themselves in advantageous position for further getting, there must inevitably arise moments and situations, and suchlike, wherein the individuals, in their anxieties to secure their shares of whatever is being secured at the moment, leave the paths of cold, calm and clear logic, and rush into the jungles of foolishness and fallacy and fake and fribbling.

Swagar Sherley in Action

IT IS at one of these moments that Swagar Sherley arises, takes off his coat, bares his brawny arms and his brawnier vocabulary, and hops in and does his slaying. He hits one over the head with a precedent and runs another through with a legal interpretation. He chops a third down with an argument and wipes out a squad with a concise and authoritative citation. He slays them right and left—or, rather, wrong and left—and leaves the field strewn with disrupted, disjointed and disappointed disputants.

Sherley has been coming to Congress from Louisville for some twelve years—which is a longer period than any other statesman has ever enjoyed with the privilege of signing "M. C. from Louisville, Kentucky," after his name; and which shows that the good people of Louisville have an accurate understanding of the values of other things besides those to be had in silver mugs, frosted outside and with mint in them—and Marse Henry.

When he arrived in Washington he decided that his path lay along the lines of most resistance. He discovered a most annoying tendency on the part of his colleagues to stray away from the various logics and lucidities of situations; and, rather than join with them in short and socialistic cuts to legislative ends, he determined to devote his studious young life to holding fast to that which is denominated in the rules the law and the basic precedents thereof. He took the rules for his very own and appointed himself guardian of their nurture. He studied the rules, revered them, nourished them, expounded them, propounded them and upheld them. To him the rules were sacred—not to be impugned, impinged or impaired.

Almost from the first of his service, when there came a vexing situation in the House, caused by congressmen rushing in where angels with any knowledge of parliamentary procedure would have feared to tread, Sherley rose—as he still rises—and in five or six minutes presented—as he still presents—a clear and concise review of the legal decisions on the subject, the leading precedent, the rule to be observed, killing a fool here and destroying some foolishness there, and leaving things straight. For some several years now no disputant has ventured to dispute the fact as stated by Sherley.

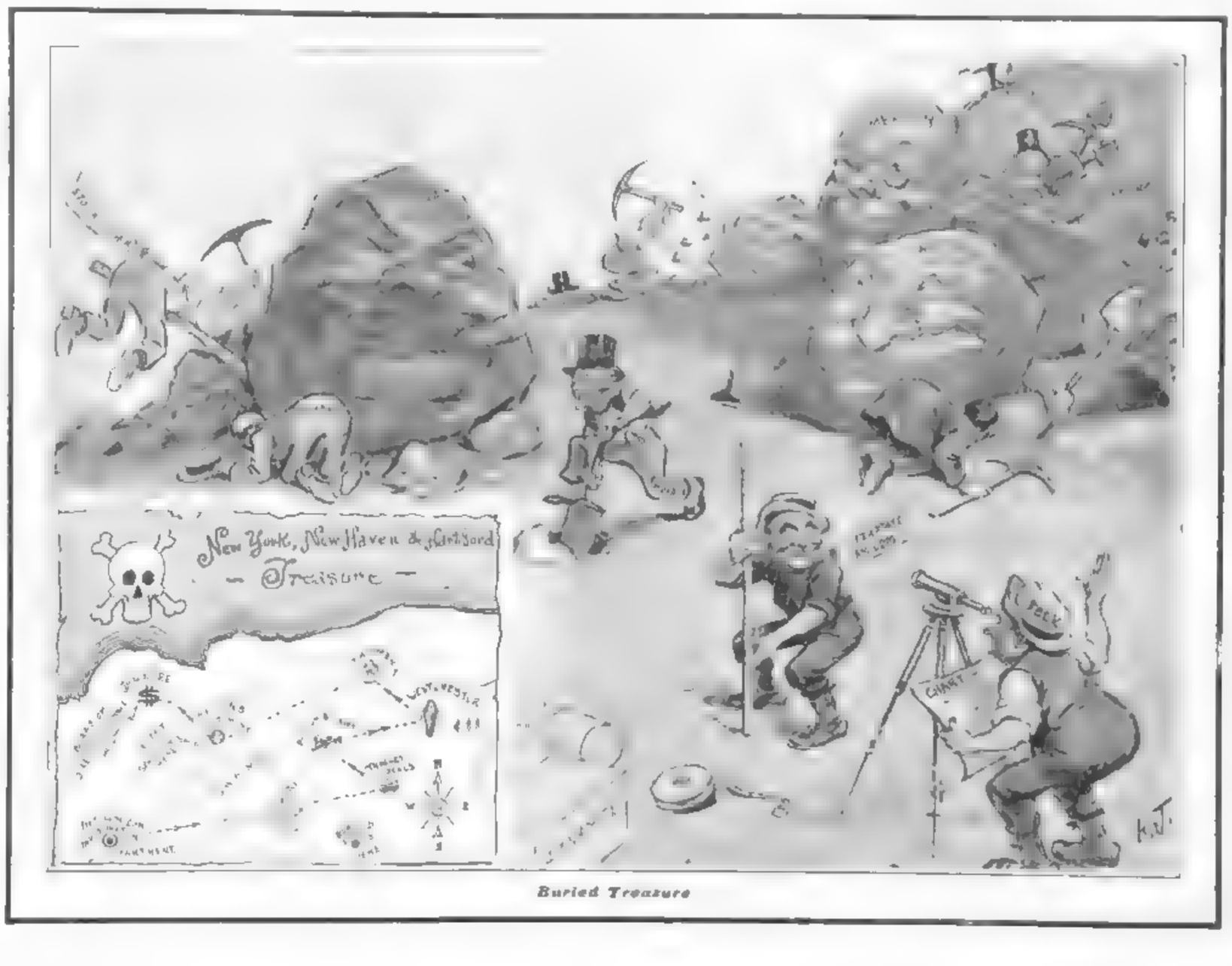
From this it may be inferred that Sherley is a studious person, which is exactly what he is. He is a digger; but, unlike most grinds, he knows how to play. When he has any digging to do he digs until the digging is done, but he is not always digging. He is a companionable chap and well liked by his associates. However, he never quits digging until he has found the best thing to say and the best way to say it.

He was born in Louisville in 1871 and was labeled Joseph Swagar Sherley by his fond parents. He early concluded that the Joseph part of his label would afford him no sustenance; so he dropped it, thereby attaining one of the niftiest names in the Kentucky list which, as Fred Kelly says, sounds like the name of a ducal estate, and is superior to such other classic Kentucky names as Ruby Laffoon, South Trimble, Ollie James, Owsley Stanley, Cripps Beckham, and so on.

He ran for commonwealth's attorney when he was twenty-seven or so, but was beaten, and immediately decided he would not bother with such minor politics again. When he was about thirty he was elected to Congress and has been in Congress ever since. At present he is ranking member on the Appropriations Committee and, as I have said, the oracle and fool-killer of the House.

Sherley is a person of sincere convictions and straight conversation thereon. Likewise he is more of a politician than he is credited with being, inasmuch as he seems lacking in the deviousness of that following. Whenever he is forced to leave his party on a party proposition in the House he always assigns a Constitutional reason therefor, which puts him beyond the pale of party criticism; for, much as he loves the Democracy, who can chide him for loving the dear old Constitution more?

He is an able citizen; a clear, convincing, logical speaker; a profound lawyer; a big force in the House of Representatives; a serious and studious person of high ideals; a sane and solid man. His ambition is always to fix things so they will stay fixed; so he really should be placed in a position that will admit of no appeal from his decisions. Then he would be happy—and perhaps he may be, one of these days, for in a large degree the Honorable Swagar Sherley has a full line within of the samples he carries in his show windows.



Buried Treasure

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF

This is the car selected by the Rice Leaders of the World Association as prizes for the leading salesmen of the world

New Stream Line Body—Electric Starter—Electric Lights—Le

This announces the latest Overland—Model 80

This is the handsomest Overland ever built. Up to date in every respect, artistically designed and finished. The powerful, larger, roomier and smooth running car establishes a new standard.

The price has not been advanced

This season we shall build 75,000 cars. This increased production again places us in the enviable and supreme position of being able to give still more value for still less money

Here is the proof

Model 80 has a brand new full stream line body. Its full sweeping lines blend and harmonize perfectly with the balance of the symmetrical design. All visible lines are absolutely clean, unbroken and uninterrupted.

The new crowned moulded fenders, new rounded radiator, new hood slightly sloped, and flush U doors with disappearing hinges, contribute those additional touches of exterior grace and modishness which distinguish those costly imported cars.

The new tonneau is much larger—both in width and in depth

The new cushioned up deeper. The new long and supply unusual and easy a equipped with one of the h and electric lighting system switch box, are conveniently Thus in the driving position bending down, you start the the electric horn and all be

This model has the left

The tires are larger than

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Two Passenger Roadster $1050

All U S prices F O B Toledo, O

Overland

$1075
Model 80

ft Drive — Larger Tires — Demountable Rims — Larger Tonneau

holstery is also considerably improved underslung springs ling qualities. This model is ighest priced electric starting All switches, in a compact ocated on the steering column without stretching forward or car, drive the car and control ail, side, tail and dash lights and drive and center control. ear, being 34" x 4" all around

These tires can be quickly detached from the rims which are demountable. One extra rim supplied

Ignition is high tension magneto, independent of starting and lighting systems. It requires no dry cells.

Fundamentally the chassis remains as before The front axle is larger; the wheels are larger; the frame is heavier and stouter; gears are made of 3½% nickel steel, there are integral grease cups in spring bolts; and many other mechanical refinements which are described in detail in our new catalogue. Otherwise we could in no possible way improve the splendid Overland chassis that is giving such satisfactory service to 50,000 nineteen fourteen owners.

There is a powerful, economical and quiet 35 horsepower motor. The wheel base is 114 inches long.

This car comes complete. Electric starter, electric lights, rain-vision, ventilating, built-in windshield, mohair top and boot, demountable rims and one extra rim, jeweled magnetic speedometer, electric horn, robe rail, foot rest and curtain box. This new model is now ready for your inspection in practically every city and town in the country. Dealers are now taking orders. Make arrangements for your demonstration immediately

Four Passenger Coupe $1600

The Willys-Overland Company of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Send for Handsome 1915 Catalogue —Gratis

Our 1915 catalogue contains complete and instructive description of the Overland Model 80. It is simply written, with clear, understandable explanations and illustrations. Everyone should have a copy. It posts you on Overland methods, models and policies.

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BELLAS HESS & CO
WASHINGTON, MORTON & BARROW STS.
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

THE GUIDING MISS GOWD

(Concluded from Page 7)

season, when there are no tourists, I live on a lira a day, including my rent."

Henry Gregg stood up.

"My land! Why don't you come to America?" He waved his arms. "America!"

Mary Gowd's brick-red cheeks grew redder.

"America!" she echoed. "When I see American tourists here throwing pennies in the Fountain of Trevi, so that they'll come back to Rome, I want to scream. By the time I save enough money to go to America I'll be an old woman and it will be too late. And if I did contrive to scrape together enough for my passage over I couldn't go to the United States in these clothes. I've seen thousands of American women here. If they look like that when they're just traveling about, what do they wear at home!"

"Clothes?" inquired Henry Gregg, mystified. "What's wrong with your clothes?"

"Everything! I've seen them look at my suit, which hunches in the back and strains across the front, and is shiny at the seams. And my gloves! And my hat! Well, even though I am English I know how frightful my hat is."

"You're a smart woman," said Henry D. Gregg.

"Not smart enough," retorted Mary Gowd, "or I shouldn't be here."

The two stood up as Tweetie came toward them from the lift. Tweetie pouted again at sight of Mary Gowd, but the pout cleared as Blue Cape, his arrangements completed, stood in the doorway, splendid hat in hand.

It was ten o'clock when the three returned from Tivoli and the Colosseum—Mary Gowd silent and shabbier than ever from the dust of the road; Blue Cape smiling; Tweetie frankly pettish. Pa and Ma Gregg were listening to the after-dinner concert in the foyer.

"Was it romantic—the Colosseum, I mean—by moonlight?" asked Ma Gregg, patting Tweetie's cheek and trying not to look uncomfortable as Blue Cape kissed her hand.

"Romantic!" snapped Tweetie. "It was as romantic as Main Street on Circus Day. Hordes of people tramping about like buffaloes. Simply swarming with tourists—German ones. One couldn't find a single ruin to sit on. Romantic!" She glared at the silent Mary Gowd.

There was a strange little glint in Mary Gowd's eyes, and the grim line was there about the mouth again, grimmer than it had been in the morning.

"You will excuse me?" she said. "I am very tired. I will say good night."

"And I," announced Caldini.

Mary Gowd turned swiftly to look at him.

"You!" said Tweetie Gregg.

"I trust that I may have the very great happiness to see you in the morning," went on Caldini in his careful English. "I cannot permit Signora Gowd to return home alone through the streets of Rome." He bowed low and elaborately over the hands of the two women.

"Oh, well; for that matter ——" began Henry Gregg gallantly.

Caldini raised a protesting, white-gloved hand.

"I cannot permit it."

He bowed again and looked hard at Mary Gowd. Mary Gowd returned the look. The brick red had quite faded from her cheeks. Then, with a nod, she turned and walked toward the door. Blue Cape, sword clanking, followed her.

In silence he handed her into the *fiacchero*. In silence he seated himself beside her. Then he leaned very close.

"I will talk in this damned English," he began, "that the pig of a *fiaccherato* may not understand. This—this Gregg, he is very rich, like all Americans. And the little Eleanora! *Bellissima!* You must not stand in my way. It is not good." Mary Gowd sat silent. "You will help me. To-day you were not kind. There will be much money—money for me; also for you."

Fifteen years before—ten years before—she would have died sooner than listen to a plan such as he proposed; but fifteen years of Rome blunts one's English sensibilities. Fifteen years of privation dulls one's moral sense. And money meant America. And little Tweetie Gregg had not lowered her voice or her laugh when she spoke that afternoon of Mary Gowd's absurd English fringe and her red wrists above her too-short gloves.

"How much?" asked Mary Gowd. He named a figure. She laughed.

"More—much more!"

He named another figure; then another.

"You will put it down on paper," said Mary Gowd, "and sign your name—to-morrow."

They drove the remainder of the way in silence. At her door in the Via Babbuino—

"You mean to marry her?" asked Mary Gowd.

Blue Cape shrugged eloquent shoulders.

"I think not," he said quite simply.

It was to be the Appian Way the next morning, with a stop at the Catacombs. Mary Gowd reached the hotel very early, but not so early as Caldini.

"Think the five of us can pile into one carriage?" boomed Henry Gregg cheerily.

"A little crowded, I think," said Mary Gowd, "for such a long drive. May I suggest that we three"—she smiled on Henry Gregg and his wife—"take this larger carriage, while Miss Eleanora and Signor Caldini follow in the single cab?"

A lightning message from Blue Cape's eyes.

"Yes; that would be nice!" cooed Tweetie.

So it was arranged. Mary Gowd rather outdid herself as a guide that morning. She had a hundred little intimate tales at her tongue's end. She seemed fairly to people those old ruins again with the men and women of a thousand years ago. Even Tweetie—little frivolous, indifferent Tweetie—was impressed and interested.

As they were returning to the carriages after inspecting the Baths of Caracalla, Tweetie even skipped ahead and slipped her hand for a moment into Mary Gowd's.

"You're simply wonderful!" she said almost shyly. "You make things sound so real. And—and I'm sorry I was so nasty to you yesterday at Tivoli."

Mary Gowd looked down at the glowing little face. A foolish little face it was, but very, very pretty, and exquisitely young and fresh and sweet. Tweetie dropped her voice to a whisper:

"You should hear him pronounce my name. It is like music when he says it—El-e-a-no-ra; like that. And aren't his kid gloves always beautifully white? Why, the boys back home ——"

Mary Gowd was still staring down at her. She lifted the slim, ringed little hand which lay within her white-cotton paw and stared at that too.

Then with a jerk she dropped the girl's hand and squared her shoulders like a soldier, so that the dowdy blue suit strained more than ever at its seams; and the line that had settled about her mouth the night before faded slowly, as though a muscle too tightly drawn had relaxed.

In the carriages they were seated as before. The horses started up, with the smaller cab but a dozen paces behind. Mary Gowd leaned forward. She began to speak—her voice very low, her accent clearly English, her brevity wonderfully American.

"Listen to me!" she said. "You must leave Rome to-night!"

"Leave Rome to-night!" echoed the Greggs as though rehearsing a duet.

"Be quiet! You must not shout like that. I say you must go away."

Mamma Gregg opened her lips and shut them, wordless for once. Henry Gregg laid one big hand on his wife's shaking knees and eyed Mary Gowd very quietly.

"I don't get you," he said.

Mary Gowd looked straight at him as she said what she had to say:

"There are things in Rome you cannot understand. You could not understand unless you lived here many years. I lived here many months before I learned to step meekly off into the gutter to allow a man to pass on the narrow sidewalk. You must take your pretty daughter and go away. To-night! No—let me finish. I will tell you what happened to me fifteen years ago, and I will tell you what this Caldini has in his mind. You will believe me and forgive me; and promise me that you will go quietly away."

When she finished Mrs. Gregg was white-faced and luckily too frightened to weep. Henry Gregg started up in the carriage, his fists white-knuckled, his lean face turned toward the carriage crawling behind.

"Sit down!" commanded Mary Gowd. She jerked his sleeve. "Sit down!"

Henry Gregg sat down slowly. Then he wet his lips slightly and smiled.

"Oh, bosh!" he said. "This—this is the twentieth century and we're Americans, and it's broad daylight. Why, I'll lick the ——"

"This is Rome," interrupted Mary Gowd quietly, "and you will do nothing of the kind, because he would make you pay for that too, and it would be in all the papers; and your pretty daughter would hang her head in shame forever." She put one hand on Henry Gregg's sleeve. "You do not know! You do not! Promise me you will go." The tears sprang suddenly to her English blue eyes. "Promise me! Promise me!"

"Henry!" cried Mamma Gregg, very gray-faced. "Promise, Henry!"

"I promise," said Henry Gregg, and he turned away.

Mary Gowd sank back in her seat and shut her eyes for a moment.

"*Presto!*" she said to the half-sleeping driver. Then she waved a gay hand at the carriage in the rear. "*Presto!*" she called, smiling. "*Presto!*"

At six o'clock Mary Gowd entered the little room in the Via Babbuino. She went first to the window, closed the massive shutters, the double windows; drew the heavy curtains. The roar of Rome was hushed to a humming. She lighted a candle that stood on the table. Its dim light emphasized the gloom. She took off the battered black velvet hat and sank into the chintz-covered English chair. Tina stood in the doorway. Mary Gowd sat up with a jerk.

"Letters, Tina?"

Tina thought deeply, fumbled at the bosom of her gown and drew out a sealed envelope grudgingly.

Mary Gowd broke the seal, glanced at the letter. Then, under Tina's startled gaze, she held it to the flaming candle and watched it burn.

"What is it that you do?" demanded Tina.

Mary Gowd smiled.

"You have heard of America?"

"America! A thousand—a million time! My brother Luigi ——"

"Naturally! This, then"—Mary Gowd deliberately gathered up the ashes into a neat pile and held them in her hand, a crumpled heap—"this then, Tina, is my trip to America."

Reading by Ear

READING of magazines and newspapers by blind men has now been actually accomplished by the aid of the optophone, which translates sight into sound. Some months ago the inventor of this device, a distinguished British scientist, succeeded in reading billboard type with it; but at that time it was hardly expected that the optophone could be refined sufficiently to be used on small type—not for many years at least.

Even now his apparatus is only a laboratory device; but the fact that he has even experimentally solved the problem he undertook gives hope of a practical working device to enable the blind to read. Recently he exhibited the improved optophone before the Royal Society and demonstrated its efficiency.

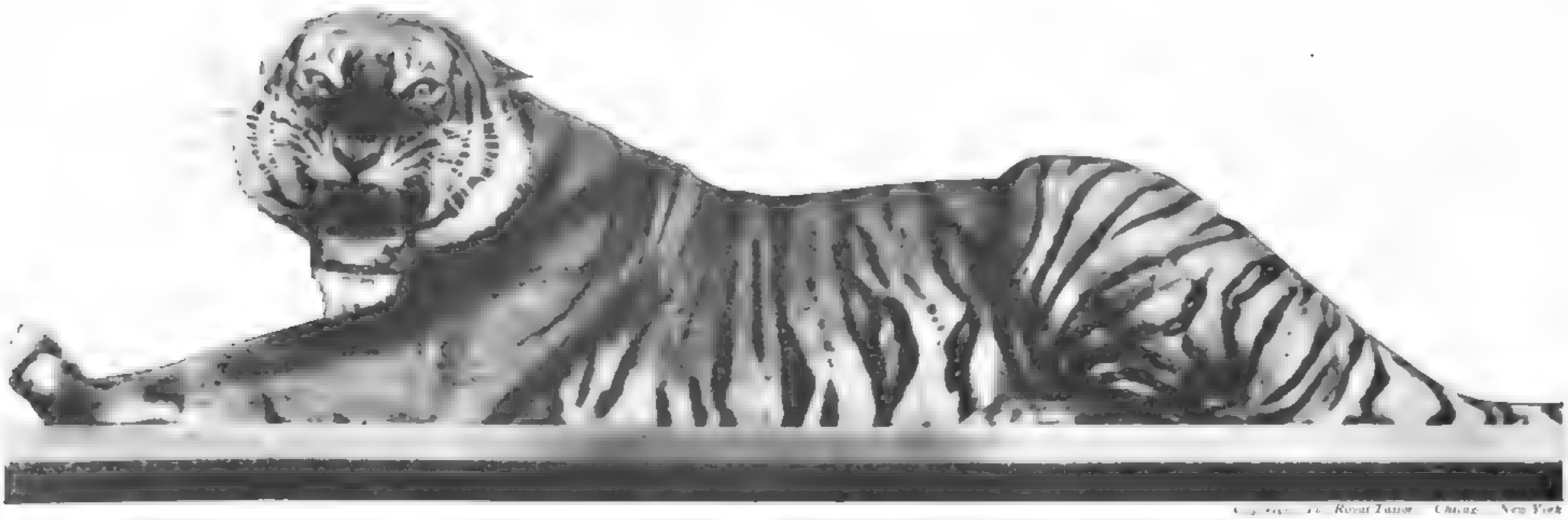
The principle is simple: A tiny light is thrown on the printed line and moved from left to right as the eye follows type in reading. This light is reflected on a delicate detector; and, according to the amount of light reflected, faint electrical impulses are obtained.

Of course black does not reflect light, theoretically, and the black print does not reflect by any means so much light as the white paper.

The electrical impulses are used to produce sound in a telephone receiver. With practice the blind person can tell from the variation of sound just what letter the light is passing over.

In the device recently demonstrated the adjustment was delicate enough to enable the reading of type one-fifth of an inch in height, using an ordinary telephone receiver.

By using a highly sensitive telephone relay, invented by a member of the Royal Society, the optophone was successful in distinguishing newspaper type.



-regarding that new fall suit

SUPPOSE you let our local dealer make a map of your body-lines. He has a measure-taking system that will give us a *carbon copy* of the physique you call "Yours Truly."

When that body-chart reaches our designing rooms in Chicago or New York, a *real* custom tailor journeyman will draft and cut and needle a merchant-tailor product to dove-tail your specifications.

THAT'S what "The Royal Tailored Look" means—a genuinely made-to-measure garment—individually hand- and brain-wrought; built to your mandate in its every component.

You select the fabric—securing your ideal, without compromise—for you choose from half-a-thousand of the choicest foreign and domestic weaves.

You pick out the fashion, naming the type of coat, the length of lapel, the contour of waist, the cut of vest, the shape of trousers you like best. It is *your* suit you order—made to fit the mirrored reflection of you that the dealer sends to us.

NO, it doesn't cost the $50 to $75 that the good local tailor charges—for we tailor for a nation, where he makes for a neighborhood.

And our profits are pro-rated on half-a-million transactions a year.

So, a Royal Tailored Fall and Winter suit or overcoat will cost you, say $16—$17—$20—$25—$30 or $35.

And satisfaction is part of the contract at whatever price you pay. Royal tailoring tolerates nothing less.

The Royal Tailors

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The New Studebaker Automobiles

The NEW SIX
5-Passenger
$1385
In Canada $1750

7-Passenger $1450
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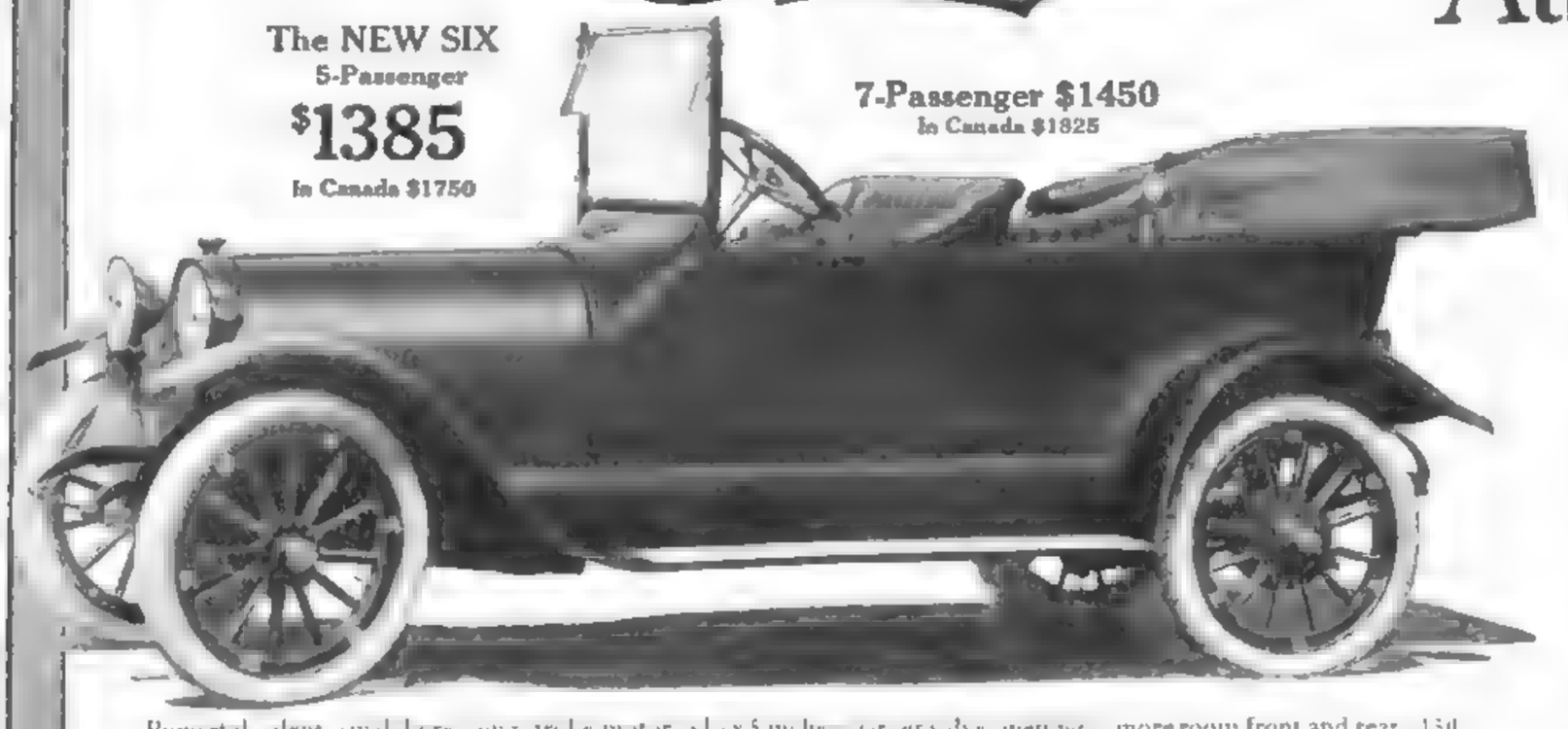
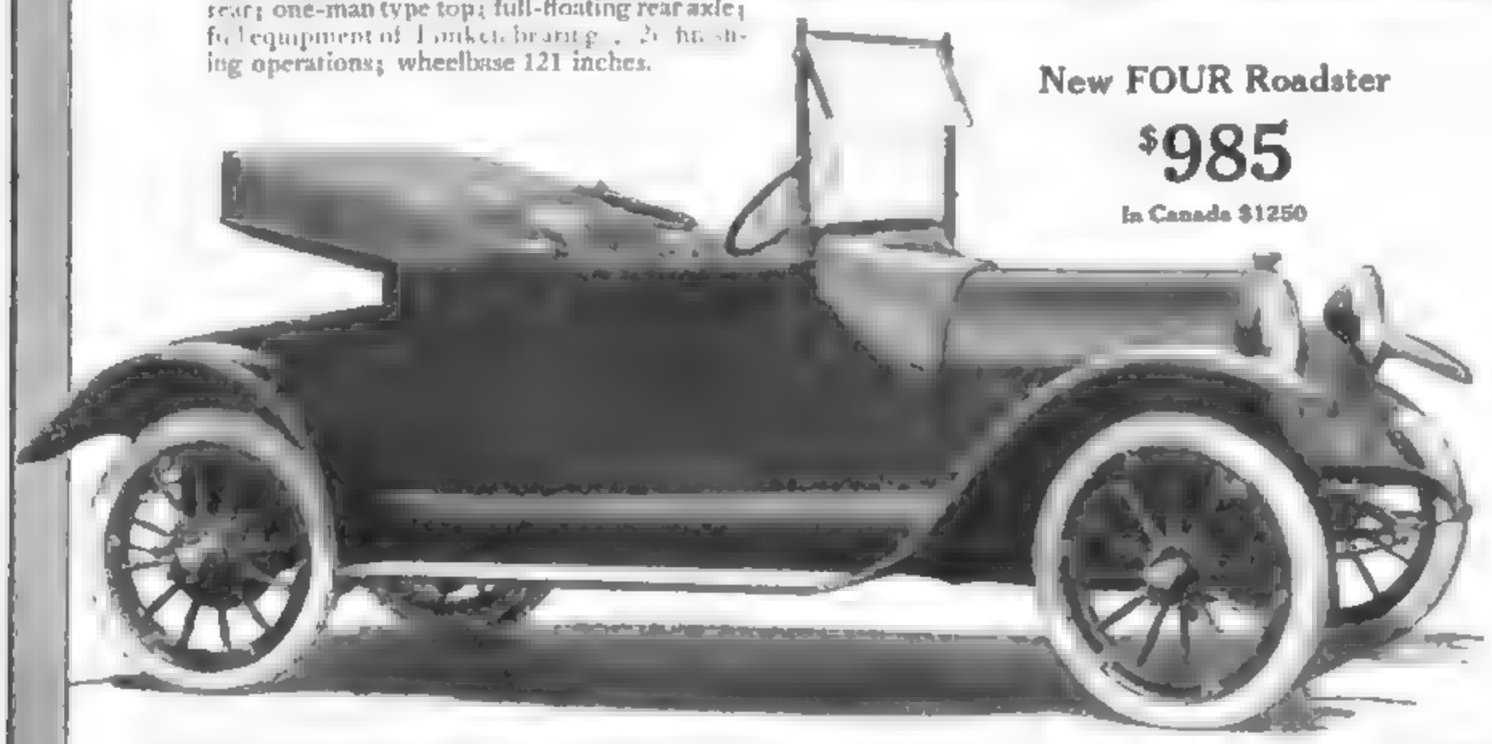


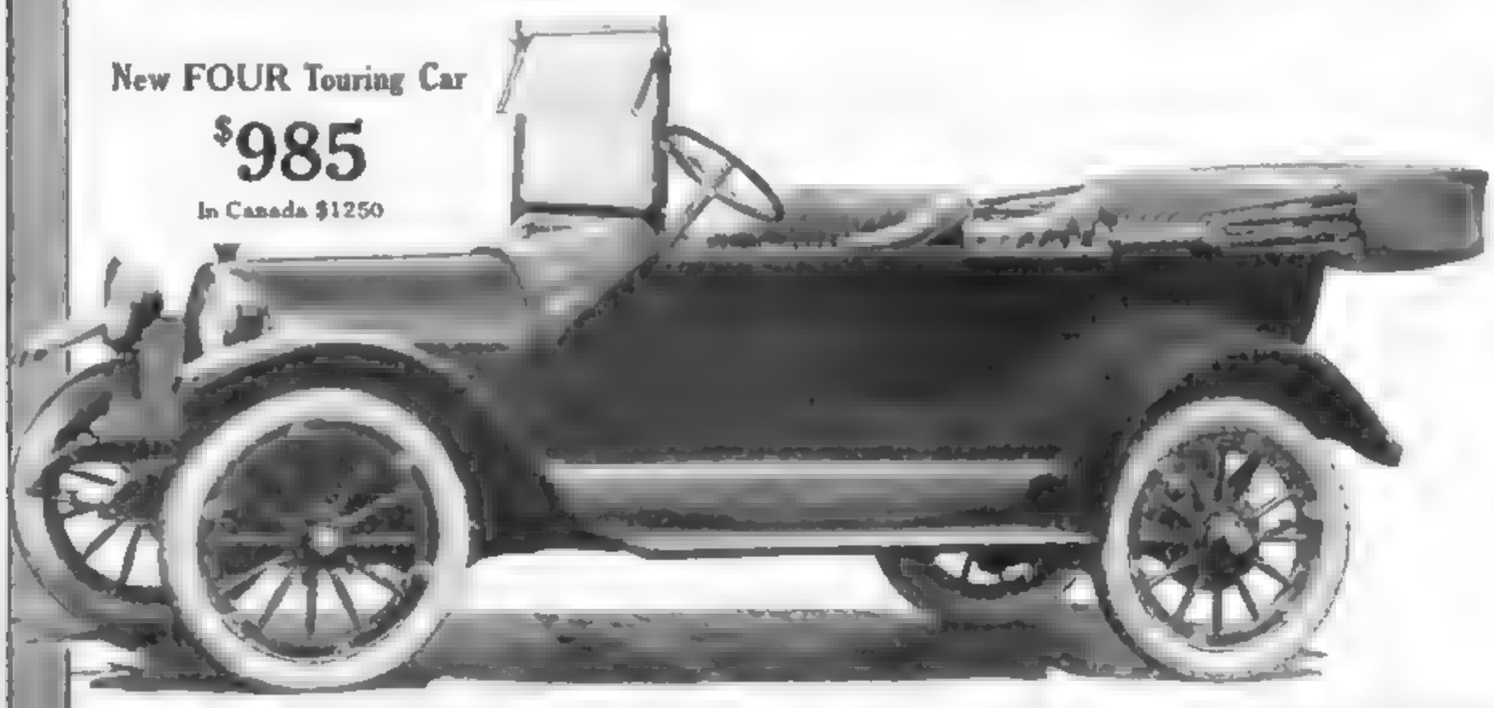
Powerful, silent, small bore, long stroke motor, 3½ x 5 inches, larger valve openings, more room front and rear, 150 pounds lighter, 15 x 2½-inch brakes, 34 x 4 inch Goodrich tires on Q. D. demountable rims, Safety Tread on rear; one-man type top; full-floating rear axle; full equipment of Timken bearings; 20 finishing operations; wheelbase 121 inches.

New FOUR Roadster
$985
In Canada $1250



A three-seated Roadster that actually seats three grown persons in perfect comfort. Driver's seat set slightly forward. Special top. Baggage compartment at rear, etc. Same general specifications as FOUR Touring Car.

New FOUR Touring Car
$985
In Canada $1250



Powerful, silent motor, 3½ x 5 inches, small bore, long stroke; crowned fenders; special dimming headlights; 100 pounds lighter; more room front and rear; 12 x 2¼ inch brakes; 33 x 4 inch Goodrich tires on Q. D. demountable rims, Safety Tread on rear; one-man top type; full floating rear axle; full equipment of Timken bearings; 20 finishing operations.

NOTE the prices of these new Studebaker cars.

But do not let prices alone influence you.

Buy a Studebaker because of the honesty of purpose that is back of it—because of the high aims and ideals for which the name Studebaker has always stood.

Buy it because it is the product of what are probably the most completely equipped automobile plants in the world—plants that manufacture the Studebaker car complete, with the exception of the electrical system, the tires and a few specialties.

Buy it because it represents full $500 better value than the price indicates.

Because Studebaker complete manufacturing methods cut out the middleman's profit and put better value and longer life into the car.

Buy it because of the inherent quality of every part—the integrity of the tested and heat-treated steels—the fineness of fit and alignment of moving parts—the strength and smooth efficiency of the full floating rear axle and transmission—the clean, simple, accessible motor; the smooth vibrationless running; and the notable Studebaker light weight and economy.

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THE LOG OF THE EL DORADO

(Continued from Page 5)

Our position at the time was approximately Latitude 31° 2′ south, Longitude 121° 37′ west. The little boat—she was only twenty-two feet long, with a beam of five and a half feet, and three feet deep—was sitting very low in the water, for she had eleven men aboard her. She had between ten and twelve inches' freeboard, which is hardly enough in a hurricane.

I have said that with the exception of the two mates and myself the members of the crew were all green hands. Until the hurricane had borne down upon us the lack of experience in our crew had worked no particular hardship. "Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed." No skipper leaving Columbia River ports in April for a voyage to the West Coast need expect a crew worth while, for sailors at that time of the year are very scarce. They go north to the Alaska fisheries for the season. However, a man is a man to those that deal in sailors. Fit or unfit, the blood-money is just the same, and if a skipper doesn't like the men the crimp sends him he has the privilege of sending them back—and lying idle in the stream until his owners fire him. I took what I could get and made the best of it. And now, in that twenty-two-foot lifeboat, tossing from crest to crest of those huge seas, I cursed that crimp to the deepest hells, and made the best of it.

Of the seven men before the mast but one could be trusted to steer the El Dorado when we left port, and if you think a crew like this isn't a great handicap handling a lifeboat in a hurricane try it some time and find out for yourself. They were good lads and did their best, but that wasn't much from the viewpoint of a real sailor. The mates and I were at home, for the sea was our mistress. She had called to us for a lifetime, and for some reason or other your seasoned sailor never quits while he has his head above water.

But my green hands were dejected. They were facing death and facing it bravely, but there wasn't a face that didn't shine sickly green and not a grin in the lot. The mates and I tried to cheer them up. I remember feeling a little contemptuous of their lack of response when I announced that we should land at Easter Island, approximately nine hundred miles away; that we would make it in eight or nine days at the latest. But somehow they couldn't get our point of view, and I couldn't get theirs until I happened to remember about that lost chronometer.

The last we saw of the El Dorado her decks were awash to the rail, with mighty little of the rail left, and she was rolling and wallowing frightfully. Her spars were still standing.

Navigation Under Difficulties

Before dark I held a consultation with the mates to ascertain our position. We agreed that we were about twenty-seven hundred miles off the coast of Chile, with Pitcairn's Island about five hundred and sixty miles distant in a northwesterly direction. However, as westerly winds were now prevailing and it was midwinter in the South Pacific and stormy in consequence, we had to abandon as impracticable any attempt to reach Pitcairn's Island.

By consulting our charts we found that Easter Island was our only hope. It lay about seven hundred miles to the northeast-by-east as the crow flies. But as we had no chronometer, my sextant being our sole navigating instrument, I saw that I must take no risks, but must run out the latitude first, in consequence of which the run to Easter Island would be approximately nine hundred miles. I should have bet the devil my immortal soul we shouldn't last nine!

That was a hard night. For some reason not yet clear to me we survived it. There was still a very heavy sea running, and it was black as the interior of a coal mine, and this was our second night without sleep. We were cold and hungry and sleepy, and the salt spray swept over us repeatedly. With the force of the wind behind it that spray stung like the lash of a whip.

But we dared not go to sleep. We had to stay awake—ah, what a job it was!—and handle the boat. That was up to the two mates and myself, for the crew were helpless. Most of them were seasick. During the night it rained very hard. We had to do a lot of bailing.

The fourteenth of June finally arrived. I remember it was my birthday, and for some fool reason I felt within me the stirring of a bulldog desire to have at least one more birthday! I told Mr. Wilson about it and he said there was really no reason why I shouldn't feel that way about it. We talked to Mr. Johansen and fixed it up among ourselves that whenever one should see the other falling asleep he should forthwith kick him until he woke up. This is a privilege I do not usually allow my mates, but under the circumstances I made no protest. Mr. Wilson said God helped those that helped themselves, and this is one of the most practical sayings that I know of; so, since I saw I had a pair of mates of whom any skipper might be proud, we decided to help ourselves and get a rag on her.

We stepped the mast and bent our spread-sail and jib. Those sails had belonged to our smaller boat, but they were excellent for present purposes, for the moment the wind filled them we were off at a great rate, skipping along on a course north-by-east, with the wind from the southeast and squally, with a gradual increase.

The Birthday Dinner

I had had many years of experience sailing small boats and I found that experience invaluable now. Wilson and Johansen were also fairly good boatmen, and I saw that we should manage, although there were many things to be considered, such as gales and lack of sleep. By the way the little boat was flying along I could see that with a fair wind we should make over a hundred miles in twenty-four hours. She was of whaleboat pattern, a good seaboat and fast.

About noon on the fourteenth I judged it was about time to have something to eat. We had to be extremely economical. My birthday dinner consisted of one-eleventh interest in a one-pound can of corned beef, and two cans of soup mixed with water—about enough to make one cupful for each man. This with two soda crackers each was pretty light rations, but you have no idea what life it put into us.

All afternoon we scudded along. The wind was strong from the southwest with occasional squalls, but we weathered them nicely. The crew lay huddled in the bottom of the boat under the blankets. I suppose they slept despite the constant salt spray that drenched them. However, with the frequency of squalls it became necessary to have part of the crew constantly at their posts, so I placed one man to handle the sail and two men to stand by with buckets to bail when necessary. The mates and I took turns at the tiller.

We got through the night safely, steering by instinct, for we had no lantern and there was no moonlight by which to see the compass. On the fifteenth I got my first observation since we took to the lifeboat and discovered we were in Latitude 29° 49′ south. The wind was strong from the southwest, with frequent heavy squalls, thunder and lightning. At three P. M. the wind increased to a gale and we ran dead before it, with a very small part of the mainsail set.

At ten o'clock that night the wind hauled round to the south, blowing a strong gale, and the sea ran very high, breaking over the boat badly. We were in constant danger of being swamped. Time and again the boat was half filled with water. We had a frightful time keeping her head to the seas with our oars, and one oar was broken.

At daylight we were so exhausted from lack of sleep and the desperate labor of handling the boat with oars that it did not seem possible to survive much longer. Something had to be done at once.

Early on the morning of the sixteenth the boat was nearly swamped several times. We couldn't hold her end up to the seas, and she'd go flying down into the deep green valleys between seas, broadside on, threatening to roll over and over and upset us into the sea. I was crazy for a sea anchor, but I didn't have any. However, since necessity is the mother of invention, I made one. We had six heavy woolen blankets, and these we placed one on top of the other, rolled them lengthwise and tied them firmly in the middle with a three-inch line over fifteen fathoms long. This bundle of blankets we passed over the stern, let all the line run out and fastened the end at the stern.

That sea anchor was a marvelous success. It acted instantly. That drag astern kept the boat head to the sea, hauling it *through* the seas and preventing the boat from tossing lightly on their crests. It reduced the chances of swamping to a minimum, provided we could keep her bailed out, and the spray, coming thick and fast, kept us bailing continually. Every little while, of course, we took fifteen or twenty gallons over the gunwales.

Looking back on it now I am convinced that we didn't get that sea anchor out a minute too soon. The gale increased and the seas were vast rolling hills, breaking into foam all round us. The clouds flew by overhead at terrific speed. But with nearly a hundred feet of hawser out on the drag we had a good strain on it at all times. Moreover, we had steerage way of about three miles an hour before the storm, and with one man steering we did nicely. However, I kept two men at the oars, taking in the slack whenever necessary and keeping a steady strain on the line astern. I knew that if our strength would outlast the storm we were comparatively safe.

Along in the afternoon of the sixteenth, however, we began seeing things. Remember, we hadn't had any sleep (the mates and myself) since the night of the eleventh, and we had worked continuously ever since. We couldn't keep our eyes open, but we couldn't sleep—that is, we didn't dare to. We were in a kind of stupor. Riding on the crests of those tremendous seas and looking down into those long green valleys, then rushing down the slopes of the seas like mad, got terribly monotonous. I think the sea hypnotized us. Along about noon Mr. Wilson declared we were in shallow water and if we could just manage to get round the point into the bight we could make a landing nicely. This stirred up Mr. Johansen, who declared he could see green fields and trees.

The Dreams of Delirium

Strange how each man fighting for his life sees the things of his desire. The prospector dying of thirst on the desert sees lakes and clear pools and waterfalls. But we had plenty of water. What we wanted was land, and we all saw it. I saw every port from Puget Sound to Valparaiso. There were long wharves with warehouses on them, and I could see the cluster of masts at these imaginary docks and in the roadstead. It made me homesick.

About two o'clock on the sixteenth the gale moderated and the seas, though still high, ceased breaking. We carefully divided our daily meal, and anybody that wanted a second helping took his belt up a notch. Also, about this time a half-grown shark decided that our sea anchor was good to eat and commenced biting at it and jerking us round very rudely. At least all hands said they saw a shark, but personally I am making no definite assertions. We had been seeing so many things a change of scenery would not have surprised any of us. However, we decided to give ourselves the benefit of the doubt and hauled in the sea anchor.

The men wrung out the blankets as best they could, cowered in the bottom of the boat, covered themselves with the wet blankets and tried to sleep. Doubtless they succeeded. The sails were set again and away we went, steering northeast, as I was not sure of my position. I was not able to make an observation on the sixteenth.

We got through the night somehow. We dozed a little in spite of every effort of our will power, although it seems to me that no sooner would I close my eyes than Mr. Wilson would kick me viciously and drop off to sleep himself, whereupon I'd kick him, and he, awakening, would kick Mr. Johansen, who kicked both of us. It was a long, horrible night of moving pictures and slap-stick tragedy, but finally the sun came up and the seventeenth was clear and warm.

I let Mr. Wilson sleep two hours, while Johansen and I sat glowering and kicking at each other. We dared not trust the crew. As I said before, they were good boys, but they didn't know how to sail a small boat. When Wilson was awakened he said he could stick it out till noon, so Johansen and I declared an armistice and slumbered where we sat. At noon Mr. Wilson awakened me and I took an observation. We were in Latitude 28° 1′ south.

The wind was now westerly, with frequent strong squalls, but our brief nap had refreshed us, so we slept in relays all day

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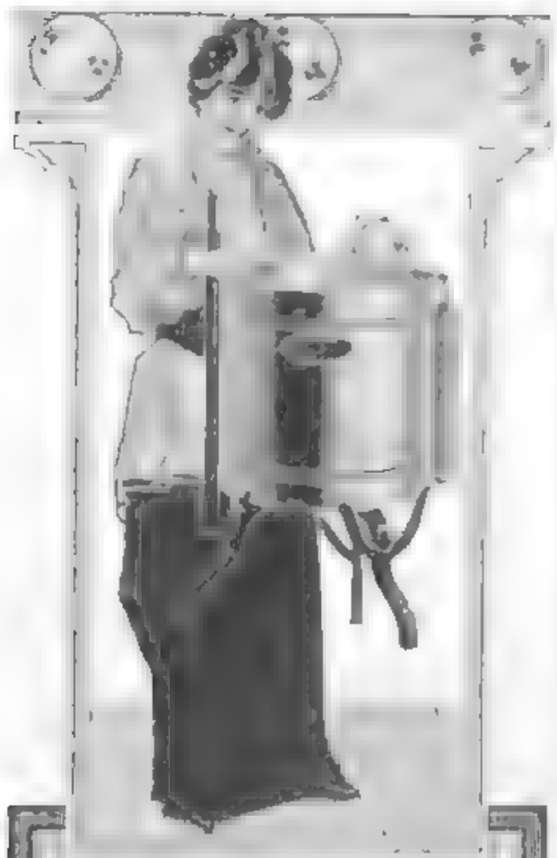

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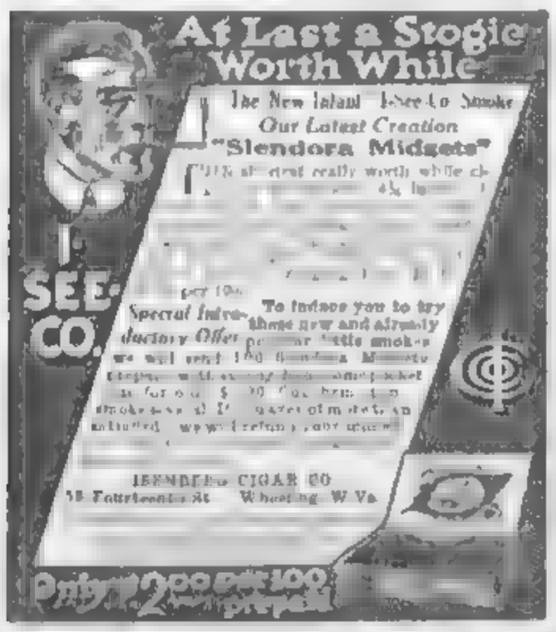
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and night. The boat made bully progress and we had our one scant meal. During the night of the seventeenth the sky was sufficiently clear to enable the moonlight to filter through and we were enabled to steer by the compass after a fashion. We had no matches or lights of any kind.

On Wednesday, the eighteenth, it appeared as if we might have clear weather and so be enabled to hold our course. You have no idea how lonely a sailorman gets for a sight of his compass when he's steering a guesswork course. I got an observation at noon on the eighteenth and found myself in Latitude 26° 53′ south. I was trying to hang as closely as I could to the twenty-seventh parallel of latitude, because the twenty-seventh parallel passes close to Easter Island, so you can see how far we had steered out of our course. The breeze held strong from the west, with occasional heavy rain squalls all of the eighteenth, and sure enough we had a full moon that night, so we held on our course. In reality it was one continuous procession of gales, but a little old nothing like a gale didn't bother us now. We had ridden out a hurricane!

About this time it began to dawn on me that all the torture we had already endured was merely preliminary to the main event. We had been soaked in salt water since the eleventh and now our hands, and especially our feet, began to swell up very badly from the effects of this salt-water pickle. Sitting down became the most excruciating agony. You see we each had to sit immovably in our allotted space on the hard thwarts, for we had eleven men in a twenty-two-foot boat. With every pitch and roll our torsos swayed on our hips forward and back and from left to right, the while our hips remained stationary. That gave an effect of muscle grinding, grinding, grinding over bone until we moaned in our agony and helplessness. We tried kneeling until our knees began to grind, and then the real danger commenced. The poor devils in the crew would take a chance and stand up, and I had to keep shouting at them continually to sit down and keep the boat in trim. I couldn't get mad enough to crack one of them with an oar as a lesson to the others because I wanted so to stand up myself. Well, I guess I sat down and cursed. I'm no cry-baby and I just had to have an outlet.

Running Out Our Latitude

On Thursday, the nineteenth, I failed to get an observation. The wind hauled round into the southwest and then south, and I knew we were in for another southerly gale. We were making about eight miles an hour with a sail about as big as a large napkin. About five o'clock I dared not run before it any longer, so I got out our sea anchor and hove to.

That was the night! We had a real gale, with mountainous seas, and we were at the oars all night, taking up the slack on the line, bailing and blinking salt spray out of our bloodshot, salt-rimmed, rheumy eyes. Our skins were cracked open, particularly where we chafed and chafed against our dungarees and ground and ground until we were raw and bleeding, and then the salt water—whew! It was the most memorable night of my life as a sailor. But we got through, pretty much the worse for wear, though alive and a good fight left in us yet. We should have liked mighty well to use some of our sweet water to wash our galled and bleeding bodies, but luxuries were not for us.

Early on Friday, the twentieth, the gale moderated considerably, so we set part of the sail and were off again, with the spray whirling over us continually. It whipped into our faces and kept us sputtering, gasping and blinking hour after hour, but we had to make progress at any cost, so we scudded along and took out our grouch in cuss words, although all the spray in our eyes couldn't stop us from seeing things occasionally—particularly when the hunger pains got us.

At noon on the twentieth I had a chance to make an observation, as it was vitally necessary to find our position in latitude. It was a terribly heartbreaking job, owing to the pitching and rolling of the boat, but finally I shot the sun and discovered that we were in Latitude 27° 8′ south. That was the best position we had been in thus far, as Easter Island is in Latitude 27° 10′ south.

Now my real worries began. It had become very necessary to be extremely careful in steering the little boat, as we had succeeded in running out our latitude and our course was now due east. Having come nine hundred miles through worse than death we were appalled by the horrible fear that we might run by Easter Island in the dark, and if another gale came up we could never get back. We were very weak and emaciated and we knew if we missed the island it was us for Davy Jones' locker. It isn't hard to die, I imagine, but it's terrible to lose the kind of fight we had waged.

It had been a south wind all night, but in the afternoon it hauled round into the southeast, with more squalls. So we jammed on every stitch of canvas and cracked right along. We kept a keen lookout, for land might appear at any moment, and held right on our course.

We rode out the night safely, and on Saturday, June twenty-first, my observation at noon showed us in 27° 3′ south. This indicated a drift to the north of five miles in twenty-four hours, and accordingly I set the course slightly more to the south, hoping to overcome this. We were in a mighty bad way and very weak from lack of food. We had had so little at starting I was forced to dole out just sufficient food to sustain life in our wretched bodies, because if we missed the island and couldn't beat back I was going to run for the mainland, and that was still twenty-one hundred miles away. I was going to make that grub last, you bet.

Land on the Port Bow!

Sunday morning, June twenty-second, dawned with promise of a fine day. We had a nice light breeze from the west. Our soup had long since gone the way of all good soup and we were living on salt-water-soaked soda crackers mixed with water and condensed milk into a sort of mess, of which I gave a cupful to each man at noon daily.

At about ten o'clock Sunday morning, with most of the crew asleep, grateful for the first real warmth from the sun since we had abandoned the El Dorado, Mr. Johansen relieved me at the tiller. I had been steering all morning and wanted a little sleep very badly. However, the wind was very light and I crawled forward to try to rig a canvas cover as a sail. One of the men was standing in the bow, acting as lookout, and I must say he certainly was a busy little lookout. He never shirked his job for more than a minute at a time, and then only to get the salt water out of his eyes and rub them well so he could look again.

Presently this lad turned round and announced that he believed he saw something. I wasn't surprised. I'd just seen the tug Ranger snaking in a five-legged schooner over Gray's Harbor Bar myself, but I looked again. I couldn't see anything, but the lookout insisted he saw something that looked like land. So I awakened the crew and one after the other declared he saw land, and finally I saw it myself. It was two points on the port bow and just dipping into the horizon. I realized, of course, that it was Easter Island, and about thirty miles distant, as the highest point on the island is 1767 feet.

We felt pretty good, so I celebrated by issuing a double allowance of grub then and there. We bent the canvas cover on the little boat and she gathered speed steadily as the wind increased, and all the time that blessed land kept looming higher and higher. I think that was the pleasantest Sunday morning of my life, and if we had been at all a religious lot the day would certainly have suggested prayer. I am not even aware that we took the trouble to thank the Almighty for His care of us, but let no man imagine that we did not feel grateful, for we did.

At three in the afternoon the island seemed not so very far away, so we got out the oars to help the boat along, for I wanted to land before dark. At five o'clock, with the point of the island toward which we were heading six or seven miles away, it commenced to get dark and the wind increased. I saw we were in for another gale and that it would not be possible to land that night, so I just ran for shelter.

It was about eight o'clock that night when we hove to on the south side of the island under the lee of precipitous cliffs seemingly about a thousand feet high. We lay on the oars all night long, holding the boat just outside the line of breakers, while the gale howled over the cliffs against which the huge breakers hurled themselves in mighty thunderous salvos. When the moon came up we could see the big black clouds racing overhead, but we were safe under the lee of the island and could laugh at the gale. It was a rip-snorter too.

It seemed bound to get us. It blew from the west all night, but with sun-up the wind hauled into the south and chased us out. We ran before it. From Southwest Cape, where we spent the night, to East Cape is fifteen miles and we had a good look at the island as we skipped along to our new shelter. It was fifteen miles of huge cliffs, with the sea thundering at the base and hurtling the spray sky high. We couldn't see a landing place anywhere, nor any sign of human habitation or a living thing, and we had a hard task to keep the little boat before the wind. As we approached East Cape the cliffs grew higher and more precipitous. They were of lava formation.

Eventually we dodged under the lee of East Cape, where we were safe from the gale once more. However, Easter Island is triangular in shape and though we were safe from the gale we had practically no shelter from the swell and sea. I attempted to go farther north, but the wind and sea drove us back, and in our deplorable physical condition we were glad to go back and under the lee of East Cape, lay to our oars again and wait for the gale to subside.

At dawn on the morning of the twenty-fourth—Tuesday—the wind abating, we pulled with what little strength we had along the coast, looking for a beach. The land is not so high in this direction, but we could see no landing until about eight A. M. we saw a little cove or inlet. We poked in gingerly and saw a beach about a hundred yards deep, sloping steeply up to the foot of the high bluff, but the beach was covered with big bowlders and figuring a landing there entirely out of the question we started to pull farther up the coast. But the wind and sea were against us, and at last I realized that we had reached the limit of our endurance. We were too weak to fight any longer, so I turned back to this little cove and in desperation ran for the beach. We went flying in on the crest of a huge breaker that swept us far up the beach, and fortunately deposited us rather gently among the spume-swept bowlders. We went overboard and eased her up the beach by hand on the dead water of the next breaker, hauled her up so she wouldn't get mauled and —— No, we did not sit down to rest. After the first desperate effort to save the boat and our few miserable belongings we found we were unable to walk. Our feet were swollen to size eighteen, so we stretched out on our bellies in the wet sand and had a nice rest. When we moved we crawled on our hands and knees, groaning and protesting, and looking for all the world like gigantic sick crabs. But we were ashore at last after eleven days in that open boat, and oh, I can't tell you how good it felt. When we tried to stand erect we floundered round like sea birds on a ship's deck, for the motion of the sea was still in our brains.

Signs of Human Habitation

After sprawling round for a few hours and eating a double ration of our milk-soda-cracker slop, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Johansen, although their feet were in bad condition, decided to look for help. We had to find some sort of human habitation, for some of us, myself included, could not walk at all. The two mates managed to climb the bluff, and some hours after they had gone I picked out four of the strongest of the crew and had them drag the boat higher up the beach and prepare a shelter for us in a small cave in the base of the bluff. Here we were sheltered from the rain and wind, and as it was not cold we did not suffer particularly except from hunger and pain. We used up the last of our water and grub, and then six of the men endeavored to scale the bluff. I was afraid to trust to the two mates' finding help in time, and help we had to have.

Four of the crew managed to reach the top of the bluff, but the other two were forced to roll and slide back to the beach. We spent the night in our cave safe from rain and gale, although the poor devils on top of the island put in a fearful night, stumbling along through the storm, falling over lava rocks, crawling on all fours. There were no trails, but plenty of lava rocks. However, the sight of many domestic cattle and sheep, indicating a habitation somewhere on the island, cheered them on, and finally, twenty-four hours after leaving the beach, Wilson and Johansen came to the only settlement on the island. They had made nearly fourteen miles through the underbrush and lava beds and they were in a frightful condition upon arrival.

About nine o'clock the following morning, as we were huddled in our cave, we heard

a great racket on top of the bluff, so we crawled out for a look-see. We saw a party of ten Kanakas coming down the cliffs very rapidly and their horses on top of the bluff. The Kanakas addressed us in Spanish, and as I speak a little Spanish, having run for many years to Chilean and Mexican ports, I managed to tell them we should have to have assistance up the cliff. With a Kanaka on each side of us we were finally hauled, pushed and carried up that bluff and lifted on to saddle horses.

There is a universal belief that a sailor loves to ride horseback. Not this sailor—then. I thought I was seated on that hard thwart in the boat again! We made a journey of thirteen miles to the westward to the residence of Mr. P. Edmonds, an English gentleman and the only white man on the island. He dwells at Hangapiko. On our way to Mr. Edmonds' establishment we passed through the native village of Hanga Roa, or Cook's Bay, where the news that shipwrecked sailors had arrived at the island created great excitement. We were given a deal of handshaking and many enthusiastic congratulations in Spanish, with here and there a word of English.

It was dark by the time we reached Mr. Edmonds' residence. Like all Englishmen he has a name for his house. It is called Mataveri. He received us very kindly, indeed, and had a good meal spread for us. It was the first "square" in thirteen days, and we licked the platter clean.

According to Mr. Edmonds we were the first shipwrecked crew coming in a ship's boat to land on Easter Island. What with such medical attention as he was able to afford us, coupled with good food and plenty of it, we were soon on the highroad to recovery, for though we had had very little food during the eleven days in the open boat, what we had had was very nourishing. Had it not been for those thirty-eight cans of soup I found in the locker on the El Dorado we could never have survived. Me for soup hereafter.

Speaking of soup—I met a hustling American in Manga Riva who pleaded with me with tears in his eyes to tell him the brand of that soup and make an affidavit that it was that certain brand. I wondered what he was up to at the time, but I have since been assured that he doubtless planned to write a brief little story of my cruise, use the affidavit, and sell it to the manufacturer of the soup for an advertisement. I had a detailed story of the cruise written up in the El Dorado's log book by that time, and how that fellow did plead for a copy of the log, or even a look at it. But for some reason I was suspicious of the lubber. He was too insistent and I wouldn't tell him anything. A writing man to whom I showed my log said I should have been foolish to part with my soup rights.

The King of Easter Island

While I am on the subject of rights I may say that I ran into another man in Tahiti who wanted to swindle me out of my watch rights. Oh, yes, I have some watch rights. Remember, when I left El Dorado I had no chronometer and was rather badly off as a navigator. All I had was the knowledge that Easter Island lay in Latitude 27° 3′, and I ran down the latitude until I found the island, which was easy because I was lucky. But after three months on Easter Island, with no signs of ever leaving it, I discovered that I was a hopeless old sailor. I got nervous and I simply had to go to sea again! I sailed from Easter Island in my ship's boat sixteen hundred miles to Manga Riva, in the Gambier Group, and nine hundred miles farther from Manga Riva to Tahiti, but I had a chronometer then and I slept nights. I did as nice a bit of navigation as ever I did in my life, with an American watch of a make that you can buy in any jewelry store for about fifteen dollars! The writer man says I had better retain my watch rights also; for I can make affidavit that a certain American-made watch was used by me as a chronometer for twenty-five hundred miles and I lifted port both times as accurately as if I had had the finest timepiece in the world.

I had an interesting visit of one hundred and three days on Easter Island. The island has been leased by the Chilean Government to one Julio Marlet as a stock ranch.

The Englishman, Edmonds, was the representative of Julio Marlet. In reality he was the king of Easter Island. He owns everybody and everything, and seems sane and contented. He was very kind to us and I appreciate it; but I wondered how a white man could live on Easter Island, year in and year out, with never any news of the world he was born in. Only an Englishman could do it.

It was fully three weeks after our landing before we were in good condition again. I was pretty fit by that time. I had lost about twenty pounds on the trip.

Well, as soon as we were fit again our crew moved down from the Mission House and although the men could not speak Spanish (which the natives speak fluently) and the natives couldn't speak English or Norse, that was no bar to the courtship. Every sailor had a sweetheart. As a sea captain I might have married the rascals, but Edmonds told me there was no marriage or giving in marriage on the island.

After two months I began to get tired of Easter Island. No vessel had called, and while we had sighted a few steamers they had been too far off to communicate with. There was a possibility that we might remain there a year before a vessel would call for the accumulated wool and hides, and the more I thought of this indefinite delay the less it appealed to me. It was getting on toward the first of September and with the winter practically over I felt that I could make the run to Tahiti—2500 miles—in my ship's boat. I spoke to Edmonds about it and at first he thought I was crazy; but finally he saw I was serious, and like a good fellow he promised to do everything possible to aid me. So I started to prepare for the voyage. I had made up my mind that if no vessel touched at the island by the first of October I would set sail in the ship's boat.

Getting Fire Without Matches

The Mission House in Easter Island lies exactly in Latitude 27° 10′ south, Longitude 109° 26′ west. With this information it is easy for any navigator to figure out to a second the exact Greenwich time at Easter Island. I did this and borrowed a watch from Mr. Edmonds. At exactly noon I set this watch and my own and every day at noon when I took my observation I rated both watches. I did this for thirty days, and discovered that they were both excellent timepieces, one in particular being absolutely accurate. The other varied, but I rated it carefully and could make a corresponding allowance for its variations. It lost about half a second daily.

I then had my boat brought round to the landing at Cook's Bay, overhauled and inspected it carefully and made all preparations for an immediate start. I had several problems besetting me, the principal one of which was fire. There were no matches on the island, so I had to learn the native trick of making fire by rubbing two sticks together. Eventually I got the knack of it, however, as did Drinkwater and Simoneur, the two men I had persuaded to accompany me. Not being sailors they agreed to take a chance. Wilson and Johansen, being sailors, flatly refused to be party to such a crazy expedition. Ignorance is always bliss.

Down on the beach I found a little empty ten-gallon steel oil drum. I cut it in two, retaining the bottom half. Then I cut a little square hole in the side of this section, and bent four pieces of scrap iron to form a sort of cage that hung half way down from the top of the drum which it gripped round the edge. Into this little cage I could lower a pot and make a fire under it by poking small fuel through the hole I had cut in the side of the drum. When it was finished I had a fine little galley range for my boat.

Next I filled my water kegs and put on an extra supply of water, stored a lot of wood for fuel under the little half deck forward where it would be dry and made good watertight receptacles for my supplies. Edmonds had a steer killed and we jerked the meat, loaded up with sweet potatoes, taro, eggs and a big side of bacon and some potatoes. The natives crowded round us during our preparations and wept that we should be so obstinate, for assuredly we should die on the way. However, I had no such fear. With summer coming on I was assured of fair weather and good winds, while with but three men in the boat, when we had ridden out a hurricane with eleven, we should have plenty of freeboard.

On the morning of the sixth of October as I was winding up my perfect watch the mainspring broke! It was a great disappointment to me, but as I had the other left, and had rated it carefully, it was not such a disaster after all. I had planned to leave that day, but it was blowing so strong I decided to lay over. The following day at noon we bade good-by to our good friend Edmonds and our fellows who were staying behind, and shoved off. Off Cook's Harbor we hoisted our sails, and with a spanking little southeast breeze at our tail we were off. The entire population waved us good-by until we were out of sight. Just before dusk Easter Island dipped below the horizon, and we were committed to the enterprise.

I laid my course directly for Manga Riva in the Gambier group. It was 1600 miles distant. At eight o'clock we had breakfast. Tried to dodge the firestick by using a sun glass to start a flame, but while the sun was strong the boat jumped so we couldn't concentrate, and the demon firestick claimed us in the end. Simoneur finally managed to get a flame and we had bacon and eggs.

Up to October twelfth we made splendid progress. On the thirteenth it clouded up, the wind freshened and it rained, and about ten o'clock that night we had a terrific thunder storm with lightning. We were in for another of those infernal gales, and shipped a good deal of water in the heavy seas until it began to rain furiously, and that kept the big cross-seas down. I took in the spreadsail and ran before it with just the jib spread as a sort of squaresail all night. I was getting my old sea anchor out next morning, preparing to heave to, when the wind moderated and the gale was over by ten A. M. We had fine weather until the eighteenth, when we ran into another gale that lasted forty hours with continued heavy rain and nearly wore us out. I had the sea anchor out most of the time, with the jib set as a squaresail. During the night God was good. A big ball of St. Elmo's fire appeared for company at the tip of our little mast, and made fair light for steering!

From the eighteenth to the twenty-third we had good weather and made splendid progress, reaching Manga Riva on the latter date. We were a hard-looking trio—sunbaked and half naked. No Weary Willie ever looked half so bad as I. We had made the run in sixteen days, an average of one hundred miles a day. As we approached Rikito, the village and principal port of Manga Riva, a swarm of surprised natives came out in canoes and jabbered questions which we could not answer.

The French authorities there and a Captain Hoffman, an old trader, took us in hand and made much of us. We were fed and clothed and cleaned up and stayed there two days—just long enough to stretch our legs and take on water and provisions. The people couldn't do enough for us. On the twenty-fifth of October, however, we bade these kind people good-by and shaped our course for Tahiti. I had no worries, for my chronometer watch had proved correct and apparently the rate I had given it at Easter Island—a loss of half a second daily—was still correct.

We knocked round in a calm for half a day and then lit out. Knowing I should experience light winds I had taken the precaution to make another spreadsail at Manga Riva, and it proved to be a great help. We made the nine-hundred-mile run to Tahiti without incident in eleven days.

Back to the Movies

On the fifth day of November we pulled into the beautiful harbor of Tahiti, beached our little boat and went up to pay our respects to the American consul. He placed us in a hotel as the guest of my adopted Uncle Sam. Three weeks later we embarked on the steamer Moana for San Francisco, arriving on Friday morning, December 5, 1913. I brought my little boat along too. It belonged to my owners, Messrs. Sanders & Kirchman, and when I turned over to them the only piece of salvage from the El Dorado they told me to keep it for a souvenir. The El Dorado had been listed as missing and they had collected the insurance and had another ship waiting for me. I suppose some day I'll go back, but at present I'm taking a little vacation, and seeing the moving pictures.

That's about all of my yarn, except that a British steamer touched in at Easter Island a few months after I left and took off the remainder of the crew. They were landed in Sydney, Australia. In Sydney at the time of their arrival there was a lime-juicer bound for Puget Sound, and I note by a clipping from a Port Townsend newspaper, sent me by a friend up there, that there was a sad scene on Easter Island when the crew finally left.

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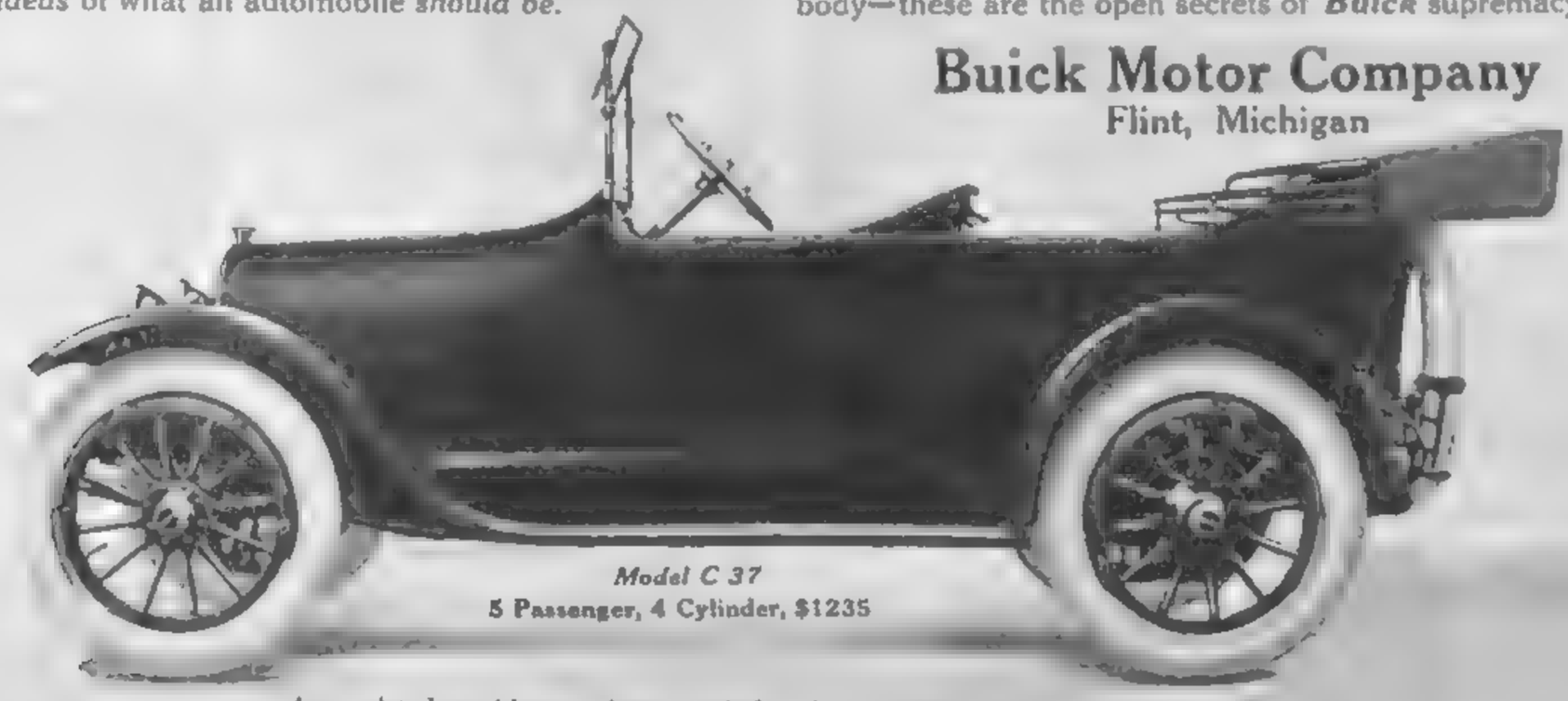
Buick Motor Company
Flint, Michigan



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The handsomest roadster on the market. Very fast, extra wide seat. 4 Cylinder. Completely equipped, including speedometer.
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A large [illegible] Passenger [illegible] of Touring car with [illegible] equipped including speedometer.
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Three Methods —One Result

THE GOOD PROVIDER

Continued from Page 16

creditors, they're on me! My last extension expires and they're on me. I been fightin' and fightin'. Twenty cents on the dollar I can't meet, Becky—I can't, Becky; I can't! I been fightin' and fightin', but I can't, Becky—I—can't! I'm gone!"

"Pa!"

"Julius! Julius! You—you don't mean it, Julius! You—don't mean it! You're fooling us! Julius!"

Small, cold tears welled to the corners of his eyes.

"I'm gone, Becky! And now he—he wants the shirt off my back! He can have it, God knows; but—but—ach, Becky—I—I wish I could have saved you! But that a man twice so strong as his father—ach, Gott! What—what's the use? I'm gone, Becky—gone!"

Mr. Isadore Binswanger swung to his feet and regarded his parent with the dazed eyes of a sleepwalker wakening on a perilous ledge.

"Aw, pa, why didn't you tell a fellow? I—we—aw, pa, I—I can knuckle down if I got to. Gee-whiz! How was a fellow to know? You—you been cuttin' up about everything since—since we was kids. Aw, pa, please—gimme a chance, pa! I can knuckle down, pa! Pa!"

He approached the racked form of his father as though he would throw himself a stepping-stone at his feet; and then, because his voice stuck in his throat and he ached until the tears sprang to his eyes, he turned suddenly and went out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

"I—I'm gone, Becky! What you want for Poil I can't do. I'm gone under! We got to start over again. It was the interurban done it, Becky. I needed new capital to meet the new competition. I—I could have stood up under it then, Becky; but—but ——"

"Ach, my husband—for myself I don't care. Ach, my husband!"

"I—I'm gone, Becky—gone!"

He rose to his feet and ambled feebly to his bedroom, his fingers feeling of the furniture for support and his breath coming in the long wheezes of dry tears. And in the cradle of her mother's arms Miss Binswanger wept the hot tears of black despair.

"Oh, my baby! Ach, my husband! A good man like him! A good man like him!"

"Don't cry, mamma; don't—cry!"

"Nothing he ever refused me—and now, when we should be able to do for our children, and ——"

"Don't cry, mamma; don't cry!"

"If—if he had the money—for a boy like Max—he'd give it, Poil. Such a good husband! Such—ach, I go me in to papa now—poor papa! I've been bad, Poil; we must make it up to him. We ——"

"Sh-h-h!"

"We got to start over again, Poil—to the bone I'll work my fingers. I

"Sh-h, mamma—sh-h-h! Somebody's knocking."

"It's—it's Izzy, baby. See how sorry he gets right away. He ain't a bad boy, Poil—only always I've spoilt him. Come in, my boy—come in and go in to your papa."

The door swung open and fanned backward the stale air in the sharp gust—and the women sprang apart mechanically as automatons, the sagging, open-mouthed vacuity of surprise on Mrs. Binswanger's face, the tears still wet on her daughter's cheeks like dew.

"Mr. Teitlebaum!"

"Max!"

Mr. Teitlebaum hesitated at the threshold, the flavor of his amorous spirit tasty on his lips and curving them into a smile.

"That's my name! Hello, Pearlie-girlie! How-d'ye-do, Mrs. Binswanger? What—what ——"

He regarded them with dark, quiet eyes, the quick red of embarrassment running high in his face.

"Ah, excuse me! I might have known—I'm too early. Like my mother says, I was in such a hurry to—to get back here again I—I nearly got out and pushed the Subway. I—you must excuse me. I ——"

"No, no; sit down, Mr. Teitlebaum. Pearlie ain't feelin' so well this evening; she's all right now, though. Such a cold she's got—ain't you, Poil?"

"Yes—yes. Such a cold I got. Sit—sit down, Max."

He regarded her, with the rims of his eyes stretched wide in anxiety.

"Down at supper so well you looked, Pearlie. I says to my mother like a flower you looked."

A fog of tears rose sheer before her.

"Her papa, Mr. Teitlebaum, he ain't so well, neither. Just now he went to bed and he—he said to you I should give his excuses."

"So! Ain't that too bad now!"

"Sit down, Max—there, next to mamma."

He leaned across the table toward the little huddle of her figure, his emotion written frankly across his features.

"Pearlie ——"

"She'll be all right in a minute, Mr. Teitlebaum—like her papa she is, always so afraid of a little sickness."

"Pearlie, ain't you going to look at me?"

She sprang from his light hand on her shoulder and the tears formed in little globules, trembled, fell; and a sudden rod of resolution straightened her back.

"We—I been lying to you, Max. I ain't sick!"

"Poil!"

"I—I think I know, little Pearlie!"

"Poil!"

"No, no; it's best we tell the truth, mamma."

"Ya, ya! Oh, my ——"

"We—we're in big trouble, Max. Business trouble. The store, ever—ever since the traction—it ain't been the same."

"I know, little Pearlie. I ——"

"Wait a minute Max. We—we ain't what you maybe think we are. To-morrow two weeks we got to meet creditors and extension notes. We can't pay even twenty cents on the dollar. We're gone under."

"I ——"

"We ain't got it to meet them with. Papa—if a man like papa couldn't make it go nobody could ——"

"Such a man, Mr. Teitlebaum; so honest; so ——"

"Sh-h, mamma!"

"It's our—my fault, Max. He was afraid even last year; but I—even then I was the one that wanted the expense of the city. Mamma didn't want it—he didn't. It was me. I—I ——"

"My fault, too, Poil. Ach, Gott, my fault! How I drove him! How I drove him!"

"We—we got to go back home, Max. We're going back and help him to begin all over again. We—we been driving him like a pack of wolves. He never could refuse nobody nothing. If he thought mamma wanted the moon he was ready to go for it. Even when we was kids, he ——"

"Ach, my husband! Such a grand provider! Such a husband!"

"Always we got our way out of him; but to-night—to-night, Max, right here in this chair all little he looked, all of a sudden. So little! His back all crooked and all tired; and—and I done it, Max. I ain't what you think I am. Oh! I done it!"

"Ach, my ——"

"Don't cry, mamma. Sh-h! Ain't you ashamed, with Mr. Teitlebaum standing right here! You must excuse her, Max, so terrible upset she is. Sh-h, mamma!"

"Pearlie!" Max came closer to the circle of light and his large features came out boldly. "Pearlie, don't you cry, neither, little girl ——"

"I—I ain't."

"All what you tell me I know already."

"Max!"

"Mr. Teitlebaum!"

"You must excuse me, Mrs. Binswanger; but in nearly the same line of business news like that travels faster than you think. Only to-day I heard for sure how shaky things stand. You got my sympathies, Mrs. Binswanger; but—but such a failure don't need to happen."

Mrs. Binswanger clutched two hands round a throat too dry to swallow.

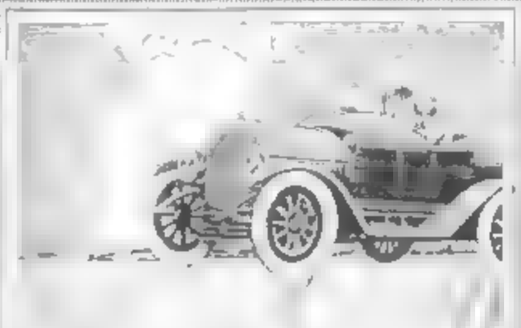
"He can't stand it. He isn't strong enough. It will kill him!"

"Sh-h, mamma! Do you want papa should hear you in the next room? Sh-h-h! Please! You must excuse her, Max."

"Pearlie," he placed his hand lightly on her shoulder—"Pearlie! Mrs. Binswanger, you must excuse me, too, but I got to say it while—while I got the courage. Can't you guess it, little Pearlie? I'm in love with you! I'm in love with you, Pearlie, since the first month you came to this hotel to live!"

"Max!"

"Ach, Gott!"



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"I only got this to say to you: I love you, little Pearlie! To-day when I heard the news I was sorry, Pearlie, and—and glad too. It made things look easier for me. Right away I invited Izzy to lunch so, like a schoolboy, I could hint. I—two years I been wanting to get out of the store, Pearlie, where there ain't a chance for me to build up nothing. Like I told Izzy to-day, I want to find a run-down business that needs building up, where I can accomplish things."

"Max!"

"I wanted him to know what I meant; but, like—like a schoolboy, so mixed up I got! Eight thousand dollars I got waiting for an opening. This failure—this failure don't need to happen, Pearlie. With new capital and new blood we don't need to be afraid of tractions and competitions. With me and Izzy, and my eight thousand dollars put in out there, we—we—— But this ain't no time to talk business. I—you must excuse me, Mrs. Binswanger, but—but——"

"Poil, my baby! Max!"

"I love you, Pearlie-girlie! Ever since we been in the same hotel together, when I seen you every day fresh like a flower and so fine, I—I been heels over head in love with you, Pearlie. You should know how my father and my married brothers tease me! I—I love you, Pearlie!"

She relaxed to his approaching arms and let her head fall back to his shoulder, so that her face, upturned to his, was like a dark flower; and he kissed her where the tears lay wet on her petal-smooth cheeks and on her lips that trembled.

"Max!"

"My little girlie!"

Mrs. Binswanger groped through tear-blinded eyes

"This this ain't no place for a old woman, children. This—this—— Ach! What I'm sayin' I don't know! Like in a dream I feel."

"Me, too, mamma; me too! Like a dream! Ah, Max!"

"I tiptoe in and surprise papa, children. I surprise papa. Ach, my children—my children! Like in a dream I feel."

She smiled at them, with the tears streaming from her face like rain down a window-pane; then opened the door to the room adjoining gently, and closed it more gently behind her. Her face was bathed in a peace that swam deep in her eyes, like reflected moonlight trailing down on a lagoon; her lips trembled in the hysteria of too many emotions. She held the silence for a moment and remained with her wide back to the door peering across the dim-lit room at the curve-backed outline of her husband's figure, hunched in a sitting posture on the side of the bed.

Beside him, on the white coverlet, a green tin box, with a convex top like a miniature trunk, lay on one end, its contents—bits of old-fashioned jewelry and a folded blue document with a splashy red seal—scattered about the bed.

She could hear him wheeze out the moany, long-drawn breaths that characterized his sleepless nights, his face the color of old ivory, wry, and etched in the agony of carrying his trembling palm closer, closer to his mouth.

Suddenly Mrs. Binswanger cried out—a cry that was born in the unexplored regions of her heart, wild, primordial, full of terror.

"Jul—Jul—ius! Jul-ius!"

His hand jerked from his lips reflexly, so that the six small pink tablets in the trembling palm rolled to the corner of the room. His blood-driven face fell backward against the pillow and he relaxed frankly into short dry sobs, hollow and hacking, like the coughing of a cat.

"Becky—it—it's all what I—I could do! It's—it——"

She dragged her trembling limbs across the room to his side. She held him to her so close that the showy lace yoke transferred its imprint from her bosom to the flesh of his cheek. She could feel his sobs of hysteria beating against her breast, and her own tears flowed.

They racked her like a storm tearing on the mad wings of a gale; they scalded down her cheeks into the furrows of her neck. She held him tight in the madness of panic and exultation, and his arm crept round her wide waist and his tired head relaxed to her breast; her hands locked tight about him and would not let him go.

"We—we're going home, Julius! We—we're going home!"

"Ya, ya, Becky! It's—it's all right. Ya, ya, Becky!"

The Royal Fruit

that every family can afford

Madam, serve at every meal this summer California *Valencia* Sunkist Oranges. Scores of tempting summer salads, ices, desserts and beverages are quickly made with them. We will send you a book of recipes on request. You'll be glad that you asked for it.

"Sunkist" Valencias are thoroughly ripened and picked fresh in California every day from May until November, and are shipped to every market by *fastest freight.*

These are the oranges that slice perfectly, that are tender *clear through* and can be eaten whole like other fruits—the oranges with absolutely free-peeling skins. And they are practically seedless.

Royalty serves on its tables no finer delicacy. Yet every family can afford "Sunkist." Why do without this fruit this summer—fruit that is so good, *and good for you*—when every dealer sells it at comparatively little cost?

California *Valencia*
Sunkist Oranges
Sunkist Lemons

Try Sunkist *Lemons* in *lemonade.* Serve these lemons sliced in iced-tea, and with fish and meats. Use the juice—as famous chefs do—for salads and every other dish that ordinarily calls for vinegar.

Sunkist Lemons form the most attractive garnish, and add, to hundreds of dishes, a rare piquancy of flavor.

Beautiful Silver Premiums

Send us the coupon for Recipe Book showing 110 ways of serving Sunkist Oranges and Lemons and learn how to get beautiful Rogers Silverware in exchange for Sunkist wrappers. We ourselves guarantee this silver. We will refund the trifle you pay for it if, on examination, it is not satisfactory in every way.

(267)

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Dept. L, 139 N. Clark St. Chicago

Please send your complimentary 40-page recipe book, and your illustrated premium book which tells how to trade "Sunkist" wrappers for genuine Rogers guaranteed table silver.

*Name*_____

Address

The Howard Watch

THE predominance of the HOWARD Watch among yachting men illustrates some interesting conditions in American business and professional life.

There is in this country no exclusively yachting class, as such. Practically every American yachtsman is a man of affairs, who finds his greatest relaxation on the water, and who takes his HOWARD Watch with him when he goes aboard.

The thing that makes him a yachtsman and an American disposes him to like the HOWARD Watch—with its fine traditions, its trim, racy lines, and its way of showing its clean American heels to the talent of the watch-making world.

The wonderful character of the HOWARD Watch is that it meets men of so many different kinds and occupations on their own ground. Men in commerce, in the technical industries, in the professions, on the railroads.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each watch is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel *(double roller)* in a Crescent *Extra* or Boss *Extra* gold-filled case at $40, to the 23-jewel in 18K gold case at $170—and the EDWARD HOWARD model at $350.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U. S. Navy. You'll enjoy it. Drop us a post card, Dept. N, and we'll send you a copy.

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(As easy to use as to say)

does not check perspiration, but neutralizes all odors of the body

"Mum" preserves the sweet freshness of the bath throughout the hottest day.

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THE CLENDENING, 190 W 103 St., New York
Select, Home-like, Economical. Suites of Parlor, Bedroom, Private Bath for two persons $2.00 daily. Write for descriptive booklet G with fine map of city.

El Vampiro

KILLS FLIES, COCKROACHES, MOTHS, BED BUGS

Fleas, Animal and Plant Lice, Mosquitoes, Ants, and all insect life. It is a vegetable compound, entirely harmless to children, adults or domestic animals. The only insecticide packed in the patented bellows box, always ready and easy to use. Get a box today and rid the house of all insects. At your druggist's or direct.

Two Boxes 25 cts. post paid

ALLAIRE, WOODWARD & CO., 220 Main St., PEORIA, ILL. DEALERS All Drug Jobbers Sell El Vampiro

CONNIPTIONS IN CALIFORNIA

(Continued from Page 12)

fraud prosecutions before Johnson emerged beyond the California borders. When Heney was shot at the graft prosecutions in San Francisco, Johnson took up the work and secured a reputation that helped him in his campaign for governor.

Both Heney and Johnson were active at Chicago and both were active in the Roosevelt campaign—Johnson as the vice-presidential candidate. It was generally understood that Johnson favored Heney for senator—and maybe he does. However, there is little doubt that Johnson had some senatorial ambitions until Heney neatly checkmated him.

Heney is elementally and intrinsically a crusader. He is ardent, enthusiastic and emphatic. He naturally attracts the crusader element of the Progressive Party, which is a large element. Now, then, Meyer Lissner, of Los Angeles, a Johnson partisan and the national committeeman of the Progressive Party, had already taken the Perkins side of the row started by Amos Pinchot; so when the Colonel came out in the defense and upholding of Perkins the Colonel was indorsing Lissner—and that settled that.

On the other hand, the Kent-Heney faction in the party is for Pinchot's contention and the elimination of Perkins. This rather gives Lissner and Rowell the direct indorsement of Roosevelt, and makes the division between the organization Progressives and the crusader Progressives somewhat marked. When it comes to crusading there is no one who can call any strikes on Representative William Kent, a firm Heney partisan.

Chester H. Rowell, editor of the Fresno Republican, was one of the organizers of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League in California, which was the basis and foundation of the present Progressive Party there. He was president of the League and chairman of the Republican state convention in 1910, which was the first Republican state convention of which the Progressives obtained control. It is stated in the Rowell literature that Mr. Rowell not only declined to be a candidate for senator once before, but, "when Senator Works was nominated for the Senate, Mr. Rowell could easily have secured the nomination and, as the results proved, could have as easily been elected to the Senate"—the English is the circular's—"but he declined a second time, feeling that it was just that Southern California should have the honor of naming the candidate."

Art Critic and Platform-Writer

The primary law was imperfect; and though Works secured the greater number of votes, A. G. Spalding secured the greater number of districts. Then Rowell was urged to become the legislative candidate, and he again declined. However, he cannot decline this time. The call to duty is imperative. Now he is in the race against Heney and is urged by his circular in this wise:

"The draft of the platform on which Governor Johnson made his campaign was proposed by Mr. Rowell and adopted almost exactly as he wrote it; and it became the first Progressive platform in California. When elected, Governor Hiram Johnson, and the Progressive legislature elected with him, did enact into law the exact program outlined in this platform, written by Mr. Rowell. Also, in 1912 Mr. Rowell drafted the platform, and it was adopted practically as he wrote it. The important legislation for the last four years enacted in California can, therefore, in large measure be justly credited to Chester H. Rowell."

In addition to all this Mr. Rowell is an orator, an art critic and a cook, which will help him some if he arrives in Washington and faces the servant problem there. Also, he is forty-six years old.

Oratory, however, as a claim to senatorial honors will not get him any particular support, for the senatorial contest is all cluttered up with orators. There are James D. Phelan, the Democratic aspirant—or one of them—and Samuel Shortridge, one of the Republican contenders, and both these men are highly oratorical, particularly Shortridge. And when it comes to that sort of thing Francis J. Heney remains unabashed and unstopped in any oratorical company; so, whosoever wins, California

A Home Builder

Mrs. N. McCall, of Minnesota, was faced with the alternative of giving up her home or of finding some way to maintain it.

She was an enthusiastic reader of the Curtis publications, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Her reason told her that the demand for these publications by millions of other readers afforded a business opportunity in which women could compete on even terms with men.

She secured appointment as a subscription representative of the Curtis publications. Today she is earning over $2,500 a year. Not only has she been able to support her own home, but she has built a summer bungalow from her Curtis profits.

A letter of inquiry opened for Mrs. McCall the road to financial independence. If you are interested, write today.

Agency Division, Box 577

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Safe on Columbia

Costs less per day

Columbia batteries cost no more and last longer. When you say Columbia you get efficiency guaranteed by a quarter century of honest battery making. Columbia batteries are so good we can sign every cell. And you can buy Columbia anywhere on earth. Insist—and get the dividends in long life, steady service and good work.

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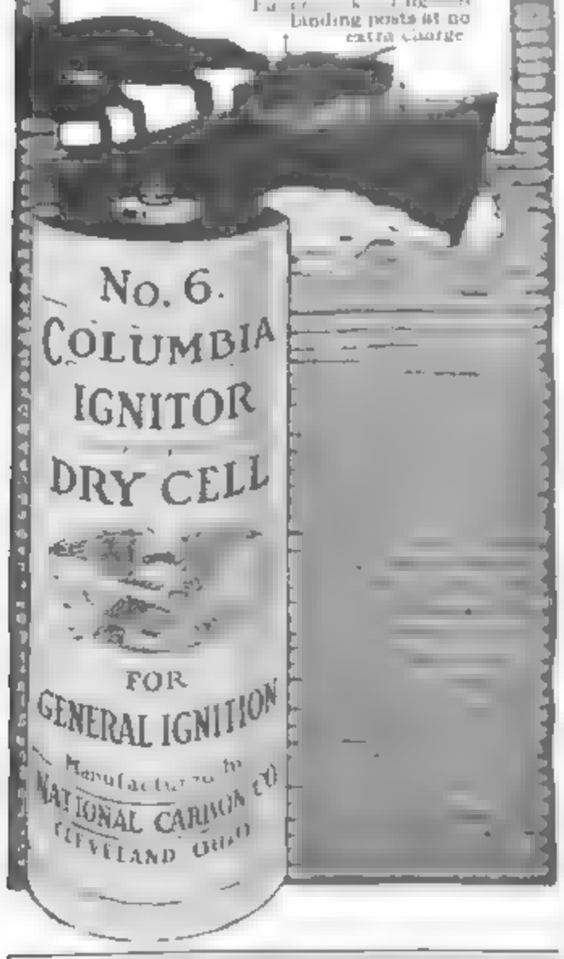

will add her full quota to the spilled language in the greatest deliberative forum of free legislative discussion in the world.

Phelan, who is one of the Democratic candidates, and the most likely one, is the man who is entitled to be called the Prominent Citizen of San Francisco. He was mayor of that city three times and has been active in all sorts of movements that make for city betterments. He is a man of superior education and great culture, a patron of art and literature, and is worth a good many million dollars. Competent critics tell me he is one of the most enlightened and profound speakers on civics in this country; and, though there is a disposition in some quarters to call him an aristocrat and assail him for that reason, there is no doubt that Phelan has been of immense service to San Francisco and to the state thereby.

He was chairman of the finance committee of the Relief and Red Cross Funds after the fire of 1906, and gave two years of his time to that work. Also, he has done many other things for the city and incidentally for the state.

Phelan is a Democrat. He was actively for Wilson in the preconvention campaign, and has been of considerable party service since. His opponent is Thomas F. Griffin, of Fresno, where Rowell lives.

Phelan's principal difficulty lies in the fact that there is no considerable enthusiasm for him in the Democratic organization. They may not be opposing him, but they are not helping much. However, that is an anteprimary condition, most likely. Griffin and he are making active campaigns, thus adding to the general turmoil.

One of the Republican contenders is the Honorable Joseph R. Knowland, of Alameda, who has been in Congress as the Representative of the Sixth District for twelve years. Knowland is rich, but not prodigal. His friends are wont to refer to Shortridge as a windjammer, but the Shortridge folks have a comeback that makes the Knowland partisans jump sideways.

An Embarrassing Photograph

It appears that on one occasion there was a flashlight photograph taken at the home of Major Frank McLaughlin, at Santa Cruz, after a convention of the old-line Republicans, when Gillett had won the nomination for governor from Pardee. This photograph is now called The Shame of California; and it shows Abe Reuf, now in prison and likely to remain there some time, in the center of the group, with his hand affectionately on the shoulder—not in the pocket—of Gillett. That is right enough; but also in the picture is Knowland—on the edge, mayhap, but in, none the less.

If you know anything about California politics you have an idea what they will do with that photograph if Knowland is nominated in the primaries.

Knowland's antagonist, Samuel M. Shortridge, is an old-line standpat Republican, and is seeking with considerable success to rally those somewhat dismayed and scattered patriots to his support. Shortridge is an orator and a real one—one of the best on the Coast, where they grow them as they grow big trees and big vegetables and fruits, and he has spellbound his silver-tongued way up and down and across that territory for many years. It is related of him that he read Macaulay when he was ten years old and knew what he was reading, and that his diction is as perfect as was the diction of that master of English, which will make him a marked man if ever he gets to the Senate—not because he is an orator, you understand, but because he will orate in English, a language practically unknown to large numbers of our statesmen.

Shortridge and Knowland are fighting each other, and Heney and Rowell are fighting each other, and Phelan and Griffin are fighting each other—which demonstrates the effective manner in which the primary makes for harmony among the brethren. As the contest progresses the fighting will progress also; and it may reasonably be expected, before August twenty-fifth, that, incidental to the struggle, a large amount of truth will be told concerning the candidates, as well as near truth and untruth.

As I have said, almost everything in California is political except politics. That is personal. I do not recall any state where they go at it with quite the same slant. Take Johnson, for example: He is running principally as Hiram Johnson, the grand incohonee of invective, and is being opposed for the same reason. The issue is largely

What Will You Say to the Board of Directors?

Will it be the same old story of the past ten years?

Or will you have a brand new story—of bigger sales, broader markets, a re-inspired sales force, a new motive force in the business?

All this—and more—has followed the initiation of an Advertising Manager, a Sales Manager, or a President into the Multigraph System of Direct Advertising.

For example.

After a manufacturer had, by "expert" advice, spent $10,000 in vain to secure distribution in a big city, Multigraph System opened the door at a cost of a few dollars plus a little [illegible]

By Multigraph System [illegible] of Babbitt metals has successfully worked out international merchandising of his products.

By Multigraph System thousands of concerns are following up inquiries, developing prospects, backing up national campaigns and putting new life and enthusiasm into sales organizations.

Three Startling Books About Advertising

They don't mention the Multigraph, but they show the true relation of advertising to sales and give the basic principles by which Multigraph System can be applied [illegible] your business.

[illegible] on the coupon if you are a [illegible] advertiser, "B" if you spend [illegible] less on advertising, "C" [illegible] more. One book, [illegible] fits your needs, [illegible] free. If you [illegible] additional copies [illegible] close 25c for [illegible]

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WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent?

Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your [illegible]" [illegible] Washington, D. C.

A Fortune to the Inventor

who reads and *heeds* it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 6c. postage. Write us at once.
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THE $100 BOND

"Why buy one $1,000 bond of a corporation which issues $100 bonds?"

No business enterprise is immune from the hazard of adversity. If you buy 10 $100 bonds, one in each of ten corporations, you minimize your investment risk.

You can buy this selection of bonds on the Partial Payment Plan, with an initial deposit of $100.

Send for List 98.

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Your Business Success—will it be as big as your ambition? Insure the best start by getting the best business training. Much depends upon choosing the right school. Our valuable **free** book will help you. Address B. F. Williams, President, **The National Association of Accredited Commercial Schools, Des Moines, Ia.**

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McCormack Mfg. Co., 1 & 3 McCormack Bldg., Dayton, O.

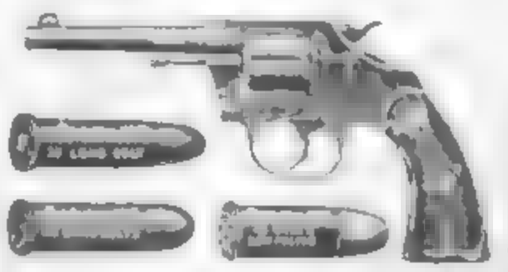
Remington UMC

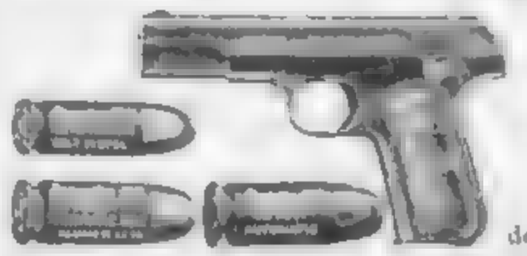
These Cartridges for your COLT

NOW that you have got the revolver or automatic pistol that suits you—give a little special thought to the *cartridges you shoot in it.*

You may have only the most casual use for a pistol.

Yet *dependability is never casual.* And the uniformity, snappy priming, sure fire that give Remington-UMC Metallics the favor of pistol shots everywhere, are the very qualities that every pistol owner wants to be most sure of in choosing his ammunition.





We make metallics for every standard Revolver, Pistol and Automatic—Colt, Smith & Wesson, Savage, Harrington & Richardson, Iver Johnson, Hopkins & Allen, Harrington & Richardson [illegible] *Each kind loaded for the use for which it is made, and endorsed by the makers of that arm.*

Sold all over the civilized globe by dealers who display the *Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC,* the Sign of Sportsmen's Headquarters in every town.

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"How I Saved My Salary"

Written by an Advertising Manager

MY predecessor had brilliant ideas, but was weak on detail. He got results, but paid a terrific price. My first job was to stop the leaks. He had been putting a sample in with the catalog and had paid merchandise rates instead of third-class postage. I sent the sample separately and saved about $1000 on one hundred thousand mailings. That was an example of many savings.

Form letters had been going out on the firm's best stationery. I hunted around and found a paper with a quality rattle and feel, strong and fine in texture, for which I paid less than 9c a pound. And my form letters actually pulled better than the old ones. Partly my copy, of course, but I give some credit to the paper. The Boss himself, who is quite proud of his stationery, never saw the difference.

All told I saved $5000 in one year with no loss of efficiency. The paper was Hammermill Bond, the best paper I know of for less than 9c a pound.

Yours faithfully,
An Advertising Manager.

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

Less than 9c a pound east of the Mississippi

Send for a valuable book, "The Signal System," and for a big portfolio of samples suited to your business. Please mention your business and position.

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Also put up in tablet form 50c

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED ... etc. Igo patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities. RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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If you have a Loose-Leaf System Device or Form problem—no matter what it is, no matter how "different" you think it is, no matter what your business or requirement, don't worry about it—don't waste money on special made Devices and Forms or high-priced system experts, without first consulting us.

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A remarkable Loose I-P Leaf innovation—a handsome Loose-Leaf Recipe Book, bound in white leather finish cloth, stiff cover indexed by subjects stamped in gold on white leather tabs. 4¼x5½ ins. Convenient for all recipes, memoranda, phone numbers, prices, etc. Index covers every subject ... with 100 sheets. Price $2.00

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LOOSE I-P LEAF

Hiram. And so it is with Heney, and with Phelan, and many of the others.

Consequently you get a fresh and fervent setting-out of politics every time California takes a hand in the game, and it is really worth one's time to stop round for a few days and hear those Native Sons of the Golden West tell how fond they are of each other; but

The weakest line-up is among the Democrats who are trying for the nomination for governor. There was an attempt made to induce Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, to come out and be the Democratic candidate; but it failed. Lane could not see it, though he is the one man among the California Democrats who could give Johnson a real fight. Lane was defeated once for governor by a few votes, but he has gained greatly in strength since that time. However, he thought his present work more important and would not run.

So they are at it, dingdonging up and down the state from north to south. That is almost a thousand miles; and by the first of August you will think that Mount Lassen has blown her head off in every township, and that the loud hissing sound you hear is escaping volcanic steam. It will not be, though. It will be the Johnson partisans hissing the name of his opponents or his opponents hissing the name of Johnson, with a full supply of hissing from the Heney patriots, the Rowell patriots, the Phelan patriots, the Shortridge patriots—and so on until primary day.

After that they will be squared away. There is no telling how the contested nominations will come out, for the registration has them all puzzled. As totaled a time ago, the Republicans seemed to be recuperating; but I was cautioned not to pay too much attention to that, because, being personally political, the Californian is likely to register one way and vote any other way that suits him. He does not have to vote as he registers. Consequently he often does not register as he intends to vote.

I do not know why this is so, unless it is for the purposes of finesse; but I am assured it is true, and that the registry classifications will not foretell either the primary or the general-election vote, so far as party strength is concerned.

That, of course, makes it more interesting and more difficult; but, whatever happens, there is sure to be a typical California campaign, for Hiram cannot be kept out of it; and if Heney gets in, and Shortridge and Phelan, the welkin will ring from morn till dewy eve.

No more experienced welkin-ringers exist in this broad land of ours than practice their profession in California; and if you listen closely you will be sure to hear that not one of the various candidates, from the top to the bottom, is any better than he should be, with specifications.

Let me repeat that politics in California is personal; and it is going to be that way this year.

Lightning's Conduct

RADIUM has recently been discovered vastly to improve lightning rods in their protection of buildings during thunderstorms. Of course the enormous cost of radium prevents any practical use of the fact as yet; but there is a very fair possibility that the information gained in this way will lead to a new form of lightning rod which will be more efficient, or that further experiments will show that a tiny quantity of radium, at a reasonable cost, will improve the protection.

The purpose of lightning rods, of course, is to catch the electrical currents in the air during a storm and lead them safely into the ground, instead of allowing the lightning to pick its own course down through a house or church steeple; and their use is based on the principle that a metal rod will give the electricity a smoother path of less resistance than ordinary building material.

The whole trouble with lightning rods now is that, though they can be made to do the trick if the electrical discharge is near them, there is no way to lead electricity through the air to the rod. Radium will do this part of the work, as has recently been demonstrated in scientific experiments. Two milligrams of radium on the end of a rod made the air a considerable distance away a vastly better conductor.

Thus, any electrical discharge within several yards of the rod had a path open for it along the radium rays to the rod, and then down the rod to the earth.

Don't Work for Money

if you can buy things without it. If, however, you find, like the most of us, that you can't penetrate very far to "the land of heart's desire" without the money to purchase the ticket—

Work for The Girls' Club

and you will soon be as fortunate as these girls whose little stories of success are outlined below:

Story No. 1

Twenty bright girls belonging to a club in a Western city combined to build a charming suburban bungalow. Our "journalist member" paid for her share in it with Girls' Club money.

Story No. 2

A Pennsylvania girl who has earned over $1200.00 through the Club, and won a special prize consisting of a $2.00 gold piece, put it to practical use of giving her home a new coat of paint.

Story No. 3

An invalid girl who, without leaving her bed, has earned over $300.00 in a single month—and almost $1500.00 since joining the Club—has bought with the Club's money a new desk and typewriter, which she uses in her work.

Story No. 4

With the aid of the Club, one of its "married girls" living in Illinois started a "home fund" for her infant son, and eventually was enabled to purchase 30 acres of land.

Story No. 5

Every girl wants a piano. One member of the Club didn't stop there, however; she set to work steadily for the Club and soon had enough money earned and saved with which to buy a handsome instrument.

Story No. 6

A married member from Indiana writes: "That $2.80 was earned in one afternoon. That coveted go-cart for Baby A. will be possible after all!"

Story No. 7

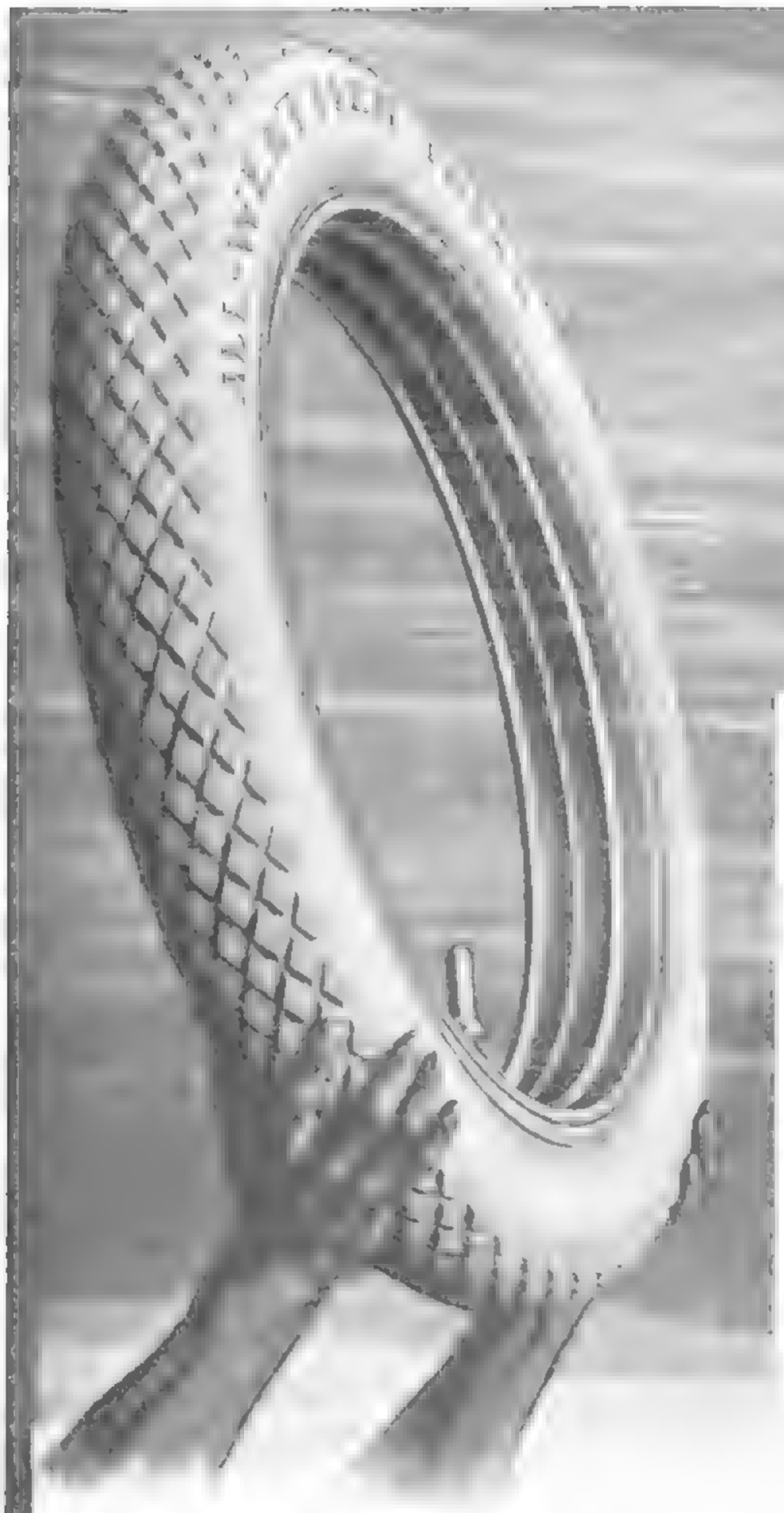
It would be impossible to enumerate all the things which the Club has helped one young girl from the Pacific Coast to buy, because ... will provide ... thing a girl's heart may desire. During a connection of three years with the Club she earned an income totalling $4500.00.

There are many more such stories. Add yours to them! For particulars regarding the Club work and its plan of payments, address

THE MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB

The Ladies' Home Journal

Independence Square Philadelphia



Pitiless Publicity

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Tires are utilities, and they should be judged as such. Class and exclusiveness don't apply to tires. Their only appeal is lessened trouble or lowered cost per mile.

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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

AN HOUR OF LEISURE

(Continued from Page 21)

Then he told her about the comic reel of the now famous Fifty Daughters of the Beeston Millions. She listened, sobered, drew a long breath and appeared embarrassed. She started toward the door.

"You are too late for dinner, you know," she said over her shoulder.

"Yes, I have been locked out too," began Moberly, lying with incredible facility on his first attempt before the battery of those gray eyes. He fumbled his hat in his hands. "I don't suppose—I suspect it isn't exactly conventional—but I am all alone—and you are all alone—and you haven't any pocketbook. Won't you—couldn't we take dinner together?"

She looked at him so queerly for a moment that Grimsy feared he had mortally offended her. The next, the vision of his fifteen cents rose before him and he saw black! Her voice was soft, almost shy, as she replied:

"I'd be very grateful. I'd simply love to go! And perhaps you will tell me about David Hartmann. I—I can't spruce up at all—I can't change my gown, you know. I've lost my keys—my keys to my grip, my keys to my room, everything."

Grimsy had an idea.

"Oh, I beg of you!" he said, his heart beating fast. He was sparring for time to think it out. Judging from the fresh bloom of her cheek and her free carriage she was undoubtedly a girl of healthy appetite. Moberly had a mandolin in his room. Solomon Levy held forth just round the corner. He had patronized Solomon before, why not again, especially in such a cause?

"If you can give me just five minutes while I run round the corner," he said with a boldness that amazed himself.

But where should she stay during that five minutes? There was no reception room; there was not even a seat in the hall. Then Grimsy recollected his charges in the drawing room.

"There is a nice old man in the parlor who is sick," he explained. "Perhaps you'd ask him if there's something you can do for him. Mr. Godahl brought him here this afternoon and I promised to keep an eye on him. It would be mighty nice if you would go in and sit with him for just a minute."

"Do you know Godahl?" asked Miss Vincent curiously.

"Oh, very well indeed," replied Moberly with conscious pride. "That is, I have known him very well since the night before last—that's forty-eight hours," he added with a laugh. "You know there are some people you meet that you feel you have always known. Now you and I — "

"A fire-engine introduced us," she said with a hearty laugh, "and we are going out to dinner together! It's positively ——" She paused, eying him mischievously.

"Positively what?" she asked archly.

"Delightful, I should say," said Grimsy, rising to the emergency. "Come, he is a nice old man. I'll leave the door open—and I won't be a minute, I promise."

Moberly tapped lightly on the door, and with an air of proprietorship stepped in. In a trice he had introduced the young lady and dashed out, leaving the door ajar, closed far enough so that she might not catch a glimpse of his bulky musical instrument when he passed out foraging for cash. The last glimpse he had of the three in the room showed him the two men staring stupidly at the young woman. But she, seating herself easily, was smiling a greeting at the man with the gouty foot, as if she were accustomed to make sick calls.

Solomon Levy did not like the mandolin. He would give only fifty cents; and as the need was urgent, Moberly accepted the offering and dashed back after his silver-mounted hairbrushes. When he returned for his dinner guest she was still saying nothings from her chair where she sat prim and smiling. The two men were staring at her awkwardly.

"You know neither said a word to me," she exclaimed as she took Moberly Grimsy's arm on the icy sidewalk.

"Nevertheless," he replied, "it will do them good—and it was very kind of you."

He piloted the way to Fante's. Some day some ill-advised journalist is going to write a Sunday story about Fante's to pay for his dinners, and then there will be no more Fante's at fifty cents the plate. It was in the upper twenties in the Lombardy section; and, as people from Lombardy are almost French and Swiss, the floor was as clean as if it had been sanded, the napkins smelled of the sun, and, aside from a slight mustiness from empty wine casks that lingers in the air, there was nothing in the little room to cavil at. The first course was raw cabbage, with anchovies and radishes; through the bouillabaisse, spaghetti with goose livers, the chicken-wing with its salad leaf, the coffee and cheese, Miss Vincent progressed with increasing relish. Madelena, the daughter of the house, occupied one table with her school slate. Joe himself served them. And his wife, round and rosy, leaned against the doorjamb between her visits to the back-yard kitchen, and talked to her spouse in a border Italian that was three parts French, which Miss Vincent unblushingly translated.

It was over the cheese that Moberly Grimsy finished the tale of his exploit. He had been false to his friend Godahl and confessed the part that rascal had played in the Hartmann affair. She listened in rapt attention as he told of this band of old actors who had perfected a syndicate for the counterfeiting, through their art, of any person in the world whether for good or evil purposes. Instead of a rôle on the stage, they filled parts in real life, schooled to the same precision in cues, business, exits and entrances as in a drama across the footlights.

"I have a conviction," said Moberly, "that their work was not all criminal. Now, for instance, I can imagine that the resources of this Disappearance Syndicate, as they call it, might be invaluable to some man constantly in the public eye. Suppose," he went on, "a man like that wanted to drop out of sight for a time, what more simple than to have an accomplished player-actor step into his shoes, show himself in the places this man was accustomed to frequent, play his part generally?"

"What an extravagance!" said Miss Vincent.

"Extravagant? Not at all," protested Grimsy. "The newspapers have a habit of making life a burden to a public man, reporting their doings to the smallest detail, on the assumption, possibly, that the rabble is interested in these little human glimpses of great men. The features of any one of a hundred we could name are so well known that any of them could not walk a block without being followed. They are eternally pestered. That is the penalty of prominence in these days."

She agreed. Yes, she knew that was true. Grimsy was waxing enthusiastic as the new idea unfolded in his brain.

"A great man loses the most precious thing in life—privacy," he said earnestly. "To gain twenty-four hours' rest he has to shut himself up in a fortress or go off to sea in a yacht. Look at old Beeston! Why, this Hartmann once made up the double of a senator so cleverly that when the dummy was seen giving a gay party to chorus girls it lost the senator the election. The senator protested, of course; but what good did it do him? He had been seen, you know!"

"Oh!" gasped the girl.

"That's the bad side, of course. Undoubtedly Hartmann was hired to do that by a political boss. But think of some big man," he rattled on, hypnotized by the possibilities, "who wanted to walk round like an ordinary mortal without a private detective at his heels to guard him! What fun it would be to be able to call in this Hartmann to put a dummy in his chair in his office—properly instructed, of course, how far to go—while he himself with a little make-up, an expert to change his face—you know they can do it with a stroke or two—could watch the show from the outside. Of course," said Moberly with a laugh, "it wouldn't exactly be safe to give the dummy the keys to the cash register."

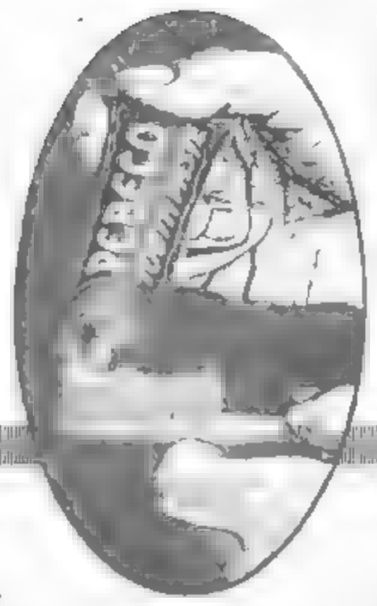
"You are talking like a penny dreadful!" laughed the girl.

"Why, the papers say that Hartmann's gang has existed for several years," argued Grimsy, "with made-to-order doubles But it has never come to grief or even been suspected all this time! That proves at least one thing."

"What?" she asked breathlessly.

"Why, that their work has not been all thieving. If they had been robbing, by means of such substitution as in this Trigg affair, we should have heard of it before to-day. The victims would have squealed. The papers would have been full of it."

The Dentist's Chief Assistant



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"Mr. Grimsy," she said solemnly, "you have missed your vocation. Instead of punching an adding machine in the bank you should be playing a typewriter at a penny a word."

"It's perfectly plausible."

"At a penny a word on a hot summer's day—yes," she acknowledged, laughing.

"But," said Grimsy, "see here in the Morning Courier. The President is quoted as saying that he would go out and have a good time if he could only disguise himself so he wouldn't be caught."

Grimsy picked up the Courier which lay on a pool table near them. Miss Vincent read the indicated headlines a little soberly, Grimsy thought, as he studied her face.

"But, speaking of substitutions," said the youth, "let me tell you the queerest thing"; and he leaned over the table and lowered his voice. "The queerest thing that has come my way in a long time is this," and he put his finger on the reproduction in the morning paper of the Beeston check for one thousand dollars.

Grimsy was too deep in his thoughts to notice that the girl's color came and went and that her eyes were strangely bright.

"Well?" she demanded quickly.

"This old Beeston," he said, glancing round, "is the biggest customer our bank has. That is the Major's signature!" he cried, and he jabbed the paper with his finger again. "I know it because I was there last night and saw him write that check. I saw him write that check. But," Grimsy went on slowly and with an air of the deepest mystery afoot, "if I were the cashier of our bank I would not honor that check! I would say it was a forgery!"

"A forgery! But you have just told me you saw him write it."

"I know it," he said. "And yet I say I would refuse payment on that check. Tell me, have you ever seen the old man's signature?"

"Why, yes," she said slowly. "Many times. I—I am—I am Miss Beeston's social secretary."

"Why, then, you should recognize it at once," said Grimsy, fairly bubbling over with excitement. "Look! In the course of my work at the bank I have had to see that signature hundreds of times. It's a queer signature. It looks like a pile of concentric circles one on top of another. It isn't like any other in the world that I have ever seen. It doesn't seem to have head or tail to it!"

"But it has," cried the girl. "Every letter is there if you study it."

"That's just the point—every letter is there, even to the crossing of the 't' and the loops of the 'e's'. You say you have studied his signature. Just look at this reproduction, Miss Vincent. There isn't an 'e' looped or a 't' crossed. I'll admit that the general appearance is the same."

Miss Vincent snatched the paper from his hand. She pored over the facsimile.

When she looked up aghast her companion waved his hand triumphantly.

"What did I tell you?" he cried. "Mysteries!" cried the romantic youth. "This town is full of them!"

"Mysteries?" she repeated vaguely after him. She began pulling at the fingers of her gloves. Then, as if moved by a sudden thought, she rose to her feet.

"Oh, if it only could be true!" she cried softly as if to herself.

Then, before the bewildered Grimsy could grasp her words, she had fallen back in her chair and buried her face in her hands.

At this moment there was an interruption. Joe, the proprietor of the establishment, strode forward. He looked from the weeping girl to the abashed Grimsy with a fierce scowl, and twisted his mustaches in a most threatening manner.

"Is it"—began Joe in a voice that boomed—"is it that mademoiselle is being annoyed?"

He shot a look even more fierce at the unhappy Grimsy. Miss Vincent looked up.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, frightened herself at the fierce aspect of her sudden champion. "It is something else." And she did her best to smile. Joe backed off, still growling to himself. She turned her wet eyes on Grimsy.

"The door!" she said in a low voice. "There is a man standing there. He has been watching us."

But when Grimsy turned the man was gone.

"I don't know how to apologize," she began tremulously. "But you see oh I know Helen—and it frightened me. Oh, if it only could be true!"

"But Miss Vincent," Grimsy protested, now beginning to see light, "you wouldn't go to her with such a wild tale?"

"It isn't his signature!" she cried.

"I tell you I saw him sign it!"

She rose to her feet and took up her gloves. "Come," she said determinedly, "I want you to call a cab for me. I must see Helen. We will find out if it is true."

"But you have no money," he protested weakly; and he held out the trifling change that had been returned to him. "And this is my pile until to-morrow when the bank opens," he confessed with a flush.

She waved away the suggestion. "I am going to Miss Beeston," she said. "It's all right about the money," and she smiled thinly.

Then as they gained the street he heard her reiterate under her breath: "If it only could be true!"

Young Grimsy felt very much the fool as he helped her into a taxi. He had played on the girl's imagination by his silly talk. Still, how could he guess her connection with the Beeston family? He would have accompanied her, but she shook her head. She gave him her telephone number.

"Call me in the morning," she ordered. "Call for Miss Beeston. That will bring me to the phone. And, Mr. Grimsy, promise me that you won't say a word of this to any one—not to a single soul."

"I can promise that," he said vigorously, and he watched her off.

It was nine o'clock when he opened the door of the Kellogg establishment, and he could not help smiling at the thoughts the bare front hall recalled to his mind—the start of this momentous dinner for which his mandolin and hairbrushes had footed the bill. At the parlor door he paused. There was a light within to be seen through the keyhole. He softly tapped. There was no answer. He tapped again; again no answer. He tried the handle and found the door unlocked and entered. The room was empty. The bed had not been slept in. The two shabby lodgers his friend Godahl had brought to this house and asked him to care for were gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Ductless Glands

STILL another attempt to make use of the new knowledge that the ductless glands of the body have a very large part of the business of keeping the body operating as it should, is the treatment of mentally defective children by doses of pineal glands in capsules.

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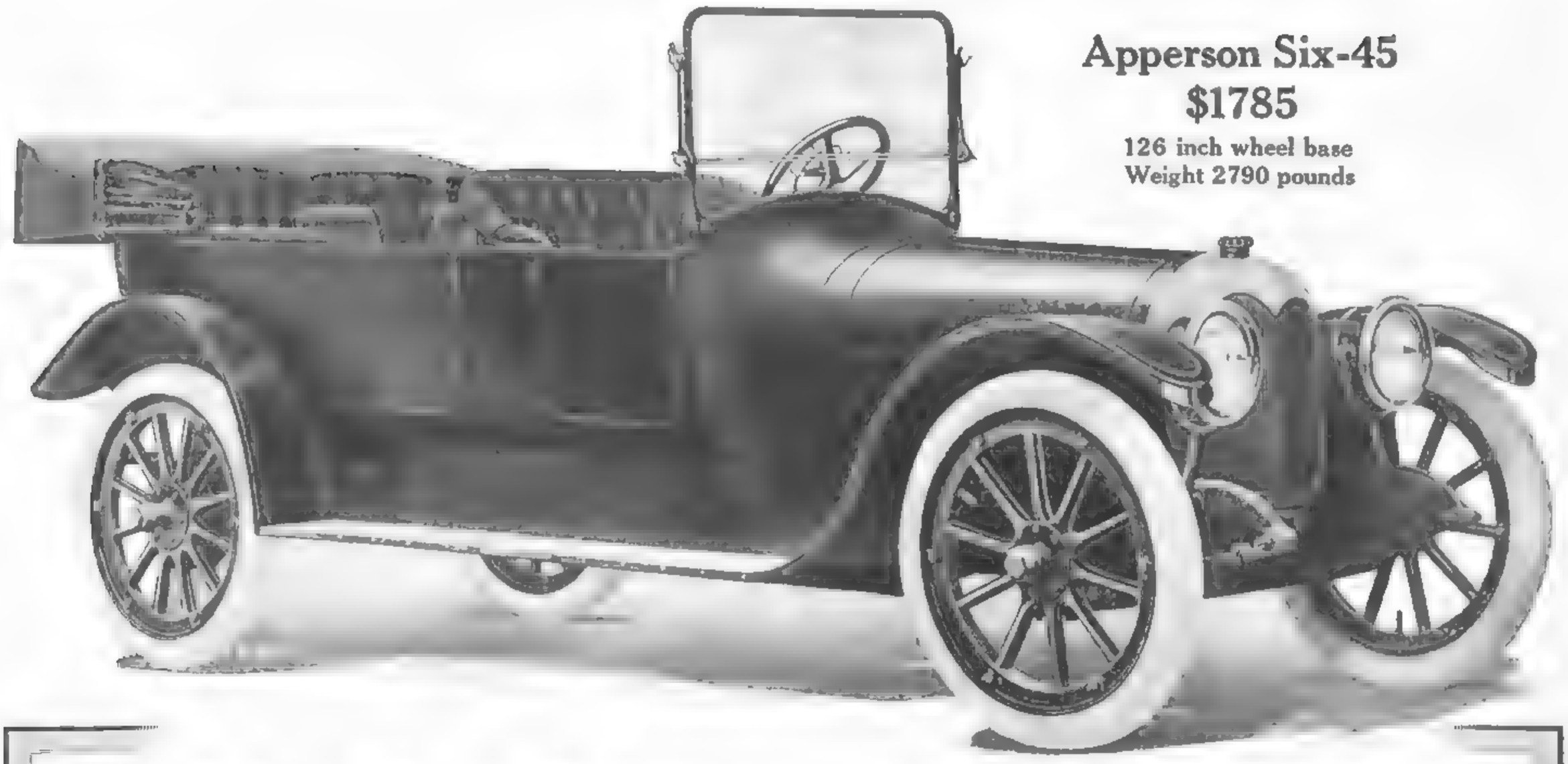
In many of these cases improvement was quick and considerable. The doctor also found it helpful in some cases for old people who were slipping into second childhood.



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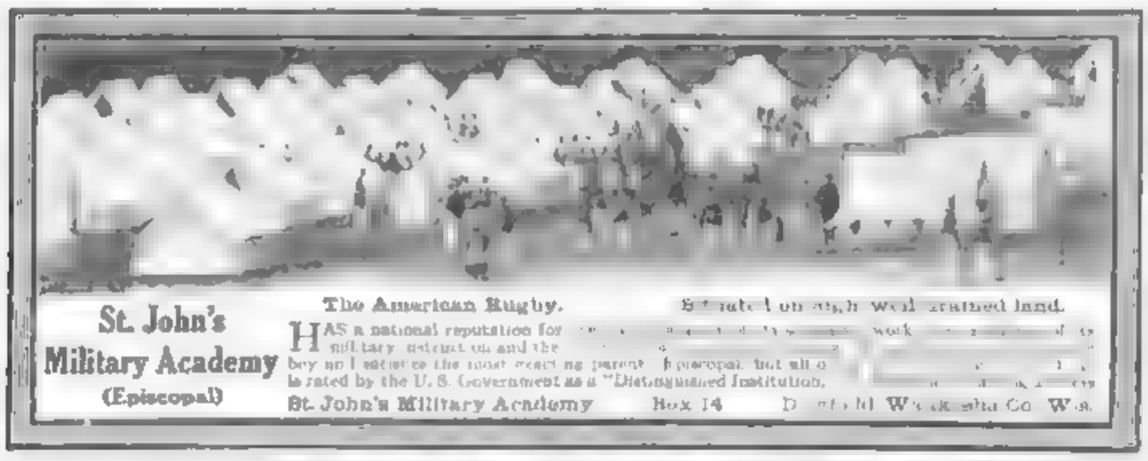

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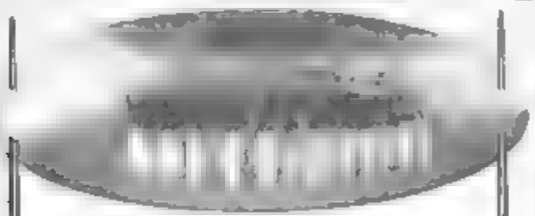

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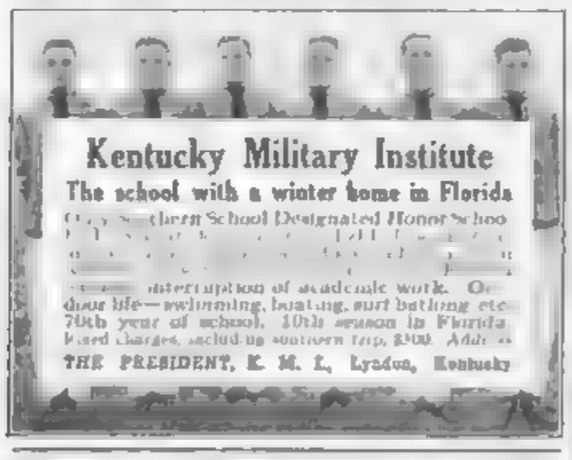

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HORSESHOES

(Continued from Page 10)

battle was the eighth. Nobody'd scored, and it didn't look like they was ever goin' to till Murphy starts off that round with a perfect bunt and Joyce sacrifices him to second. All Matty had to do then was to get rid o' Collins and Baker—and that's about as easy as sellin' silk socks to an Eskimo.

He didn't give Eddie nothin' he wanted to hit, though; and finally he slaps one on the ground to Doyle. Larry made the play to first base and Murphy moved to third. We all figured Matty'd walk Baker then, and he done it. Connie sends Baker down to second on the first pitch to McInnes, but Meyers don't pay no attention to him—they was playin' for McInnes and wasn't takin' no chances o' throwin' the ball away.

Well, the count goes to three and two on McInnes and Matty comes with a curve—he's got some curve too; but Jack happened to meet it and—Blooie! Down the left foul line where he always hits! I never seen a ball hit so hard in my life. No infielder in the world could of stopped it. But I'll give you a thousand bucks if that ball didn't go kerplunk right into the third bag and stop as dead as George Washington! It was child's play for Speed to pick it up and heave it over to Merkle before Jack got there. If anybody else had been playin' third base the bag would of ducked out o' the way o' that wallop; but even the bases themselves was helpin' him out.

The two runs we ought to of had on Jack's smash would of been just enough to beat 'em, because they got the only run o' the game in their half—or, I should say, the Lord give it to 'em.

Doyle'd been throwed out and up come Parker, smilin'. The minute I seen him smile I felt like somethin' was comin' off and I made the remark on the bench.

Well, the Chief pitched one right at him and he tried to duck. The ball hit his bat and went on a line between Jack and Eddie. Speed didn't know he'd hit it till the guys on the bench wised him up. Then he just had time to get to first base. They tried the hit-and-run on the second ball and Murray lifts a high fly that Murphy didn't have to move for. Collins pulled the old bluff about the ball bein' on the ground and Barry yells, "Go on! Go on!" like he was the coacher. Speed fell for it and didn't know where the ball was no more'n a rabbit; he just run his fool head off and we was gettin' all ready to laugh when the ball come down and Murphy dropped it!

If Parker had stuck near first base, like he ought to of done, he couldn't of got no farther'n second; but with the start he got he was pretty near third when Murphy made the muff, and it was a cinch for him to score. The next two guys was easy outs; so they wouldn't of had a run except for Speed's boner. We couldn't do nothin' in the ninth and we was licked.

Well, that was a tough one to lose; but we figured that Matty was through and we'd wind it up the next day, as we had Plank ready to send back at 'em. We wasn't afraid o' the Rube, because he hadn't never bothered Collins and Baker much.

The two lefthanders come together just like everybody'd doped it and it was about even up to the eighth. Plank had been goin' great and, though the score was two and two, they'd got their two on boots and we'd hit ourn in. We went after Rube in our part o' the eighth and knocked him out. Demaree stopped us after we'd scored two more.

"It's all over but the shoutin'!" says Davis on the bench.

"Yes," I says, "unless that seventh son of a seventh son gets up there again."

He did, and he come up after they'd filled the bases with a boot, a base hit and a walk with two out. I says to Davis:

"If I was Plank I'd pass him and give 'em one run."

"That wouldn't be no baseball," says Davis—"not with Murray comin' up."

Well, it mayn't of been no baseball, but it couldn't of turned out worse if they'd did it that way. Speed took a healthy at the first ball; but it was a hook and he caught it on the handle, right up near his hands. It started outside the first-base line like a foul and then changed its mind and rolled in. Schang run away from the plate, because it looked like it was up to him to make the play. He picked the ball up and had to make the peg in a hurry.

His throw hit Speed right on top o' the head and bounded off like it had struck a cement sidewalk. It went clear over to the seats and before McInnes could get it three guys had scored and Speed was on third base. He was left there, but that didn't make no difference. We was licked again, and for the first time the gang really begun to get scared.

We went over to New York Sunday afternoon and we didn't do no singin' on the way. Some o' the fellers tried to laugh, but it hurt 'em. Connie sent us to bed early, but I don't believe none o' the bunch got much sleep—I know I didn't; I was worryin' too much about the serious and also about the girl, who hadn't sent me no telegram like I'd ast her to. Monday mornin' I wired her askin' what was the matter and tellin' her I was gettin' tired of her foolishness. O' course I didn't make it so strong as that—but the telegram cost me a dollar and forty cents.

Connie had the choice o' two pitchers for the sixth game. He could use Bush, who'd been slammed round pretty hard last time out, or the Chief, who'd only had two days' rest. The rest of 'em—outside o' Plank—had a epidemic o' sore arms. Connie finally picked Bush, so's he could have the Chief in reserve in case we had to play a seventh game. McGraw started Big Jeff and we went at it.

It wasn't like the last time these two guys had hooked up. This time they both had somethin', and for eight innin's runs was as scarce as Chinese policemen. They'd been chances to score on both sides, but the big guy and Bush was both tight in the pinches. The crowd was plumb nuts and yelled like Indians every time a fly ball was caught or a strike called. They'd of got their money's worth if they hadn't been no ninth; but, believe me, that was some round!

They was one out when Barry hit one through the box for a base. Schang walked, and it was Bush's turn. Connie told him to bunt, but he whiffed in the attempt. Then Murphy comes up and walks—and the bases are choked. Young Joyce had been pie for Tesreau all day or else McGraw might of changed pitchers right there. Anyway he left Big Jeff in and he beaned Joyce with a fast one. It sounded like a tire blowin' out. Joyce falls over in a heap and we chase out there, thinkin' he's dead; but he ain't, and pretty soon he gets up and walks down to first base. Tesreau had forced in a run and again we begun to count the winners' end. Matty comes in to prevent further damage and Collins flies the side out.

"Hold 'em now! Work hard!" we says to young Bush, and he walks out there just as cool as though he was goin' to hit fungoes.

McGraw sends up a pinch hitter for Matty and Bush whiffed him. Then Bescher flied out. I was prayin' that Doyle would end it, because Speed's turn come after hisn; so I pretty near fell dead when Larry hit safe.

Speed had his old smile and even more chest than usual when he come up there, swingin' five or six bats. He didn't wait for Doyle to try and steal, or nothin'. He lit into the first ball, though Bush was tryin' to waste it. I seen the ball go high in the air toward left field, and then I picked up my glove and got ready to beat it for the gate. But when I looked out to see if Joyce was set, what do you think I seen? He was lyin' flat on the ground! That blow on the head had got him just as Bush was pitchin' to Speed. He'd flopped over and didn't no more know what was goin' on than if he'd croaked.

Well, everybody else seen it at the same time; but it was too late. Strunk made a run for the ball, but they wasn't no chance for him to get near it. It hit the ground about ten feet back o' where Joyce was lyin' and bounded way over to the end o' the foul line. You don't have to be told that Doyle and Parker both scored and the serious was tied up.

We carried Joyce to the clubhouse and after a while he come to. He cried when he found out what had happened. We cheered him up all we could, but he was a pretty sick guy. The trainer said he'd be all right, though, for the final game.

They tossed up a coin to see where they'd play the seventh battle and our club won the toss; so we went back to Philly that

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night and cussed Parker clear across New Jersey. I was so sore I kicked the stuffin' out o' my seat.

You probably heard about the excitement in the burg yesterday mornin'. The demand for tickets was somethin' fierce and some of 'em sold for as high as twenty-five bucks apiece. Our club hadn't been lookin' for no seventh game and they was some tall hustlin' done round that old ball park.

I started out to the grounds early and bought some New York papers to read on the car. They was a big story that Speed Parker, the Giants' hero, was goin' to be married a week after the end o' the serious. It didn't give the name o' the girl, sayin' Speed had refused to tell it. I figured she must be some dame he'd met round the circuit somewheres.

They was another story by one o' them smart baseball reporters sayin' that Parker, on his way up to the plate, had saw that Joyce was about ready to faint and had hit the fly ball to left field on purpose. Can you beat it?

I was goin' to show that to the boys in the clubhouse, but the minute I blowed in there I got some news that made me forget about everything else. Joyce was very sick and they'd took him to a hospital. It was up to me to play!

Connie come over and ast me whether I'd ever hit against Matty. I told him I hadn't, but I'd saw enough of him to know he wasn't no worse'n Johnson. He told me he was goin' to let me hit second—in Joyce's place—because he didn't want to bust up the rest of his combination. He also told me to take my orders from Strunk about where to play for the batters.

"Where shall I play for Parker?" I says, tryin' to joke and pretend I wasn't scared to death

"I wisht I could tell you," says Connie. "I guess the only thing to do when he comes up is to get down on your knees and pray."

The rest o' the bunch slapped me on the back and give me all the encouragement they could. The place was jammed when we went out on the field. They may of been bigger crowds before, but they never was parked together so tight. I doubt whether they was even room enough left for Falkenberg to sit down.

The afternoon papers had printed the stuff about Joyce bein' out of it, so the bugs was wise that I was goin' to play. They watched me pretty close in battin' practice and give me a hand whenever I managed to hit one hard. When I was out catchin' fungoes the guys in the bleachers cheered me and told me they was with me; but I don't mind tellin' you that I was as nervous as a bride.

They wasn't no need for the announcers to tip the crowd off to the pitchers. Everybody in the United States and Cuba knowed that the Chief'd work for us and Matty for them. The Chief didn't have no trouble with 'em in the first innin'. Even from where I stood I could see that he had a lot o' stuff. Bescher and Doyle popped out and Speed whiffed.

Well, I started out makin' good, with reverse English, in our part. Fletcher booted Murphy's ground ball and I was sent up to sacrifice. I done a complete job of it—sacrificin' not only myself but Murphy with a pop fly that Matty didn't have to move for. That spoiled whatever chance we had o' gettin' the jump on 'em; but the boys didn't bawl me for it.

"That's all right, old boy. You're all right!" they said on the bench—if they'd had a gun they'd of shot me.

I didn't drop no fly balls in the first six innin's—because none was hit out my way. The Chief was so good that they wasn't hittin' nothin' out o' the infield. And we wasn't doin' nothin' with Matty, either. I led off in the fourth and fouled the first one. I didn't molest the other two. But if Connie and the gang talked about me they done it internally. I come up again—with Murphy on third base and two gone in the sixth, and done my little whuffin' specialty. And still the only people that panned me was the thirty thousand that had paid for the privilege!

My first fieldin' chance come in the seventh. You'd of thought that I'd of had my nerve back by that time; but I was just as scared as though I'd never saw a crowd before. It was just as well that they was two out when Merkle hit one to me. I staggered under it and finally it hit me on the shoulder. Merkle got to second, but the Chief whiffed the next guy. I was gave some cross looks on the bench and I shouldn't of

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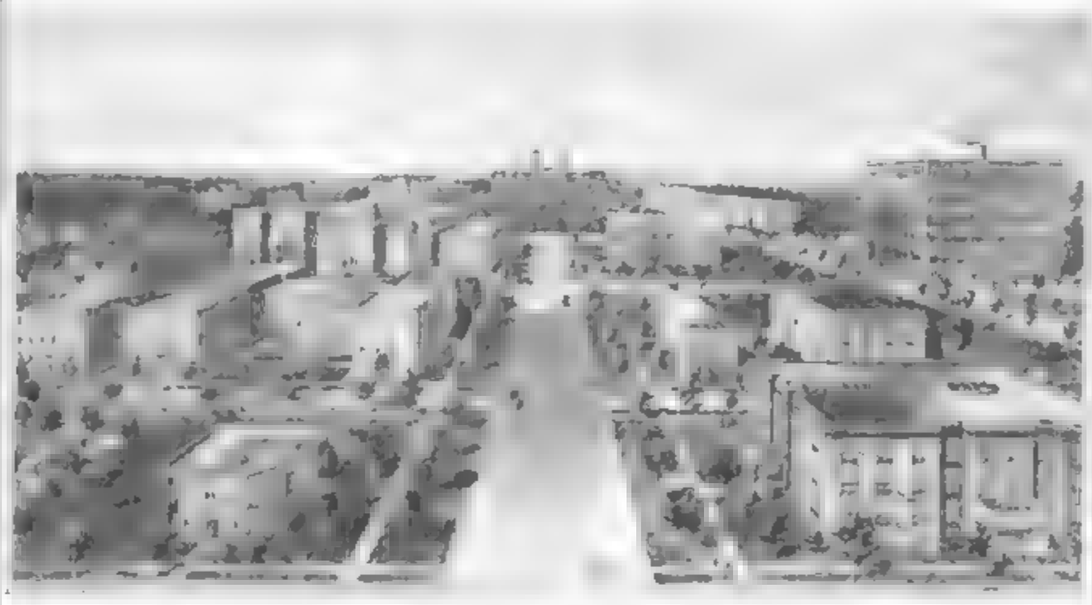

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blumed the fellers if they'd cut loose with some language; but they didn't.

They's no use in me tellin' you about none o' the rest of it—except what happened just before the start o' the eleventh and durin' that innin', which was sure the big one o' yesterday's pastime—both for Speed and yours sincerely.

The scoreboard was still a row o' ciphers and Speed'd had only a fair amount o' luck. He'd made a scratch base hit and robbed our bunch of a couple o' real ones with impossible stops.

When Schang flied out and wound up our tenth I was leanin' against the end of our bench. I heard my name spoke, and I turned round and seen a boy at the door.

"Right here!" I says; and he give me a telegram.

"Better not open it till after the game," says Connie.

"Oh, no; it ain't no bad news," I said, for I figured it was an answer from the girl. So I opened it up and read it on the way to my position. It said:

"Forgive me, Dick—and forgive Speed too. Letter follow."

Well, sir, I ain't no baby, but for a minute I just wanted to sit down and bawl. And then, all of a sudden, I got so mad I couldn't see. I run right into Baker as he was pickin' up his glove. Then I give him a shove and called him some name, and him and Barry both looked at me like I was crazy—and I was. When I got out in left field I stepped on my own foot and spiked it. I just had to hurt somebody.

As I remember it the Chief fanned the first two of 'em. Then Doyle catches one just right and lams it up against the fence back o' Murphy. The ball caromed round some and Doyle got all the way to third base. Next thing I seen was Speed struttin' up to the plate. I run clear in from my position.

"Kill him!" I says to the Chief. "Hit him in the head and kill him, and I'll go to jail for it!"

"Are you off your nut?" says the Chief. "Go out there and play ball—and quit ravin'."

Barry and Baker led me away and give me a shove out toward left. Then I heard the crack o' the bat and I seen the ball comin' a mile a minute. It was headed between Strunk and I and looked like it would go out o' the park. I don't remember runnin' or nothin' about it till I run into the concrete wall head first. They told me afterward and all the papers said that it was the greatest catch ever seen. And I never knowed I'd caught the ball!

Some o' the managers have said my head was pretty hard, but it wasn't as hard as that concrete. I was pretty near out, but they tell me I walked to the bench like I wasn't hurt at all. They also tell me that the crowd was a bunch o' ravin' maniacs and was throwin' money at me. I guess the ground-keeper'll get it.

The boys on the bench was all talkin' at once and slappin' me on the back, but I didn't know what it was about. Somebody told me pretty soon that it was my turn to hit and I picked up the first bat I come to and starts for the plate. McInnes come runnin' after me and ast me whether I didn't want my own bat. I cussed him and told him to mind his own business.

I didn't know it at the time, but I found out afterward that they was two out. The bases was empty. I'll tell you just what I had in my mind: I wasn't thinkin' about the ball game; I was determined that I was goin' to get to third base and give that guy my spikes. If I didn't hit one worth three bases, or if I didn't hit one at all, I was goin' to run till I got round to where Speed was, and then slide into him and cut him to pieces!

Right now I can't tell you whether I hit a fast ball, or a slow ball, or a hook, or a fader—but I hit somethin'. It went over Beecher's head like a shot and then took a crazy bound. It must of struck a rock or a pop bottle, because it hopped clear over the fence and landed in the bleachers.

Mind you, I learned this afterward. At the time I just knowed I'd hit one somewheres and I starts round the bases. I speeded up when I got near third and took a runnin' jump at a guy I thought was Parker. I missed him and sprawled all over the bag. Then, all of a sudden, I come to my senses. All the Ath-a-letics was out there to run home with me and it was one o' them I'd tried to cut. Speed had left the field. The boys picked me up and seen to it that I went on and touched the plate. Then I was carried into the clubhouse by the crazy bugs.

Well, they had a celebration in there and it was a long time before I got a chance to change my clothes. The boys made a big fuss over me. They told me they'd intended to give me five hundred bucks for my divvy, but now I was goin' to get a full share.

"Parker ain't the only lucky guy!" says one of 'em. "But even if that ball hadn't of took that crazy hop you'd of had a triple."

A triple! That's just what I'd wanted; and he called me lucky for not gettin' it!

The Giants was dressin' in the other part o' the clubhouse; and when I finally come out there was Speed, standin' waitin' for some o' the others. He seen me comin' and he smiled. "Hello, Horseshoes!" he says.

He won't smile no more for a while—it'll hurt too much. And if any girl wants him when she sees him now—with his nose over shakin' hands with his ear, and his jaw a couple o' feet foul—she's welcome to him. They won't be no contest!

Grimes leaned over to ring for the waiter.

"Well," he said, "what about it?"

"You won't have to pay my fare," I told him.

"I'll buy a drink anyway," said he. "You've been a good listener—and I had to get it off my chest."

"Maybe they'll have to postpone the wedding," I said.

"No," said Grimes. "The weddin' will take place the day after tomorrow—and I'll bat for Mr. Parker. Did you think I was goin' to let him get away with it?"

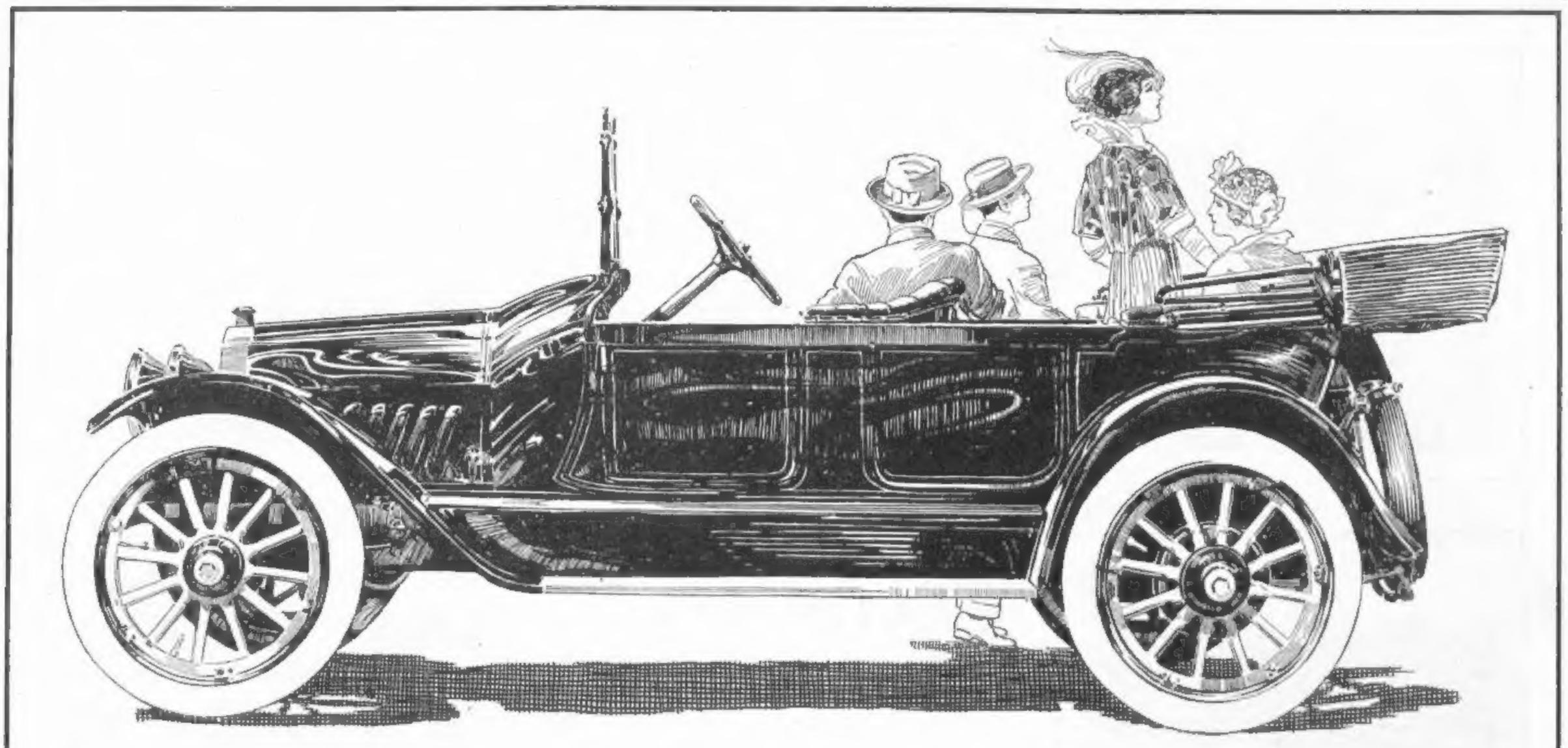
"What about next year?" I asked.

"I'm goin' back to the Ath-a-letics," he said. "And I'm goin' to hire somebody to call me 'Horseshoes!' before every game—because I can sure play that old baseball when I'm mad."

Flameless Fires

FLAMELESS fire is a scientific curiosity that is now becoming of practical use, with a prospect of flameless heaters for homes in the near future. Such heaters have already been tried with much success, the heater appearing like a white-hot slab of marble, movable about the room like a gas stove.

The official name of flameless fire is surface combustion. In simple form flameless heaters are made of some porous material like fire brick, with a shallow metal box back of the slab. Gas is supplied to the metal box, with a small amount of air, and this mixture works its way through the porous slab and burns just at the surface. With a small slab a very high heat is the result. The device is easy to control and under some conditions is very economical. Just such heaters, with the slab lying flat instead of standing on edge, are already being used under kettles in sugar works. The first practical application for household use is likely to be in the kitchen, especially because slabs could easily be made to give top heat for cooking, such as broiling a steak.



A New Oldsmobile for $1285

Now You Can Afford This Famous Car

This year there is a new Oldsmobile and in all but one particular, it stands where all Oldsmobiles of past years have stood—in that small group of leaders, five or six at the most, which has always boasted quality instead of quantity of output. That one differing detail is price.

We first announced the price at $1350 but the flood of orders we have received, has allowed us to increase our production plans, and reduce our price still lower. You now can buy the new Oldsmobile "Light Four" for $1285.

True Oldsmobile Quality

People will naturally think that to reach this low price, we have sacrificed Oldsmobile quality—until they examine the car.

This new "Light Four" is a genuine Oldsmobile—in design, in carefulness of construction and finish, in completeness of detail and equipment. Everywhere it carries out the idea of what an Oldsmobile should be—an aristocrat in appearance and performance.

For the last two years, there has been an increasing and insistent call for a smaller, lighter "Oldsmobile," built with the characteristic completeness and refinement that has marked the big Oldsmobile "Six." We have planned carefully to meet this demand—not hastily, for we knew the market would be ready as soon as we were—but step by step, seeking the type of car that would fill this demand, not for one season, but for many seasons to come.

How well we have succeeded you shall judge. The new Oldsmobile is now ready—in the salesrooms of our hundreds of dealers—for your inspection.

A True Replica of the Oldsmobile "Six"

One of our dealers said, when he first saw the new "Four" at the factory: "Just like looking at 'the greatest six-cylinder car in America' through a reducing glass." That describes it. Our large car has always been celebrated for its beautiful lines and harmonious proportions. The same grace and beauty are apparent in the smaller Oldsmobile, reduced in wheelbase length to 112 inches.

Its low center of gravity makes it seem to "hug the ground," yet it has ample road clearance.

No Light Car So Complete

See how carefully we have worked out Oldsmobile completeness. You won't be able to think of purchasing the ordinary "popular priced" car after you have looked into this new car closely.

Wide 22-inch doors, comfortable for even the largest person. Wide seats, and ample room for your legs. For the driver, 20½ inches from cushion edge to clutch pedal, means comfort and freedom. Deep, luxurious upholstering, and long, easy springs, balanced perfectly, absorb road shocks and vibrations.

Delco Electric Lights and Starter

Of course you would rather have the Delco starting and lighting system than any unknown make. It has been adopted as standard equipment on cars costing twice as much as this, yet we include it on the light Oldsmobile at no extra cost.

All woodwork is of handsomely grained Circassian walnut. The dash unit, of the same beautiful wood, brings all instruments, set flush, immediately under your hand—starter, lights, speedometer, eight-day clock, etc.

Many other features, that in the Oldsmobile Six have won the admiration of the critical, are duplicated in this lighter car. Cast aluminum foot and running boards. Extra large gasoline tank, fastened to main frame in rear. Concealed tool box, fully equipped with standard tool kit, tire pump and jack—all of exceptional quality. Extra strong artillery wheels of selected hickory; twelve spokes, front and rear, natural finish.

Jiffy curtains are a part of our regular equipment, as well as cape top, with boot. Tire iron at rear.

No Unnecessary Weight

The question of weight is important, but strength must come first. After making every provision for the widest margin of extra strength and safety in every part, every ounce of excess weight has been removed. Shipping weight is 2,485 pounds.

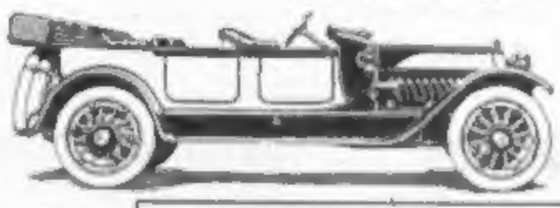
A Few Words About the Motor

The latest engineering developments, both in America and in Europe, point unmistakably to the superior efficiency of the compact, small bore four-cylinder motor, with overhead valves, for a car of this weight.

The unit power plant of the new Oldsmobile is of this modern type. All valves are enclosed, and all working parts covered. Its four cylinders, measuring 3½ x 5, are cast en bloc, with specially designed Oldsmobile silencer; and exhaustive road tests show great flexibility with a wide range of speed. The motor is mounted on the main frame, with three point suspension.

This is unmistakably the car for the man who seeks distinction without extra cost—who demands in the car of his selection all that "Oldsmobile" has meant since motor cars were first built. Hundreds of dealers are now ready to show it. Our new catalog "B" describes and illustrates the new car in detail. Write for it today.

Do You Prefer a Six?



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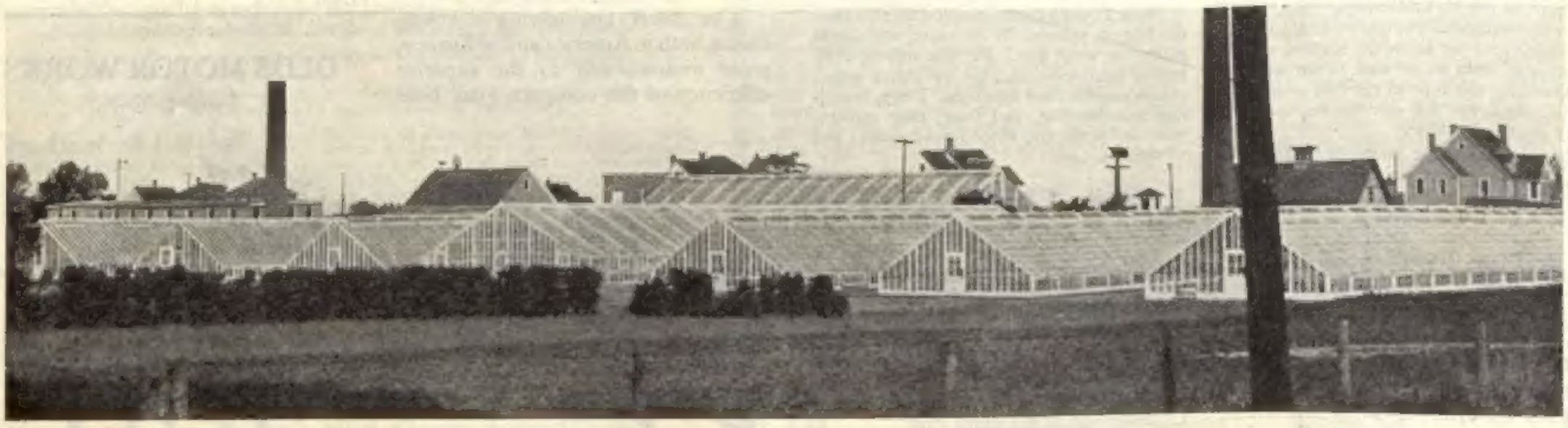

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